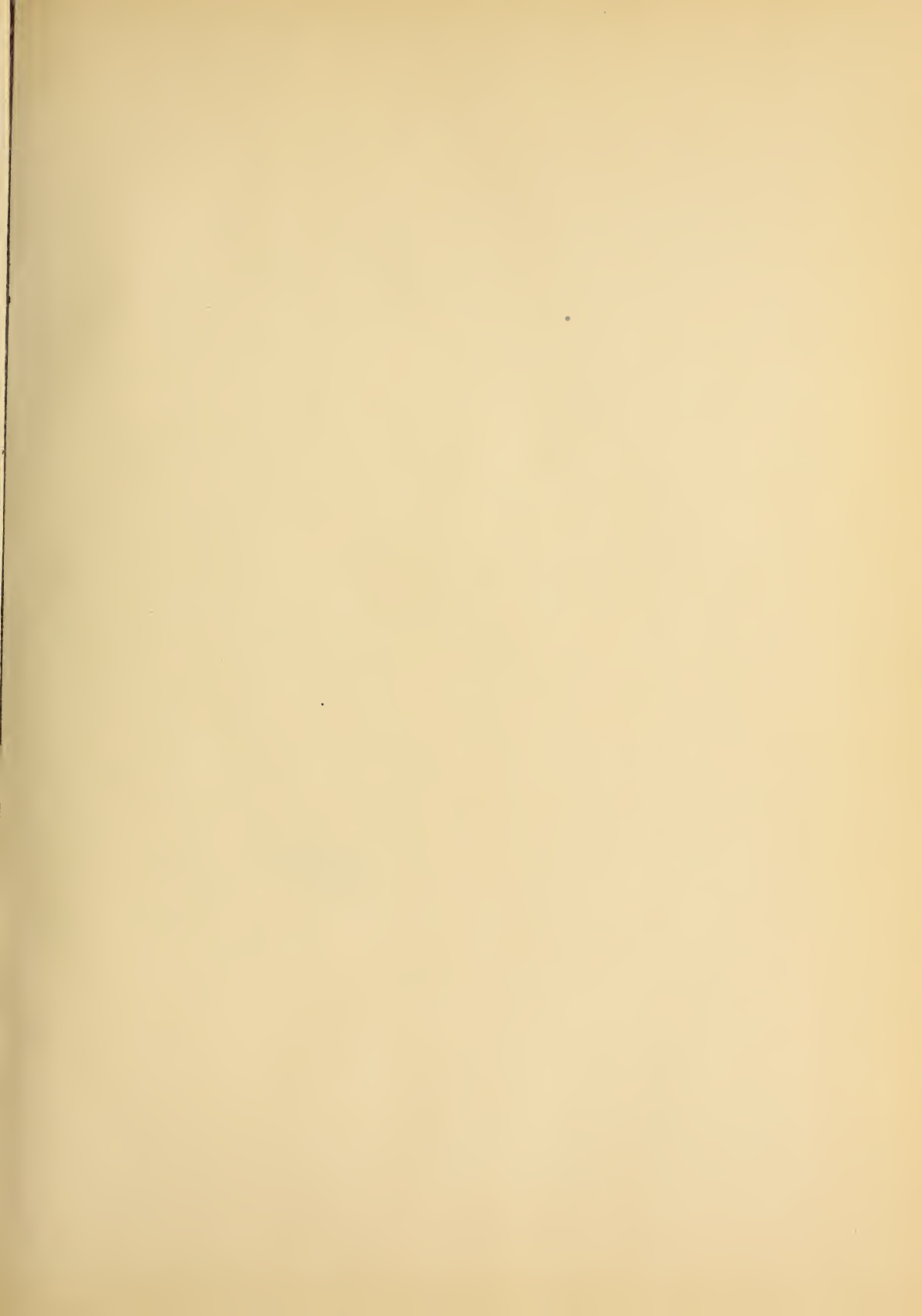


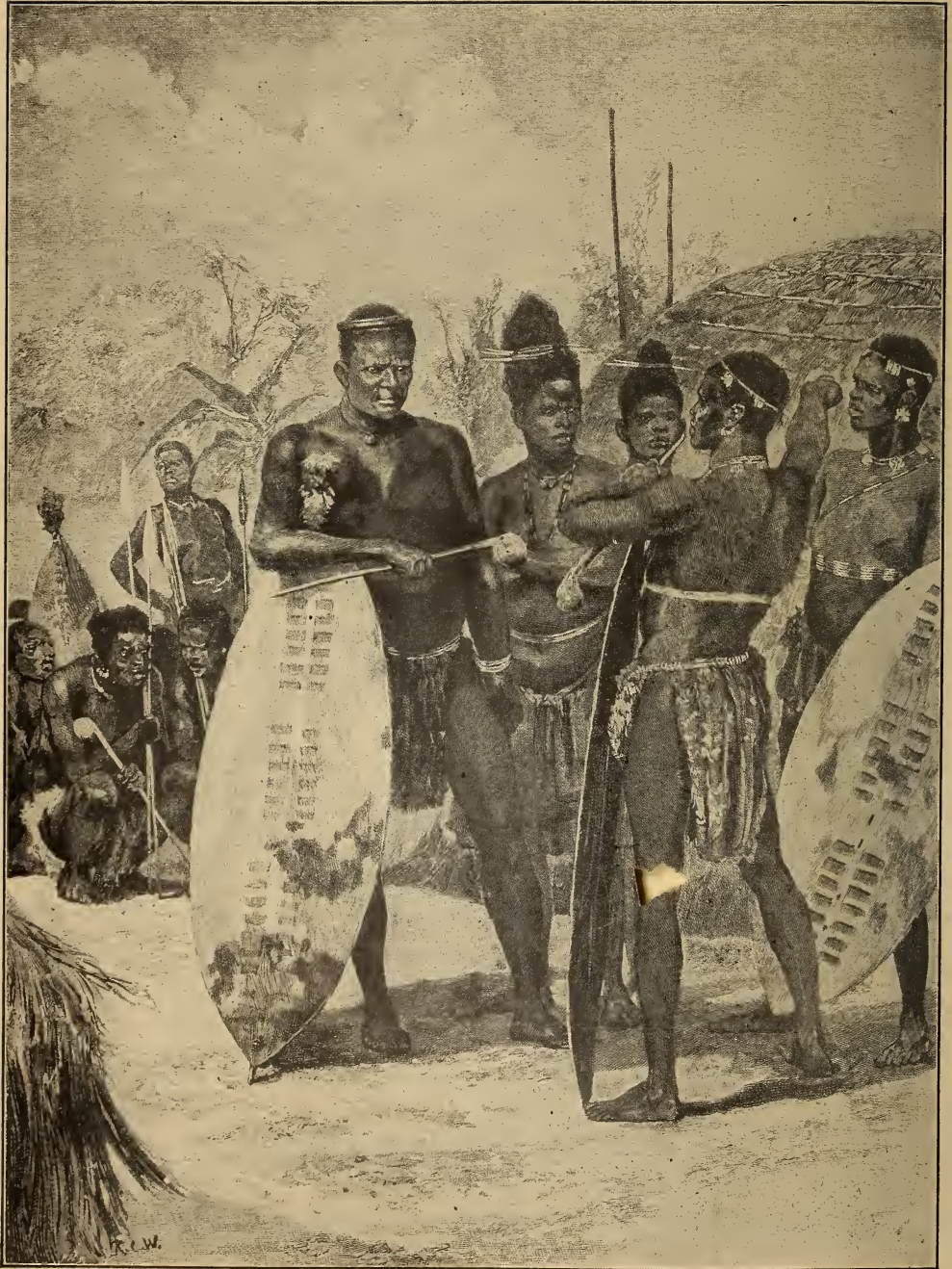


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LOBENGULA, KING OF THE MATABELES.


THE STORY OF SOUTH AFRICA

WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR

YOUNG PEOPLE



INCLUDING the First Settlement by the Dutch;
Full Descriptions of the Native Tribes; The
Struggles with the English for Supremacy; The
Great Treks; Gold Mining and Diamond Mining;
Growth of the Transvaal; and the War Between
the British and the Boers.



With Pen Pictures of the Great Leaders

WHO HAVE MADE SOUTH AFRICA FAMOUS

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

BY R. C. V. MEYERS

Author of "The Colonel's Christmas Morning" and other well known stories



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PREFACE.

It has seemed a good plan to the author to think of the Story of South Africa for the young. Not that there should be a special line of writing adapted to the young which shall fail to interest those of larger growth. Only, that the readers who are on the right side of time, and not on its declining slope, demand, and rightfully demand, a style of writing which should combine all the elements of good sense without the verbose manner so often used in detailing facts which are supposed to appeal to the older class of readers.

A history need not be dry, or a mere stupid chronology; the true history is a narrative of facts so arranged and told that it appears a part of the every day life we all live, young and old alike. The author believes that he has hit the happy medium where the detailing of events is chronicled in a fashion apart from the reports in newspapers which are often so condensed as to be mere mention of data. With the material at hand he has endeavored to speak about South Africa from the time of its first occupancy by the Dutch from Holland, down to the time when those Hollanders became Afrianders, or Boers, fighting with the English for what they considered their rights and privileges, and more especially for that form of independence which they had striven for from the first—the independence of the republic. The early struggles of the people are depicted, their overcoming of natural obstacles, their rescuing of the land from wild barrenness and turning it into territory that in the first place sheltered and nourished their flocks and herds, and after-

ward developed into great towns and cities, and through the finding of gold and precious stones into sources of inestimable wealth. The Story of South Africa largely does with Paul Kruger, having him in mind from the time when as a small boy he joined the great trek, driving his father's cattle away into the wilderness of the interior of the land when the English possessed themselves of the territory already settled by the immigrants, through all the troubled times down to the present day when he stands a rock of defiance and with his small band of Africans opposes the vast army of the most civilized country in the world. The events leading up to the war are sketched, the men prominent in those events are brought forward, the bravery of both Boer and Britain dwelt upon, and all the facts of place and battle detailed at considerable length. A story thus written becomes history so far as its facts are concerned, and interesting reading at the same time.

In these days when old and young alike have so much to do, it has seemed well to use a light touch in many instances where a heavy hand might only deter the reader from looking further into a book concerned in the happenings of a country about which so little has been known until the war has gradually made us acquainted with a form of civilization which the English even now consider savage or childish. The religious side of the Boer accounts for much that has made him to be called "childish," while his stubborn resistance places him among the strong nationalities of the world.

The author's earnest wish is that his book carries conviction with it, for his facts are verified and strictly true, while his recital of those facts is done in a form which he believes will interest the young, while it will equally appeal to older readers. With this hope and belief, the book is placed in your hands.

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A Talk Before the Story.

Perhaps it is as well, before going into the story of South Africa, to speak about the place, its natural conditions, its resources, and the like, which will help to a clearer understanding of the tale of the Africanders who came to a wild country of blacks and made of it a republican land which has always attracted the attention of Great Britain.

Nature has divided that part of Africa lying south of the Bambesi River into three regions. A strip of low lying land skirts the Indian Ocean all the way from Cape Town to Natal, Delagoa Bay and northeast to the mouth of the Bambesi. Between the principal port of Natal, Durban, and Cape Town this strip of land is very narrow; in some places the hills come down almost to the sea. To the northeast of Durban the plains become wider. This low lying land is swampy, and from Durban northward the climate is malarious, as the English soldiers engaged in the war with the South African Republic only too unhappily discovered.

The second region is higher, but the surface is much broken, reaching from Cape Town to the Bambesi Valley, something like 1600 miles. The Quathlamba Mountains are here and rise to a great height.

Beyond the mountains, to the west and north, is the third natural division, a great table land rising from three to five thousand feet above the sea level.

The coast of Africa is poor in harbors. There is no port between Cape Town and Durban, while from Durban to the Bambesi there are only two good ports—Delagoa Bay and Beira. Except Saldanha Bay,

which is twenty miles north of Cape Town, the western coast has no harbor for a thousand miles.

The temperature in South Africa is lower than might be supposed. This is because there is more water than dry land in the southern hemisphere. The mean temperature in South Africa proper is seventy degrees in January and eighty in July, though there are days of exceptional moist tropical heat.

In most parts of the country the climate is dry. Around Cape Colony winter and summer are well defined, though in the rest of South Africa there is a wet season for five months when the heat is intense, while the rest of the year is the dry season, when the air is cooler. In the parts where the rain fall is heaviest the moisture quickly disappears by evaporation and absorption, and the surface remains parched till the next wet season, consequently the air is generally dry and clear and cool.

The rivers are not rivers during the greater part of the year. In the dry season they are without water altogether, or consist of a succession of small pools hardly enough water being in them to supply the cattle with drink. And when they are rivers, as rivers are known, they are most of the time so deep and wide that they can neither be forded nor navigated, the rains which continue for hours and days converting them into great torrents.

The purity of the air and its dryness makes many parts of South Africa suitable for persons with chest diseases, and it was here that Cecil Rhodes came when delicate in health, and was cured so effectually that ever since he has been a trouble to the Afrianders.

When it was first explored, South Africa was filled with wild animals—lions, leopards, elephants, giraffes, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, thirty-one species of the antelope, zebra, quagga, buffalo and other wild creatures. The Dutch settlers struggled against these ani-

mals and after many dangers nearly exterminated them in some sections, till now there are only two regions where big game can be found.

Snakes of all kinds used to infest the country, poisonous and venomous, but they have nearly disappeared in the places where the white man has come.

There are beautiful flowers there, of a topical kind, though most of the regions have few blooms on account of the dryness of the surface of the ground. In general, South Africa is bare of forests, only a few existing and these are carefully guarded by the Forest Department. The prickly pear, however, is there, and men and cattle have much difficulty with its sharp thorns. A large part of the prickly pear region is used for ostrich farming.

To the east where there is much rainfall there are more trees and less thorny. All around Kimberley, where there were once many woods, the trees have nearly all been cut down for fuel and to make props for the diamond mines. The people have planted the Australian gum tree in some places, besides the eucalyptus and the oak, and they are growing well and will alter the climate for the better.

Cape Colony is the largest political division of South Africa. It contains about 292,000 square miles, and the population, white and native, is over 2,000,000—the whites being about 400,000. Only a small division of it is suitable for farming, portions of it being too dry and barren for stock raising. Under the summer rains the prickly shrubs sprout and the sprouts are good eating for goats and sheep. Towards Kimberley and Mafeking the country is better watered and grazing animals find grass and nutritious shrubs. The year 1899 found South Africa with 3,000 miles of railway and nearly 7,000 miles of telegraph. In Cape Colony there were nearly twenty-five hundred vessels of all sorts. The foreign commerce is large, the importations of one year being more than eighty millions of dollars, while the exports, which

included a great proportion of gold and diamonds from Kimberly, were close on to a hundred and twenty-five millions.

Natal has greater natural advantages than any other part of South Africa. It lies on the seaward slope of the Quathlamba Mountains, and its scenery is very beautiful. It is well watered by never ending streams that are fed by the snows and springs of the mountains. While the higher places toward the west are bare of shrubbery, there is always abundance of grass lower down, and toward the coast there is wood in plenty. The climate is a great deal warmer than in Cape Colony, in places the heat is intense. This heat is caused by the Mozambique channel which brings a warm stream of water from the hot regions of the Indian ocean, and this acts on the climate of Natal as the gulf stream acts on the climate of North and South Carolina and Georgia. The principal crops are sugar, coffee, indigo, arrowroot, ginger, tobacco, rice, pepper, cotton and tea. The coal fields are large. The population amounts to 828,500, the whites being 61,000.

The Orange Free State is between four and five thousand feet above the sea, and is 48,000 miles in area. It is mostly level, though there are mountains more than 6,000 feet high. There are few trees, though cattle and flocks find grazing nine months out of twelve. The air is fine and bracing. Occasionally there are violent thunder storms, with hail stones large enough to kill the smaller animals, and sometimes men. The valley of the Caledon river, to the southeast, is one of the best corn growing parts of Africa. The grazing farms are very large, but require the care of only a few men, so the population does not increase very rapidly. The Orange Free State, which is about the size of the State of New York, has only about 80,000 white people in it, and 130,000 natives. A railway built by the Cape Colony government connects Bloemfontein, the capital, with Cape Colony, Natal and Pretoria, which is the capital of the South African Republic.

The South African Republic, usually called the Transvaal, has an area of about a hundred and twenty thousand square miles. The white population, of 345,397, is mostly centered about the Witwatersrand mining district. The natives number about 700,000. All the Transvaal belongs to the interior, except a strip of low land on the eastern and northern borders, where there is much malaria. Like the Orange Free State the Transvaal is principally grazing country, there being but few trees. The winters are very cold, and the scorching sun of summer quickly dries up the moisture and bakes the soil, stunting and yellowing the grass most of the year. The Transvaal up to a few years ago had little to attract strangers. But in 1884 gold was discovered, and it has since been known as probably the richest gold country in the world. Later on, 1897, diamonds were discovered. The output of gold in 1898 was \$69,154,000, and of diamonds, \$212,812.01. The total output of gold since gold was first discovered there amounts to more than \$300,000,000, with ten times that amount in sight, according to experts. The imports of one year are estimated at \$107,575,000.

Griqua West, a British possession bordering on Cape Colony and the Free State, is chiefly important because of the Kimberley diamond mines. These mines were opened in 1869. They have given \$350,000,000 worth of diamonds in their rough state, with double that amount after cutting.

Bechuanaland, the British protectorate, is north of Cape Colony and Griqualand and to the west of the Transvaal. In area it is a little over 200,000 square miles, the population, mostly natives, being 200,000. A railway and telegraph connect it with Cape Colony and Rhodesia.

Rhodesia includes what was formerly British South Africa and a part of that known as British East Africa. It contains about 750,000 square miles, or about one-fourth of the area of the United States with-

out counting Alaska. There are said to be between one and two million people there and only about 6000 whites. It is a country new to civilization, so no actual statement can be made as to its commerce.

It is perhaps well to have this statement of South Africa, though it may appear dry and uninteresting.

The story of South Africa has more interest in it, and will now be told.



VASCO DA GAMA DISCOVERING CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

The Story of South Africa.

CHAPTER I.

First European settlement by Portuguese—Coming of the Dutch—Arrival of French Huguenots—Africander type—Trek Boers—Colonel Gordon—English eyes on the Cape—Holland invaded by French—Arrival of British fleet—Rumors of coming of French to the Cape—British protection refused—Threat of British—"Father" Sluysken—Eve of first British attack.



THE first Europeans to visit South Africa were the Portuguese. Portuguese commerce lay west of Madagascar, so they did not put in at Table Bay which might have been made a port of supply in the southeastern portion of Africa. But when the Dutch took the trade from the Portuguese, that southeastern part became very important. Their sea road going east was south of Madagascar so that in the long voyage from Holland to Batavia it was necessary that they should have a port of supply at the turning point. In this way they would stop at Table Bay for fresh water, fish, and for barter with the natives.

It was in 1650 that the Dutch East India Company, hearing reports of the resources of Table Bay, decided to establish there a station. On the 24th of December, 1651, it being Sunday, an expedition set out. After a voyage of a hundred and four days the emigrants first saw the home that was to be theirs thereafter. The Dutch East India Company had sent Jan Van Reibeek as first officer of the expedition. He and three skippers inspected Table Valley and picked out as a site for a fort the ground a little in the rear of where the post office of Cape Town

now stands. Here the fort was built. In it were dwellings and barracks. Around the fort were walled enclosures, or Kraals, for cattle, besides workshops and tents for the settlers. This was the first European settlement in South Africa.

In 1658 the colonists introduced slave labor, compelling the West African negroes to work for them. To these slaves the Dutch East India Company added Malay convicts from Java and other portions of its East Indian territories. Some of these Malays took wives among the native African slave women and their children were the beginning of the dark people which began to form the population of Cape Town and its nearby regions. In 1689 nearly four hundred French Huguenots came from Holland and joined the colonists at the Cape. They were refined, energetic people, and many of the colonial families of South Africa are descended from them. The Huguenots loved their language and their Protestant faith, but the company forbade the use of French in religious services and in all official writings, so by the middle of the eighteenth century the Huguenots were blended with the Dutch colonists in language as well as in religion and politics. Many German Lutherans having emigrated to the Cape, at last, in 1780, the company sanctioned a church of that persuasion.

The Africander type of people began to appear when the settlers moved by degrees from the coast to the interior parts of the country.

The Dutch and Germans were of the humbler classes, they were away from home, communication with Europe was difficult, and they lost feeling for the places of their birth. The Huguenots had no home country—France had banished them and Holland did not own them. In this way the whites who went into the interior of Africa had no bond between themselves and Europe, they were a new people whose lot in life lay in Africa. They became stockmen and hunters and protected themselves against lions and leopards and the savage Bushmen who

resented an invasion of their country. They were isolated and wild, their children grew up untaught, their wives lost the cleanly habits of the Dutch and French, the men themselves neglected the elegances of life, but retained their religious enthusiasm, and a great love of personal freedom which the company could not entirely control. The company might appoint magistrates and assessors, but they could not govern the wandering stockmen, who were called Trek Boers, because they "trek-
ked" from one place to another, and who formed themselves into companies of fighters in order to disperse and destroy the savage Bushmen. The colonists never agreed with the governor and council appointed by the Dutch East India Company, so the governor was not responsible for the people.

In 1779 the colonists sent representatives to Holland to demand a share in the government of the colony, which action was due to wrong they had suffered under the company and to a spirit of independence such as led the British colonists in North America to throw off the control of the old country. Two commissioners were sent from Holland to investigate the state of affairs at Cape Colony. The relief proposed was not sufficient, especially to those in the more distant settlements.

In 1795 the people in the interior rose against the government, though they still insisted that they served Holland. The magistrates appointed by the government were set aside and little republics were established. The government might have put down these rebellious uprisings by cutting off food supplies, but other events were claiming the attention of the government, and these were events which drew South Africa into European politics and led to the struggle between the Boer and the Briton—a struggle which, renewed and suppressed time and again, has been going on for more than a hundred years.

At this time, 1795, the Boer population in South Africa was about 17,000. The popular language was not that of Holland; the large num-

ber of foreigners, the necessity of speaking to the slaves and native Hottentots had tended to destroy the best forms of the language, and made a peculiar dialect. The people had good sense and manly energy. They were intensely religious, but so far from bigotry that beside the Dutch Reformed Church—in a way the national church—Lutheran and Moravian congregations were recognized.

Colonel Robert Jacob Gordon was commander of the regular military forces in the Cape Colony. These forces, compared with the present vast numbers that go to constitute an army, were unimportant. There was a regiment of infantry made up of twenty-five officers and five hundred and forty-six privates; an artillery corps of twenty-seven officers and four hundred and three rank and file; fifty-seven men stationed at the regimental depots of Meuron and Wurtemberg, and a corps of mountaineer soldiers, called pandours, of about two hundred men. It is well to remember that at this time the colonists were not entirely in sympathy with the revolt of the interior settlers. On the coast many were in accord with the Dutch East India Company, while all agreed that they were loyal to Holland. The revolutionists in the interior had dismissed the magistrates appointed by the company and had tried to establish little republics which were sympathized with by many on the coast though they were condemned on principle.

The military also were divided on the point of agreement with those in the interior. Of the infantry the officers sympathized with what was called the Orange party (the beginners of the Orange Free State), but the privates were from nearly every country in the north of Europe and were for the party or nation from whom they could get the best pay. The artillery corps, however, was made up of Netherlanders, with a few French and Germans. They were attached to the mother country and believed in all that she did. A large number, though, sympathized with the republic movement in France where the king and

queen had been brought to the guillotine, and would rather have formed an alliance with France that had been roused by ill treatment than with England that had let North America take care of itself and was adding constantly to its possessions.

Weakened by this division of sentiment, the Colony presented an open door to any power that chose to take a point of so much importance as an ocean thoroughfare between Europe and the East.

The English government, on the eve of war with France, soon saw the value of the Cape Colony and fearful of France taking possession of it, determined to make it a part of British territory, for the occupancy of the Cape by the French would make England's route to India a difficulty.

As early as 1793 negotiations were opened between Britain and the Dutch authorities concerning the strengthening of the garrison at the Cape by British troops from St. Helena. While this was going on, events were happening that occasioned ill feeling between the Dutch and English, although they were allied against the French. Being harassed by dissatisfaction among their own people, the Dutch made appeals to the British government for aid in men and money. The answer of the English authorities was that their troops were doing nearly all of the defence of the Netherlands, and that the other government was not doing all it could to raise men and money at home.

In making this answer the British acted as though blind to the condition of the Dutch government. For the French had an army of invasion and one after another the Dutch strongholds were falling before the French General Pichegru. Friesland was threatening to make a separate peace with France if Holland did not come with assistance.

The patriotic Dutch refused hospitals for the wounded British soldiers. Then the British offered that if the Dutch government would furnish five hundred to a thousand troops for the better protection of

Cape Colony the English East India Company would transport them to Africa free of charge. The Dutch could not furnish the men, so the offer was not carried into effect.

In the meantime, as was expressed by Friesland, the Dutch people were thinking of changing sides in the war and going over to the French. A letter was sent to the Governor of Cape Colony by the Dutch East India Company informing the colonists that Holland might soon ally with France, for that matters at home were in a bad condition, the French armies were advancing and already occupied a part of the country and that it would be necessary to be careful so as not to be surprised by another power—the letter evidently referring to England. Later reports said that the French were besieging Breda and threatening everything.

The next report was calculated to alarm the colonists to a high degree. On the 11th of June, 1795, messengers arrived with the news that several unknown ships were beating into False Bay, then that the ships had cast anchor and that Captain Dekker of the frigate *Medenblik* had sent a boat to one of the ships directing the lieutenant in charge to wave a flag if all were friendly and that no such signal had been made and the boat had not come back.

The Governor called the council together. After conference, signals of danger were made, summoning the burghers of the country districts to Cape Town.

Lieutenant Colonel De Lille was ordered to go to Simonstown with two hundred infantry and a hundred gunners to strengthen the garrison there. At half past twelve on the morning of the 12th, a letter came from Simonstown stating that Captain Decker's boat had returned with a Mr. Ross who had letters for the head of the Cape government from Sir George Keith Elphinstone, the English Admiral, and Major General James Henry Craig. Mr. Ross came to Cape Town. The letters were

from the English East India Company to the Governor of the colony. They were merely complimentary letters.

And the facts which accounted for the British naval and military force in African waters were unknown to the colonists. But the democratic party in Holland had received the French, the government was remodelled. The British government, alarmed for their great possessions in India, and realizing that they must keep the French from seizing the Cape, which was the station of value on the route to India, sent in all haste this expedition to occupy, peacefully or otherwise, the castle and harbor of Cape Town. The Commissioner instructed the residents of Simonstown to permit the English to take provisions, but to allow no armed men to come ashore. Burghers and gunners watched the road to Simonstown.

But on the 14th of June, Mr. Ross handed to Commissioner Sluysken a communication from the Prince of Orange, late Stadtholder of the Netherlands, and supposed by the colonists to be still in power, though he had been deposed.

The Prince ordered the Commissioner to admit the troops of the King of England into the forts and colony and the British ships of war into the ports, as they had come to protect the colony against the French. A deputation from the Admiral also presented a letter to the Commissioner informing him that the severe winter in Europe had frozen the rivers so hard that the French troops had crossed the ice into various parts of Holland, driven the British into Germany and compelled the Dutch troops to surrender, while in a few days the whole of Holland would be in the possession of the French. But, the letter went on to say, Britain and her allies were about to enter the field with overwhelming force and were confident of driving the French out of Holland. The letter said nothing about the friendly reception of the French by the democratic party in Holland. The impression conveyed was

that the Prince of Orange, their dear Stadtholder of the Netherlands, was still their Prince, though he was a temporary fugitive in England which would reinstate him, and that loyalty to the Prince makes it imperative for the Commissioner of Cape Colony to open the ports and the forts to the friendly occupation of the British.

The council decided that the Prince being a fugitive, his communication had no official force. They were loyal to their Stadtholder, but there was nothing to guide them but these armed visitors who wished to occupy their harbors and strongholds.

Then General Craig met the Commissioner and council, who were wise and diplomatic. He stated that the ships and troops had been sent by the British King to defend the colony against the French, or any other power, and that the British occupancy would last only until the Holland government was restored. No changes were to be made in the laws in Cape Town, no new taxes levied, and that the colony's troops would be paid by England, on condition that they swear allegiance to the English King, which oath of allegiance was to last only so long as the British occupied the colony. The council declined all this, declaring that they would protect the colony with their own forces against all comers.

Admiral Elphinstone and General Craig responded to this by requiring the inhabitants of the country to accept his Britannic Majesty's protection, as it was certain the French would seize the colonies belonging to Holland. Three days later an address was published in Dutch and German renewing the offers made, and informing the people that if the French gained possession of the colony there would be anarchy, the guillotine, and insurrection of the blacks, the destruction of trade, money and the necessaries of life. On the other hand, English occupancy meant safety, a free market for all the products of the land and at best prices, while it would release their trade from the heavy taxes im-

posed by the Dutch East India Company, and secure better pay for such of the colonial troops that might choose to enter the British military service.

The council was angry at this appeal to the people over their heads and notified the British authorities that further communication on the subject of British occupancy was not desired. All the same, on the 26th of June, the Admiral and the General sent the colonial authorities another letter, repeating their former statements that Holland had been absorbed by France; that if left to itself the Cape Colony would be absorbed in the same manner, adding, almost as a threat, that his Britannic Majesty would not allow it to fall into the hands of his enemies.

The council's anger turned into indignation. They were stout, honest men and their manliness was called into question when they could sit tamely down and allow a usurping power not only to threaten them, but to try and make traitors of their very soldiers by offering them more money for their services than the home government could afford to give them.

This latest letter became known to the people and they rose to the occasion. They had redeemed this land by hardship, by a severing of home ties they did not know were so greatly appreciated by them till a stranger came and told them the fatherland was lost and that a foreigner was to be their king in a country they decided was free.

"The letter!" they said. "A reply to the letter!"

A reply to the letter was in this form: The council prohibited any further supply of provisions to the British force, and strengthened the post at Muizenburg with burgher horsemen, pandours and the entire garrison from Boetselaar with the exception of one man. This man was left to spike the guns in case the English should land.

The council also wrote the British commanders that they knew the

difference between offered assistance against a possible invader and a demand to surrender the colony to the British government.

Thus, when the real meaning of the English visitors was known, the discontented burghers of the Cape and Stellenbosch ceased their troublesome opposition to the government and offered to do their utmost in defence of the colony. When the Commissioner with uncovered head appeared on the streets and announced that the country was their own and would not surrender to the English, the people cheered him and called him "Father" Sluysken and read their Bibles and prayed for him, the National, or Dutch Reformed, Church, Lutheran, Moravian, all one in their indignation against the strangers.

But for all these outward displays of loyalty and patriotism and love of their cause, the people were not of one mind. A majority of the burghers had imbibed republican ideas—there was North America and there was France—and after the first enthusiasm was over they were willing to welcome France. They were exasperated by the idea of subjection by England that was powerful and with unlimited resources both as to men and money, and France had freed itself from the shackles of tyranny and would surely recognize their own love of freedom. On the other hand, certain of the official heads of the colony were lukewarm and did not attend to their admitted duty for defence. Colonel Gordon was not slow to express his willingness to admit the English should the French threaten an attack. He even said that he would admit them if they would promise to hold the country for the Prince of Orange, but that if their purpose was to capture the Cape for Great Britain, then he would resist them to the last. Then it was that the English declared their disappointment in Colonel Gordon. There was Scotch blood in his veins and he was a partisan of the Prince of Orange, so they had counted upon bringing him over to them from the first. But the Scotchman was stubborn, there was not sufficient English blood in him

to put down the Border strain and he said his say and would stand by it—should the French threaten an invasion, the English might come in; if the English would hold the country for the Prince of Orange, they might enter. But anything further than this—no!

And there was Father Sluysken, no longer with his hat in his hand cheered by the people, prayed for by Dutch Reformed, Lutheran, Moravian, but only a man holding out against superior force and maybe getting everybody into trouble. Only there was a look on his face that made them faithful, even if they would have been unfaithful if put to the test—a look of grim determination, such as comes to the visage of a man who stands by a principle he knows to be right and will not be swerved from it by all the forces in the world. But three wedges seemed to be forced into the solidness of the cause of the colonist. For a large number of the burghers were ready to go against the British because they preferred the French if they must have a master, and because the French had made themselves free men and would appreciate in others a desire to be equally free. Then the lower officials and some of the town burghers who had succeeded and maybe looked to the stronger side were willing to accept the promises of the British and went about singing Orange songs, extolling their dear Stadtholder who had flown from the French into England, and believed that the English were sincere in professing that their sole purpose in all this matter was to hold the colony in trust for the Prince of Orange who was allied to them by blood and mutual interests. As for Commissioner Sluysken and Colonel Gordon, while it was their supreme duty to defend the Cape interests against any usurping power that sought to set aside the authority and government of the Prince and the States-General of Holland, they were not entirely sure in their minds as to the course they ought to pursue as regarded the English. For though they meant to be loyal to their trust and stubborn as to transferring it against what they held to be legal and

vested authority, yet the English had come to them professing friendship for the fugitive Prince and accredited to them by his letter of command, while there yet remained with them a doubt that they had not heard all the truth of the matter and they must be politic and remain quiet till more of the real facts of the case came their way in due course of time.

There was possible treason in admitting or resisting the English, and they must be careful. So those who would go against the British because they were not the French were quiet with folded hands waiting for the French; those who believed in the English as the guardians of the interests of the Prince were quiet and with folded hands thinking that in all events these guardians were at hand should the lovers of the French attempt to assume unwarranted authority; while the followers of the Commissioner and Colonel Gordon frowned and waited for a fuller verification of all the English brought them by letter and speech.

The sun shone as ever, the grain ripened, matters assumed their old proportions—the home and its gaieties, the care of children, the provision for the wife, the council held its meetings for this and that matter unmolested by any troublesome stranger, and from the interior came the reports of the lessening dangers from the Bushmen who were rapidly dying off from drink and disease, leaving the hardy adventurers more time to look after herds and their sport, while under their feet rested the shining nuggets unsuspected by them, and the sparkling stones which should yet make a Kimberley.

This holding off, this uncertainty on the part of the civil and military heads of the colony, this waiting for something that might straighten things out, left the people unprepared for the first attack the British were soon to make on the holders of South Africa.

CHAPTER II.

Conflict of authority—British blockade Table Bay—Terms offered by British—Surrender of Cape Colony to British—Restored to Dutch—Ceded to Great Britain—Slavery suppressed—Dissatisfaction of Boers—The "Great Trek"—Settlement in Orange Free State—Paul Kruger an immigrant—Zulu warfare—Matabele tribe—Transvaal Republic—Natalia Republic—Pietermaritzburg.



TOWARD the end of June, 1795, it was plain to be seen that the British commanders who had not been able to obtain peaceful possession of the Cape Colony meant to use force to carry out their wishes.

On the 24th of June, Commissioner Sluysken instructed three Dutch merchant ships lying in Simon's Bay to go to Table Bay. Admiral Elphinstone forbade them to sail. Four days later two small vessels with the American flag floating over them anchored in Simon's Bay. The Columbia, one of the vessels, carried Dutch despatches from Amsterdam to the Cape. Admiral Elphinstone at once placed a guard on the Columbia and seized her mails. Letters and despatches concerning public affairs were suppressed and every effort was made to prevent newspapers from being carried ashore.

However, one paper found its way to land and then the people learned the most astonishing news which had long been known to the British who had come to take possession of the Cape. For the paper told them that an official notice, dated March 4th, 1795, absolved them from their oath of allegiance to the Prince of Orange. From this notice and from hints left in half destroyed letters to private individuals they learned that so far from being a country under the heel of France,

Holland, the mother country, was a free republic with which France held friendly relations, and that they themselves were as free.

The commissioner announced that the colony must now hold out against the English. By order of the council Simonstown was abandoned as being unable to be retained, but all provisions were destroyed, guns were spiked, and such ammunition as could not be carried away was thrown into the sea. The British ships blockaded Table Bay, so the council chartered a cutter and sent her with despatches to Batavia informing the Dutch colonists there of the state of affairs in Holland and at the Cape. A call was made for all colonists to assemble at Cape Town. The different posts were manned, and all along the roads pickets guarded the road from the camps to the town.

Then Admiral Elphinstone seized three more Dutch merchant vessels that were lying in Simon's Bay and in July he landed soldiers and marines in Simonstown and held possession of the dismantled place. But active hostilities were not yet begun, and it was not until the 3d of August that an act was committed which might be construed as an act of war. On that day a Burgher fired at an English picket that was spying on him, and General Craig reported in his despatches to England that war had begun. A few days later the British advanced from Simonstown to Muizenburg. The warships *America*, *Stately*, *Echo* and *Rattlesnake* headed for Muizen Beach.

The Dutch camp was roused. From Kalk Bay, where the British would land, to Muizenburg the roadway was narrow, the water on one side, a steep mountain on the other.

When they came within range of Kalk Bay the British ships opened fire, and the Dutch pickets stationed there retired over the mountain. When they were abreast of Muizenburg the British fleet delivered their broadsides upon the Dutch camp. The English guns were raised too high, for the shot passed over the camp. But the Dutch saw that they

could not hold their post, so spiking their guns they retreated. The English followed them, cheering. The Dutch tried to make a stand, but the bayonets of England's superior numbers routed them. But after gaining the shelter of the mountain the Dutch again faced their pursuers and this time they had guns, so the British were compelled to fall back to Muizenburg. The next day was a day of panic. The English advanced, wading through water that came up to their waists. The Dutch general, De Lille, and his command fled, though the advantage appeared to be on their side, their enemy in the water and they on high ground looking down upon them. As the British came ashore they saw a party of Dutch that was coming from Cape Town. They then considered the flight of De Lille a subterfuge, and that they were in the midst of an ambushade. Therefore the British turned and fled, pursued by the Cape Town detachment until they reached General Craig.

On the 9th of August British reinforcements began to arrive. Admiral Elphinstone and General Craig wrote the commissioners of his strength and again offered to take Cape Town under British protection, or else the Dutch should take the consequences of their foolish fighting with a nation that was bound to conquer.

The commissioner and council laid the matter before the people. There was not a dissenting voice—the people declared that the colony should be defended from the usurpers till the very last. But many things were combining to weaken the Burgher forces. The Bushmen had risen and were threatening the interior, the Hottentots and the slaves were about to rise in revolt. Thus it was rumored. True or false, these rumors caused many of the Burghers to desert the ranks and go to the protection of their homes and families, for many of them knew only too well the horrors of a Hottentot uprising, while the Bushmen knew no mercy, and the slaves could be easily influenced by the wild men. Then

after the failure to capture certain English outposts, certain of the pandours mutinied and complained that they were not paid enough for their services and that their rations of spirits were too small. Commissioner Sluysken pacified them and they returned to the ranks, but they were sullen and dissatisfied from that time on, and their service could not be relied upon.

But the Dutch were brave, and they planned an attack on the British at Muizenburg. When about to attempt it a fleet of East Indiamen brought reinforcements to the British. This so discouraged the Burghers that many more of them returned home. Once more the British commanders issued an address to the colonists, demanding peaceful admission to the overwhelming force. Commissioner Sluysken replied as before, that he would hold and defend the colony for its rightful owners, for by his oath of office he was bound to do so.

The English army marched from Muizenburg to attack Cape Town on the 14th of September. This movement was signalled to the colonial officers at the Cape. They ordered all the cavalry, with the exception of one company, to support the regular troops at Cape Town. A part of the force was sent out to strengthen the Dutch camp at Wynberg, about half way from Muizenburg to Cape Town on the road of the British. Major Van Baalen, commanding the troops at Wynberg, was faulty in arranging his line of battle, and planted his cannon in such positions that they were useless as weapons to be used against the British. When the Englishmen came within gun fire, the Major retreated with the greater part of the regulars. Then followed a scene of confusion. The burghers, not quite sure of their officers, cried out that they were being betrayed in every battle. One company of infantry and most of the artillery made a stand, but were forced to retreat toward Cape Town, leaving the camp and all its belongings to the British.

It now became clear to the burgher cavalry that Commissioner



THE GREAT TREK.

Sluysken, Colonel Gordon, and most of the officers of the regular force fought to lose—that they were willing to let the colony fall into the hands of the British that it might be held in trust by them for the Prince of Orange. The burghers therefore dispersed and returned to their homes, while a British squadron was threatening Cape Town, though keeping out of range of the Cape Town guns.

The council met on the evening of the 14th of September to consider the serious situation. At that time a British force of over four thousand men was less than ten miles from Cape Town. The colonial force was only seventeen hundred strong, and nearly half of these had that day retreated, while the remainder were distributed among the fortified posts at Hout Bay, Camp's Bay and Table Valley. Even if all these were united and determined to fight to the last they would certainly be overpowered in the end. But they were by no means united, some were for the banished Prince of Orange, and therefore favorable to the English who professed to be their friends; others advocated the new republican form of government. Besides, they had no leaders in whom they placed confidence.

As a result of the meeting of the council it was decided to send a flag of truce to the British, asking for a suspension of hostilities for two days till terms of surrender might be arranged. General Clarke, representing the British, consented to one day only, and that day to begin at midnight on the 14th of September.

As a result of a conference between representatives of the Cape government and the British commanders, the following terms were agreed to: The Dutch troops were to surrender as prisoners of war, their officers to remain free in Cape Town or return to Europe after promising not to fight against Great Britain. No new taxes were to be levied, and the old taxes were to be reduced as much as possible so as to try to revive the almost ruined trade of the colony. All the belongings

of the Dutch East India Company were to go to the British. Early on the morning of the 16th these terms of surrender were completed, and the council closed its last session and its existence. When all was at an end, all their endeavors proved useless, the Dutch troops called down curses upon "Father" Sluysken and Colonel Gordon for having, as they said, betrayed and disgraced them. Though nothing else could have been done by the sorely tried commissioner and the Scotch Colonel.

Thus it was that Cape Colony, founded by the Dutch, and governed by the Netherlands for a hundred and forty-three years, passed into the possession of Great Britain. This is the story of the first armed conflict between the Britain and the Boer. But the Dutch were not to be left for long without regaining their lost colony. It was restored to them on the conclusion of the peace of Amiens, in 1802. When war broke out afresh in Europe, in 1806, and Napoleon was creating consternation, England again seized the Cape to prevent Napoleon from occupying so important a half-way station to the British possessions in India. This second seizure was accomplished after a single engagement with the Dutch, who again could not resist vastly superior numbers, and whose scattered population were not in a position to defend themselves.

Besides, the colonists had so much to contend with. They waged war against their natural enemies, the wild beasts—lion, leopard and others, snakes of various sizes and kinds, from the poisonous black momba to the python that grows to over twenty feet in length. Then the baboons killed the lambs, as they do to this day, and then as now the country was infested by white ants and locusts which sometimes ravage the eastern coast.

In 1814 the colony with certain ceremonies was ceded to the British crown together with certain Dutch possessions in South America, by the Netherlands, for a consideration amounting to thirty million dol-

lars. The Boer seemed content with this arrangement, being not political and content to raise his crops, increase his cattle and sheep which were profitable in the market, and to turn his eyes to a further source of income in his crops of sugar, tea, coffee, indigo, arrowroot, ginger, rice, pepper, tobacco, cotton and a goodly number of valuable cereals of all kinds.

In the beginning of the second season of control by the British there seemed to be a fair prospect of peace. The Dutch, from whom the Africander largely descended, and the English were not far separated as to personal feeling; their two languages were so far alike that the one found it easy to learn the speech of the other; they both loved liberty and they both held the Protestant faith. The first few years after the second occupancy by the English found the much needed schools established, trade in slaves forbidden, while missionaries were sent among the wild natives and brought many into civilization.

Emigrants arrived from England, Germany, France and other European nations. The new comers soon became as the earlier colonists and learned to speak either English or the Dutch dialect that was the favored mode of speech. But the peace did not last. For the colonists were irritable under the idea that they were not free, but had been transferred to the rule of a foreign nation. Then they did not like the idea of living in communities. Many of them were farmers, it is true, but most of them were stockmen roaming over large tracts of land and knowing little of the life in towns, and the English idea of bringing them closer together was not welcomed. An incident may be told to show how far apart were the Dutch settlers and the English.

A Boer was accused of injuring a native servant. When the authorities would have arrested the accused man his neighbors rallied around him and tried to prevent his being taken. In consequence several prisoners were taken, six of whom were condemned to death. Five

of them were hanged. Crowds of Africanders stood about the gallows hoping the men would be pardoned at the last moment, but they were hanged. The people named the ridge where the execution took place, "Schilster's Nek," or "Butcher's Ridge," and they never forgot it. Another cause for anger on the part of the colonists was the use of English instead of the Dutch language in official documents. Still another cause grew out of the Kaffir wars. Many struggles had occurred between the colonists and the Kaffir tribes on the eastern border. The Kaffirs were driven off. But the English insisted that the colonists had ill treated the natives in these fights, and orders came that the Kaffirs should return to their old haunts where they once more worried the border farmers. But the principle cause arose from the slave question. Slavery had been practiced by the Dutch as it was in most parts of the world. The early missionaries had tried to stop it, but were not successful. In later years most of the missionaries came from England where slavery was rapidly becoming something to regard with horror. The missionaries and the slave holders were constantly in opposition.

In 1828 an ordinance, much to the disgust of the colonists, placed the Hottentots and other free colored people on the same footing with the whites as to their rights, and following this came a law abolishing slavery in all British dominions (1834). Some fifteen million dollars was sent to the colonists to compensate them for the loss of their slaves. They considered this far below the loss, for 39,000 slaves had been set free. Then the certificates could be cashed in London only, so the slave holders had to sell them to speculators at a heavy discount.

The Africanders knew that rebellion against Great Britain was out of the question. So they went out into the wilderness, poor, to begin life over again in the way they wished, away from the English.

Then began the "great trek" of 1836. The Africanders left their former homes in the possession of the English and went toward the

north, seeking a country where they would be free according to their own ideas of freedom. To the north and east of the utmost limit of the European settlement was a region since divided into the Orange Free State, the Transvaal or South African Republic, and the British colony of Natal. Of course it was near the fierce Zulus, and it was filled with enormous beasts of prey. But the Afrianders knew what it was to fight with savage men and wild beasts, so to get away from the experiences that might be theirs under the government set up at Cape Colony, they chose the wilderness with all its hardships and perils, for there was liberty and freedom.

They compared themselves to the children of Israel forsaking Egypt and going toward a land of promise, thinking that as Pharaoh had pursued Israel, so the English Governor would now pursue the Afrianders. But the English Governor decided to let them go, for there was no way of stopping them.

They began the journey in small parties, driving their cattle before them. The men carried arms for defence and for killing game for food. They were wonderful marksmen, which was their only salvation in the fierce and long struggle that lay before them.

Between 1836 and 1838 ten thousand Afrianders thus set forth. They travelled in large covered wagons drawn by strings of oxen, some of the wagons jogging on behind ten and twelve yoke. Paul Kruger was with them, then a boy ten years of age, and he helped to drive his father's cattle across the mountain range, little dreaming of the high position to which he would one day be called, President Kruger, "Oom Paul."

The first division that trekked consisted of ninety-eight persons who travelled in thirty wagons. They were almost lost, disaster and ruin meeting them. They went into the far northeast beyond the Vaal River—the territory that afterward became the South African Republic,

or the Transvaal. Here the natives met them, and many fell in battle, pierced by assegais. Those who were left were soon thinned out, by fever and from privation caused by the death of their cattle through the attacks by the terrible tsetse fly. After almost incredible sufferings, a mere handful escaped and wandered eastward to Delagoa Bay.

Another and much larger division of the travellers was formed by the closing together of several small parties that met at a rocky peak called Thaba Ntschu, situated close to the eastern border of what was afterward known as the Orange Free State, and in sight of Blomfontein. This division became involved in fights with a branch of the fierce Zulu race afterward called the Mattabele. This tribe had a chief, Motsilekatze, who was a general of talent and energy and a brave man. The Mattabele looked upon the Afrianders as trespassers who had no right upon the territory and attacked and massacred a detachment of the immigrants. The whites knew they were what the Mattabele called them, trespassers, but then the Mattabele had a short time before slaughtered or driven out of the region a number of Kaffir tribes who had held possession before them so they did not hesitate to meet the Zulu with the same treatment the Zulu had met the Kaffir. In fact, the Afrianders feeling that they had been driven from their old homes in Cape Town seemed to regard the natives as the children of Israel under Joshua may have regarded the tribes of Canaan—they had come to take possession of the land and to bring the heathen inhabitants to a state of subjection by whatever means it was in their power to use. The savages had killed and tortured one of their detachments, so they had now that unprovoked attack to avenge. This they proceeded to do. They massed their whole strength against the Zulu general, Motsilekatze, and with fury routed his much superior force with awful slaughter, so that he fled before them far to the northwest, not stopping in his flight till he had crossed the Limpopo River. At that point there he, in turn, made

havoc of the natives dwelling between that stream and the Zambesi River, and having rid himself of them established the Mattabele kingdom. This was of such strength that it was a very scourge to all neighboring peoples until its overthrow and subjection in 1893.

By the defeat of the Mattabele and the expulsion of Motsilekatze, the Africanders, who had avenged their brethren, gained possession of the enormous territory lying between the Orange River on the south and the Limpopo on the north. Here they settled, and the small communities which they established became in time the large population of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic.

In the meanwhile the largest and most completely organized of the three expeditions which were pioneers of those yet to come, and the one under the leadership of Peter Retief trekked first to the eastward and then turned southward into the warmer and wonderfully fruitful country that lay between the Quathlamba range of high mountains and the Indian ocean. There were few native inhabitants here, only a small tribe of Zulus. In 1820 there had been native wars of tribe against tribe, and the country was nearly depopulated. They also discovered a little English settlement at Natal, where the town of Durban is now situated. These Englishmen had had ceded to them by King Tshaka the narrow sea strip they occupied. They had set up a small republic as a present form of government. They had applied for standing as an English colony, and the British government was still considering the advisability of their request when the Africanders put in an appearance. The immigrants paid little attention to them, they were of so little account.

But with the desire to be at peace with the Zulus the Africanders went to their king, Dingaan, and asked for a ceding of territory to them. The King treated them well and at once promised them everything they wished. But the next day when they were about to depart, after drink-

ing a cup of native beer with him, he gave a sign and his warriors fell on the visitors and slew them. Pieter Retief and all who were with him on the embassy fell, after which the savages attacked a small body of immigrants that were in camp near by and put an end to them all.

This massacre roused all the Africander immigrants and they took vengeance on the treacherous King, who with his people were put to rout. The Africanders owed their victory to their good marksmanship and their bravery.

Two years later the King's brother, Panda, who was at the time in rebellion against Dingaan, came with reinforcements to the Africanders and together they drove the warrior King out of Zuzuland. Panda was then made King in his brother's place, though he was subject to the government of the Natalia Republic, as the Africanders called the community they had established.

The Africanders by this time were firmly established and with precision and accuracy set about planning the laws which should shield them from encroachment from outsiders. They were so far away from the route of European adventurers, they had suffered so much to gain what they had that they felt when hostilities with the natives were put down that they had come into the land of promise indeed and in their stern way believed that Providence was with them. If they ever thought of Cape Town it was with the feeling that though it had been taken from them by unfair means, their seceding from it had only worked for their good. For now their experience with the Englanders taught them the lesson that in union was strength and that the old wavering of action and internal dissension had robbed them of their rights, and that henceforth they must stand together, free men, owing allegiance to no European power, a republic, a community, in which the duty of each man was to work for all and so gain the best for his individual self. The land they were in flowed with milk and honey, the soil was

rich in the extreme, the climate good, their cattle upon a thousand hills fair to see, their exertions crowned with fatness.

They were thoroughly disgusted with British rule, and they wanted only the rule which Providence grants to men in absolute freedom to do their best, unhampered by other men's tyranny and the greed of stronger powers. They reasoned that if ever men had cause to turn their backs on unjust and unfaithful government they had, when after losing their property and being deprived of the fruits of a victory gained through vast exertion and hardship, they had to take up the battle of life again, and inspan their oxen and go out into another wilderness which they must conquer as they had conquered the one which had been wrested from them.

About this time they began to survey and apportion the land. They founded a city some sixty miles inland from Port Natal. This city has since been known as Pietermaritzburg.

The founding of this city, with other actions of a similar nature, brought about the second contact between Boer and Briton, which will now be told.

CHAPTER III.

Pretorius—Attack by British on Natalia—Natalia, a British possession—Second Trek—Basutos—Doctor Philip—Giving back to British rule of Orange River sovereignty—Transvaal Republic—British give up Orange River country—Secheli—Doctor Livingstone—Slavery called “apprenticeship”—Third contact between Boer and Britain—Discovery of diamonds—Rush to the Cape—Claimants to the diamond lands—British courts award the lands to Orange Free State—British flag over the territory before courts decide—Money paid to Orange Free State to relinquish claim.



It is true the British authorities at Cape Colony let the Africanders go on their Great Trek without opposition, but without announcing the fact the government still held that the emigrants, go where they might, were still British subjects, and that any territory they might occupy would be British territory by reason of the Africanders using it.

When the Republic of Natalia was about organizing, a small party of British troops which had been at Port Natal was withdrawn. This the Africanders took to mean that the British government abandoned all claim to the country.

But the actions of the Africanders were watched by the authorities at the Cape. The Africanders expelling the Kaffirs and trying to force them into a territory already occupied by another tribe was condemned and the government held that this attack on the Kaffirs was insolence which should be checked. So it was determined to establish British rule over Port Natal and a large part of the territory north and west of it.

A small military force under Captain Smith was sent to take pos-

session of Port Natal in 1842. Captain Smith hauled down the flag of the Natalia Republic and hoisted in its place the British Union Jack.

For a few days afterward there was much correspondence between the Africander leader, Pretorius, and the British commander, but there was no agreement reached.

The English encamped on a piece of level ground in front of the town. The Afrianders gathered about three miles from the British, on the river Congella. Captain Smith gave the Afrianders fifteen days to come to a decision as to whether or not they would call themselves English subjects. This time was used by the Afrianders to strengthen their force and intrenching their camp.

Captain Reus, a Dutch shipmaster, put into Natal one day before the arrival of the British. He spoke as one having authority when he gave the Afrianders to understand that the Holland government would take up their cause and interest other European powers in it, and advised them to keep quiet till their friends in Europe could act. So the Afrianders drew up a declaration of allegiance to the Dutch government and protested against the occupation of the country by the British, who with their thirty millions of dollars had only bought possession of that portion of Southern Africa then occupied by the Dutch, and not the whole land. So the Afrianders paid attention to Captain Smith's offer of giving them fifteen days to consider his proposition by doing all they could to resist him.

On the 23d of May, three days beyond the fifteen allowed, a night attack was made on the Afrianders' camp by the British. Captain Smith found his enemy ready for him, and after a sharp engagement in which the British lost more than a hundred men in killed, wounded and missing, the captain retired to the fortified camp at Port Natal.

The Afrianders at once besieged the English garrison and but for

the bravery and endurance of a young Englishman would have caused it to surrender. This young Englishman was named Richard King. It was six hundred miles across Kaffaria, from Port Natal to Grahams-town, the nearest point where help might be had for the beleaguered garrison. Young King made the distance in ten days, and a force under Lieutenant Colonel Cloete was despatched by sea and reached the garrison after it had been closely besieged for thirty days and was famished. The Afrianders withdrew to a camp twelve miles away, expecting to be attacked there. But the English had much to do before fighting, provisions and ammunitions were to be landed and posts established. Pretorius, whose force was now 400 strong, sent a communication to Lieutenant Colonel Cloete asking if he wished to confer with him. His reply was that unless the Afrianders submitted to the British government no negotiations would be had.

Pretorius again wrote, for the Kaffirs were now plundering the Afrianders of cattle which they sold to the English. He said the Afrianders were anxious to end the war and prevent bloodshed, yet they could not submit to the British crown.

Lieutenant Colonel Cloete replied that while continued war would also mean that the native barbarians would rise and murder and steal, yet the Afrianders had only themselves to blame for anything they might suffer, as all they had to do was to submit to her Britannic Majesty. He added that he was sorry they had allowed themselves to be deceived by Captain Reus, for the King of Holland had no right now to interfere, and the European powers had no intention of doing anything for the Afrianders.

Such correspondence continued into 1843, when a meeting between Pretorius and other Afriander leaders and Lieutenant Colonel Cloete took place at Pietermaritzburg.

Out of this parley came a treaty by which Natal was acknowledged a British colony. The Africanders were to be considered British subjects, though they were not to take the oath of allegiance to the queen. The guns they had captured, as well as all their own guns and ammunition, were to be given up. All prisoners were to be released, and those who had engaged in hostilities were to be pardoned with the exception of four persons, among whom was Mr. Pretorius. By a later article in the treaty, Pretorius was also to be forgiven because he had helped in arranging the terms of surrender.

The Volksraad, or council, of the little Africander republic agreed to the terms and to the government by the British. But they were bitter and wrathful, especially as the savage blacks were given equal civil rights with themselves.

This taking into its power by the British of the young republic seemed a turning point in the history of South Africa, for now Great Britain had command of the east coast and owned a centre of influence in the garden spot of Africa. Besides, it made it easy for the British to acquire territories in Bululand and in Tongaland.

Now the Africanders who had trekked into the lands lying between the Orange river and the Limpopo, west of Natal, had had great trouble with the savage tribes. But these tribes were less terrible than the Zulus. They were Kaffirs, and the chief of one of the tribes was Moshesh, of the Basutos. Moshesh was merciful to his prisoners and was mild in his rule. He had even invited the missionaries to teach his people a better way of life. The missionaries were all Europeans, some of them British. So when the Basutos and the Africanders fought, the Basutos, instructed of their missionaries, were careful not to offend the British government.

In 1843 the Africanders of this part of Africa were scattered over a

spread of country seven hundred miles long by three hundred wide. The soil being dry and parched was not very good for raising grain. So many of the people turned to stock farming and tending their flocks and widely separated from their friends by the distances between them they became wild in their love of freedom. But they must be united in some way, for they must act together against the natives and the claims of the British government. They formed several small communities, each to manage its own affairs by a general meeting of all the citizens. It was found, however, that they were so far apart, and it took so long for them to meet at any one place, that they formed the Volksraad, a council with delegates from all the different sections.

Also at this time the Cape was considered the least prosperous of all the British colonies, and there was a growing desire to annex more of South Africa. Doctor Philip, an English missionary, recommended a line of native states under British control along the northeast border of Cape Colony. These would, he said, destroy the influence of the troublesome Afrianders to the north over their brethren who were yet citizens of the old colony, and they would also separate the native tribes in the colony from the other tribes in the interior. Treaties were made with the tribes, with the Griqua leader, Waterboer; with Moshesh, of the Basutos; with Adam Kok, a leader of the Orange River Griquas. It was believed that these three states would keep the colony from the disturbing Afrianders to the north of them.

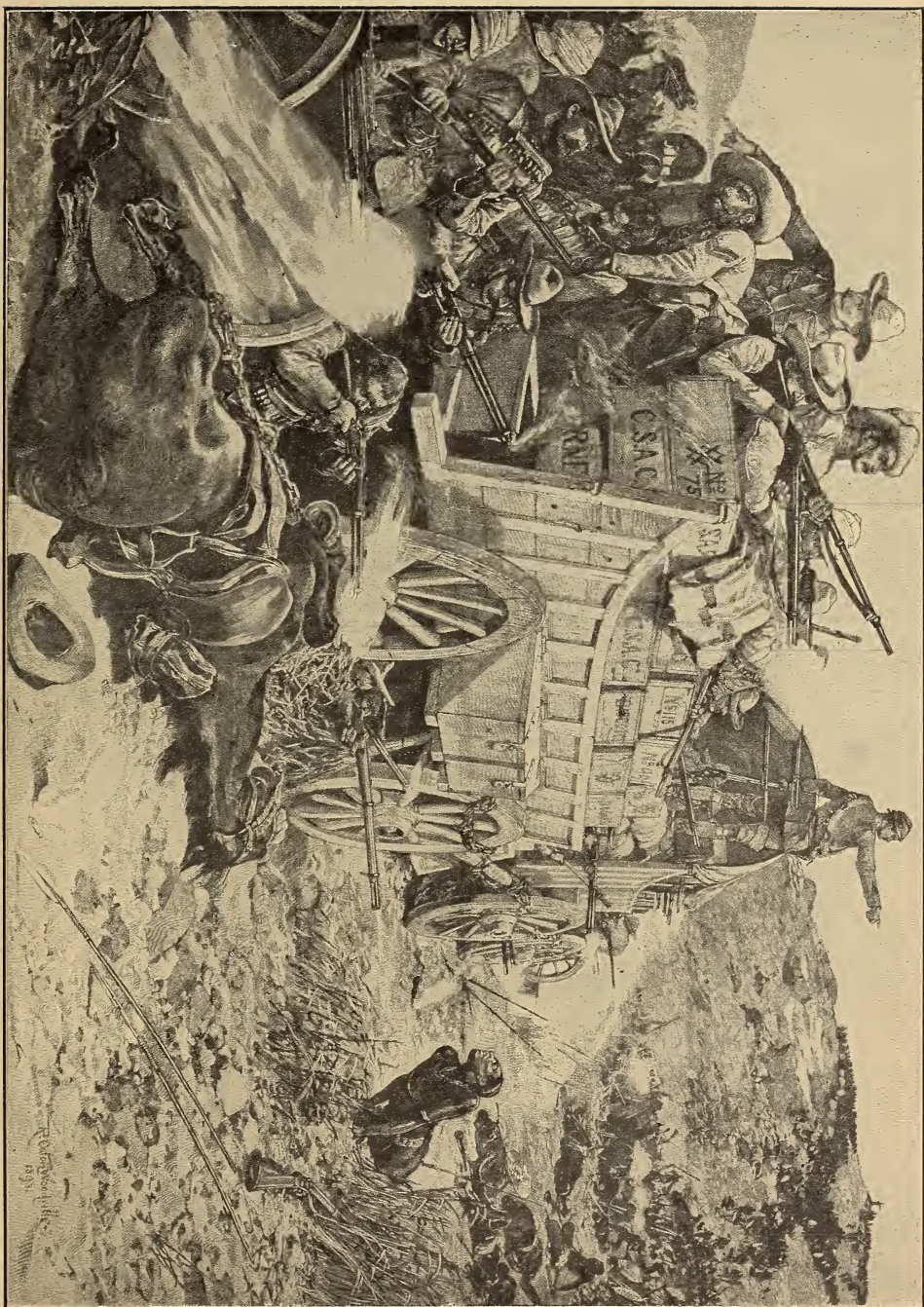
But the Afrianders living in the territory of the Griquas refused to be bound by a treaty made by what they called "the half breeds." Then Doctor Philip advised a military post at Bloemfontein, half way between the Orange River and the Vaal, to enforce order and carry out the provisions of the treaty. In 1848, following these steps, the British took as their possession the whole country between the Orange and the Vaal, under the name of the Orange River Sovereignty.

Then the Afrianders rose to assert their independence once more, and were reinforced by their brethren beyond the Vaal.

Under Pretorius, who had opposed the British in Natal, they attacked Bloemfontein and captured the garrison and advanced to the south as far as Orange River. The Governor of Cape Colony, Sir Harry Smith, at once despatched a force which met and defeated the Afrianders at Bloomplats, seventy-five miles north of the Orange River, on the 29th of August, 1848. The result of this battle was the giving back to British rule the Orange River Sovereignty.

But the old unsettled conditions were in force. Fresh quarrels among the native tribes called for British interference, and there was a war with the Basutos under Moshesh. Then Pretorius threatened to sympathize with the Basutos, while the old colony at the Cape were fiercely fighting the Kaffirs on the south coast. There was disturbance on all sides, and there seemed little hope for peace and rest till Pretorius, who was greatly relied upon by his people, said that some permanent peaceful measures must be made with Great Britain. The British authorities appointed commissioners to meet Pretorius and other representatives of the Transvaal emigrants. Then the home authorities in England sent Sir George Clark as special commissioner for settling the affairs. He held a meeting at Sand River, in 1852, with the delegates of the Afrianders living north of the Vaal. At this meeting the Afrianders beyond the Vaal River were told by the British government that they might manage their own affairs and govern themselves according to their own laws, while they might also purchase ammunition to defend themselves.

The Transvaal Republic, afterward called the South African Republic, dated its independence from this time. It also at the same time cut itself loose from the Afrianders living in the sovereignty south of the Vaal, which those southern brethren considered a traitorous act.



MATABELE WAR: DEFENDING A LAAGER. (R. Caton Woodville)



For a few months after this the Sovereignty at the south continued British till a defeat of the British by the Basutos changed all this. General Cathcart, who had just been made Governor of the Cape, attacked the Basutos with a strong force of regulars which were led into ambush and suffered such a great loss that they had to suspend hostilities, and the chief, Moshesh, saw his opportunity to make peace with the British on his own terms.

The British government determined, then, to abandon the Orange River Sovereignty altogether, disgusted as they were by constant warfare and the defeat of the regulars by the Basutos. But the English settlers in the Sovereignty demanded protection from the savages if such a determination were carried into effect.

Then parliament voted a quarter of a million of dollars (50,000 pounds) to pay those who might suffer in the coming change, for they were anxious to get rid of this large territory which had given them so much vexation and was costing them so much. It was in this way that independence was positively forced upon the Orange River country.

Thus it was by its own free will the British government admitted the freedom of the Africanders, and believed that in doing so it was acting for the good of the empire.

It would be as well to look for a little while upon those Africanders who lived at Natal when their brethren left at the time it became British territory. They were greatly attached to the homes they had founded in that most beautiful part of South Africa, so they made the best of the British rule and remained. But the majority, including the more warlike and restless spirits took their families and goods, their flocks and herds and once more trekked in search of independence. They crossed the mountains to the Orange River district and the Transvaal. These men loved independence and they objected to being considered by the British as on a level with the savage blacks. But they treated the na-

tives anything but kindly. They may be pardoned for their wars with the Bushmen and the Kaffirs, for they were fighting for their lives. But they made slaves of the native men and women, while they themselves were loud for freedom. They were largely uneducated people, and living as they did, apart from civilization and the advantages of intercourse with progress, they were a law unto themselves in their actions. Often they went through the more unsettled parts of the country cheating and ill treating the people, who seemed to think that those who thus ill used them represented the better element of the Africanders.

There was an Africander expedition under acting Commandant General Scholtz against Secheli, chief of the Baquaines, a tribe of Zulus. The Africander complaint was that the Baquaines were always disturbing the country, stealing and threatening, and that they were sheltering a troublesome chief named Mosolele. After some small skirmishes the Africander force drew near to Sechelis town, in the direction of the great lake, 25th of August, 1852. On the 28th Scholtz marched closer to the town where Secheli was fortified. It was Saturday. Scholtz would not fight till Monday; he would keep the Lord's Day in peace. However, he sent a letter to Secheli demanding the surrender of Mosolele.

Secheli replied that he would not give up Mosolele. "Wait till Monday," he said; "then we will see who is the stronger man. You are already in my pot; I shall only have to put the lid on it on Monday."

On Monday the battle began. Scholtz carried all the native entrenchments, killed a number of warriors, and captured many guns and prisoners. Secheli retreated. Scholtz had not lost a single man.

Doctor Livingstone was chief of the missionaries and denounced slavery, and consequently he was hated by these Africanders. Livingstone's house was opened and robbed during this expedition against Secheli. This is what Scholtz said in his report:

"I despatched Commandant Schutte with a patrol to Secheli's old

town, but he found it evacuated, and the missionary residence broken open by the Kaffirs. The Commandant found, however, two percussion rifles, and the Kaffir prisoners declared that Livingstone's house, which was still locked, contained ammunition, and that shortly before he had exchanged thirteen guns with Secheli, which I had also learnt two weeks previously, the missionaries Inglis and Edwards having related it to the burghers, A. Bytel and J. Synman; and that Livingstone's house had been broken open by Secheli to get powder and lead. I therefore resolved to open the house, which was still locked, in which we found several half finished guns and a gun maker's shop with abundance of tools. We here found more guns and tools than Bibles, so that the place had more the appearance of a gun maker's shop than a mission station, and more of a smuggling shop than a school place."

But we all know Doctor Livingstone's character too well, his trials and sufferings to convert the savages in South Africa, to believe anything against his innocent godliness. General Scholtz may have found all that he said he did in the missionary's house, but it is well to know that in those parts of the country, so far away from carpenters, wagon makers and smiths, it was necessary for the explorer to have with him all tools required in making and repairing wagons, harness, guns, and whatever else belonged to his outfit.

General Scholtz, like many of the other Africanders, did not like the missionaries because they were not in favor of slavery. Had the General agreed with the missionaries in many ways, he would have seen in Doctor Livingstone's house not a gun factory working for the savages, but an honest repair shop such as any pioneer in that region found necessary to have.

But turning from this we may consider for awhile the Africander's reason for slavery. For generations both the men and the women had depended upon other labor than that of their own hands to do the se-

verer and more disagreeable duties of life if such labor could be obtained in any way.

Twice they had trekked in order to get away from British power that wished to tell them what they should do. But now they had accepted independent national life and in honor they must suppress slavery. A new system came into operation. They called it "apprenticeship" and "registration" of prisoners of war taken in the fights with the natives. They said it was meant in kindness, that they took the orphan children of the Kaffirs and apprenticed them to the Africanders for a term of years, till the orphans arrived at the age of twenty-one. The new system was slavery under a pleasanter name.

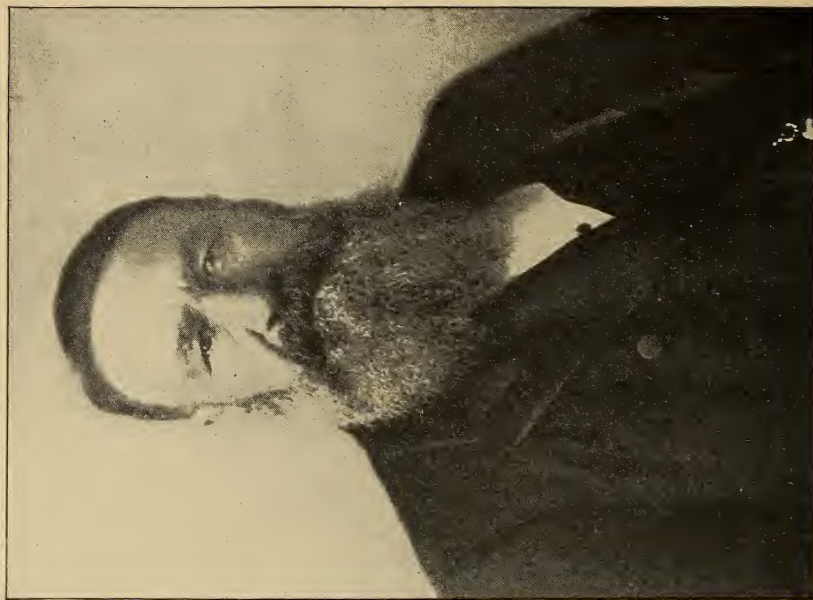
But the Africanders meant nothing but honesty and they justified themselves in their practice toward the natives. They were very religious and they had the utmost regard for the Bible, though it is to be feared that in these matters some scraps from the Old Testament influenced them, rather than the gentler examples of the New. So they looked upon the dark people around them as the still "accursed" sons of Canaan, the son of Ham, doomed to perpetual slavery to any who chose to take them, because of the sin of their forefather, Ham. It was their custom to meet for prayer before making one of their hunts from which they returned with new slaves. Not all the Africanders believed and practiced in this way, though a majority of them did. So slavery went on, though it was called "apprenticeship."

And now (about 1845) fortune seeking people were looking toward Cape Colony. Between four and five thousand came from England. Then a number of disbanded German soldiers who had served in the Crimean war settled along the south coast on land once occupied by the Kaffirs.

Sheep and cattle raising became sources of wealth. Churches and schools sprang up. With the growth of the population there came



PRESIDENT KRÜGER.



GENERAL JOUBERT.

changes in the form of government. The Europeans dwelling among the dark races regarded the natives as being there for their benefit and they were angry at the authorities for giving the blacks the same rights as they had. It was the old story over again. This anger had the effect of making the Dutch colonists and the new English arrivals agree in matters concerning the government of the natives. After attempts to satisfy the people with a Governor appointed by the Queen the English authorities, in 1854, yielded to the public demand and a Legislative Council and a House of Assembly were established, both to be elected by the people of any race or color who held a reasonable amount of property. This, of course, kept out, to a large extent, the people of color. After this, matters settled down to a degree, and there seemed to be a fair amount of peace and union among the people. And then, in 1869, came the discovery of diamonds. The rush to Cape Colony was tremendous, and every portion of the world seemed to send seekers after the brilliant stones to the place.

But now we will turn from the Cape for awhile and consider the events that led up to the third unfriendly contact between the Boer and the Briton, and this time began in the Orange Free State.

As has been told, the conventions of 1852 and 1854 agreed that Great Britain should give up all claim to that part of the interior of South Africa lying to the north of Cape Colony, and recognize the republics of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. For a few years all was peace between the Cape Colony and its northern neighbors. Then a war broke out between the Basutos under Moshesh and the Orange Free State, the Basutos claiming certain farms in Harrismith, Wynburg and Smithfield districts. Accordingly, the Volksraad of the Orange Free State authorized the President, Mr. Boshof, to take steps to prevent any raids upon the territory of the State. When the hostilities of the Basutos grew more and more bold, Mr. Boshof was convinced

that the Free State could not hold out against the Basutos and that they must have aid. Mr. Boshof wrote to Sir George Gray, Governor of Cape Colony, and Sir George mediated between Boshof and Moshesh and cessation of hostilities was agreed upon till terms of peace might be arranged.

In the meantime, the Free State was being ravaged on its western borders by petty chiefs of savages, who saw in the struggle between the whites and the powerful Basutos a good opportunity to get rich quickly by sudden rushes upon the cattle. In the distress occasioned by this new source of worryment the Free State was aided by a force of burghers from the Transvaal. This force was led by S. J. P. Kruger, whom we have seen as a little emigrant boy driving his father's cattle away from Cape Town when the English rule had grown so intolerant to the colonists—the lad who was afterward to be “Oom Paul,” President Kruger of the Transvaal Republic. Out of his friendly act grew up a desire to make the two republics one. President Pretorius, Commandant Kruger and other representatives from the Transvaal visited Bloemfontein to confer with the Free State Volksraad.

But Sir George Gray hearing of the proposed union of the two republics sent word that if the union went into effect the conventions of 1852 and 1854, guaranteeing their separate independence, would be considered no longer binding by Great Britain. The negotiations for union were therefore dropped and both parties resolved to send commissioners to Sir George to confer with him after he had arranged terms of peace with the Basutos.

This was in June, 1858, and it was not until August that Sir George arrived at Bloemfontein to mediate between Moshesh and the Free State. At that time it was very necessary to make peace between the State and the Basutos, for all available troops were needed in India where the Sepoy rebellion was raging and not a British soldier could be

spared till that rebellion was put down. The last of September a treaty of peace was completed; it settled a new frontier next to Basutoland and bound Moshesh to punish any of his people who attacked the Africanders or consent that the Free State authorities should do so.

This peace lasted only seven years. In 1865 new troubles were provoked, and there was a renewal of war between Moshesh and the Free State. Again the Governor of Cape Colony was called upon, but he could do nothing to satisfy the Basutos and the war went on.

In 1868 the whites by a supreme effort defeated and routed the Basutos with terrible slaughter, and would utterly have broken their power only that Moshesh appealed to the British High Commissioner at the Cape to take his people under British protection.

Very likely the Commissioner thought that if the Basutos were dispersed by the Free State, Cape Colony would be overrun by fugitives and would suffer in consequence. Again, he was unwilling that the Free State should so strengthen itself that it would never seek re-admission to British dominions by the annexation of Basutoland. So the Commissioner declared the Basutos British subjects and the Free State could say nothing.

The British now had authority to the south of the republic all the way from Cape Colony to Natal, and once more had defeated the Africanders from extending their territory to the sea. Thus in 1869 the British advanced again toward the interior.

And now we return to the discovery of diamonds in 1869. Natives digging had now and then unearthed a sparkling bit of crystal. Some of the Africanders saw these shining bits and knew what they were. The authorities heard of them, the whole world, it would seem, in no time knew that diamonds had been found in the district lying between the Modder and the Vaal rivers, where the present town of Kimberly stands. Then began the rush. Diggers and speculators came from the

utmost parts of the earth, from South Africa, Europe, America and Asia. In a few months the district was thronged, and the region was transformed into a place of marvellous value and interest—the discovery of gold in America, in 1849, was nothing to this find, for here were diamonds, the getting of one of which might make the beggar a millionaire at once.

Immediately the ownership of the land became the point of dispute. The Orange Free State claimed it. So did the Transvaal Republic. Nicholas Waterboer claimed it, for his father had owned it in 1834, when under Doctor Philips' plan the attempt was made to make three native states under British protection. And it was also claimed by a native Batlapin chief.

The Governor of Natal awarded the ownership to Nicholas Waterboer who at once placed himself under the British government which immediately made the district a crown colony, calling it Griqualand, Waterboer being a Griqua. The Orange Free State protested, and the British courts found Waterboer's claim to the district null and void. But the colony had been constituted and the British flag flew over it before the decision of the court had been made and that constituted ownership, the British government asserting that the population newly arrived was of such a character that the Free State could not control it and gave the Free State the equivalent of five hundred thousand dollars in settlement of any claim they might have. The Africanders felt that they had not had a fair show, though they could do nothing. Nevertheless, the Orange Free State, while rankling with the feeling that they had been the victims of sharp practice, took the situation quietly, and tending their cattle, thought of the glittering baubles that were daily being brought to light in land that was theirs by right, but which right they had no power to exert.

CHAPTER IV.

Third contact of Africander and Briton—Civil war growing out of presidential election—Schoeman opposed to Pretorius—Kruger to drive out Schoeman—Story of Kruger—Otawayo—Zulu warfare—Transvaal annexed by British—Sir Bartle Frere—Sir Gaunt Wolseley—Mass meeting of Boers—Laing's Nek—Majuba Hill—Transvaal restored to Africanders and Kruger elected president.



THE Africanders beyond the Vaal river were of a ruder type than those in the Orange river district. For reckless adventurers and even criminal classes from various parts of South Africa were attracted to the Transvaal because there was freedom there away from the government of the British colonies. This new population provoked many disturbances with the Kaffirs and were violent and lawless. The farmers considered themselves one people, but being grouped in several districts far removed from one another, and being overrun by the lawless element, they formed themselves into four separate communities, Potchefstroom, Utrecht, Lydenburg, and Zoutspanburg, each having a president and a volksraad. These communities had been formed for protection (1852) and they worked together. Occasionally there was an independent action by a single community, for in 1857 the people of Potchefstroom district invaded the Orange Free State under Pretorius, as has been told, in order to conquer the Free State. But the Free State defended itself and the result of the invasion was a treaty by which the boundaries and the independence of the two republics were settled. A single volksraad for the whole four districts north of the Vaal was chosen in 1858, and the federal constitution was adopted by Potchefs-

troom and Zoutspanburg. Lydenburg and Utrecht followed this example in 1860. But a civil war broke out in 1862 and the union of the four districts was delayed, while the war had an almost ruinous effect on the future of the country.

This war grew out of the election of the president of the Transvaal Republic, Pretorius's son, to the presidency of the Orange Free State. It was hoped by those who favored the election that the one presidency would help to bring about the union of the Free State and the Transvaal. People argued that the double dignity given to one man was wrong, while the advantages of the union would be mostly in favor of the Free State.

Mr. Pretorius resigned the presidency of the Transvaal. But his friends held a mass meeting when it was decided that Pretorius was president of the Transvaal and that he should have a year's leave of absence in order to bring about the union with the Free State. Stephanus Schoeman was to act as president during the absence of Pretorius. Mr. Schoeman assumed office at once, though his election was a clever political trick, the people being scarcely represented.

Schoeman, who was thought to be a friend of the president, got armed protection against the protests against his assuming office, and had a court try for sedition those who had dissolved the council which was considered beneath the confidence of the people who had elected Pretorius president of the two republics.

These proceedings led to war throughout the republic. Schoeman assembled an armed force to support him.

Whereupon, Commandant Paul Kruger, of Rustenburg, called out the burghers of his district and marched to Pretoria in order to drive out Schoeman and establish a better form of government. A new volksraad was elected, a new acting president appointed, and for several months there were two rival governments in the Transvaal. Schoe-

man determined to rule the country. Such a grave state of anarchy prevailed that Kruger made up his mind to put it down with a strong hand.

And just here it may be in place to say a little about Paul Kruger. It is almost impossible to get any particulars about his youth, for Kruger has always been a reticent man. In 1713 the name of Kruger appears in the records of the Dutch East India Company. From that time on the family has occupied a prominent position in the affairs of South Africa. Paul, of course, is the foremost one of his family.

Stephanus Paulus Johannes Kruger was born at Colesburg on the 10th of October, 1825. His mother died when he was very young, and before the trek when he accompanied his father out into the wilds. He was always courageous and in the possession of great physical strength. From the first he enjoyed the esteem of his fellow burghers, and at the age of seventeen he was assistant field-cornet of the district in which he lived, becoming field-cornet, or local magistrate and chief military officer at twenty. A strong religious feeling always was his, and when he was twenty-five this religious feeling drove him into the deep wilderness where he disappeared for awhile, returning to active life again a man with deep and earnest convictions. He was an old man when the late war of 1899 and 1900 was waged, and he was then as he had always been, strong, self-reliant and religious, enjoying the respect and affection of his people, "the old lion of South Africa," because of his bravery; "Oom Paul," because of the love the people bore him, their "Uncle."

This was the man, then, who determined to take a hand when Schoeman persisted in his efforts to rule the country.

A conference was arranged over which President Pretorius presided, and a new Volksraad was elected, while Schoeman was dismissed

as Acting President. Schoeman refused to go out of office and was supported by a strong party of adherents.

Paul Kruger drove Schoeman and his party out of Pretoria. Schoeman retired to Potchefstroom, where Kruger followed him, and after two days of waiting, Schoeman made an attack and was driven into the Free State, leaving Commandant Kruger in possession of Potchefstroom. No sooner, however, had Kruger left the place than Schoeman returned and gathered his followers around him and prepared to fight it out. At this point President Pretorius again acted as mediator, and an agreement was reached by which active hostilities were prevented, though Schoeman kept up the agitation and Kruger called on the burghers to help him establish order, and Schoeman and his followers took advantage of a heavy thunder shower to escape, and his power was over.

New elections were held, and Janse Van Resenburg was chosen president over Pretorius, while Paul Kruger was made Commandant General.

But the trials of the Transvaal were not over. Pretending that the elections had been illegal there was a revolt of a dissatisfied part of the people. Paul Kruger was on hand, and on the 5th of January, 1864, a battle was fought in which Viljoen, the leader of the revolt was defeated.

Once more Pretorius offered to mediate, and another election was held, when Pretorius was chosen president by a large majority. With Pretorius as president and Paul Kruger for Commandant General, the government was of such harmony and power that open rebellion on the part of the discontented burghers was hindered.

But though the civil war was ended, the injury to the government was great, for England said that affairs were tottering and that the British should establish a more durable form of administration. The treasury was nearly empty, taxes were not paid, salaries of the officials



TREKING HOME: LAST OF THE COMMANDO



were in arrears. And worse than all, the republic had lost the confidence of other nations, for its frequent quarrels with its people made it appear anything but a steady government. Even the Orange Free State did not desire union with it now, but preferred to stand alone and take the threatenings of the Basutos rather than be joined with a country where peaceful government seemed at an end.

To make matters worse, the colored tribes arose. The anarchy at home had made it impossible to attend to the Zulus who did not respect the boundaries on the land set by the whites, and there were constant disputes as to ownership.

Negotiations were necessary, and Paul Kruger, as Commandant General, took a prominent part in the matter. Lines were agreed upon, settling the boundaries of land belonging to the whites and the native blacks, and were marked down.

A leading spirit among the Zulus was Cetawayo, a chief of remarkable keenness and power. Less than two months after the marking of the boundaries in the southern portion of the Transvaal, Cetawayo found some pretext for throwing up his bargain, and appeared on the borders of Utrecht with a Zulu army and removed the boundaries set up only a few weeks before. Of course some negotiations had to be gone over again, and a small region in the district of Zululand was given to the blacks. This was a season of constant struggle with the blacks, some of whom had accepted the rule of the government, while others were independent—and upon these independent ones cruel wars descended. Terrible atrocities were committed on both sides; the Kaffirs slaughtered without mercy the white families they found in a defenceless state, while the Africanders showed no mercy to the savages they encountered. The whites could always defeat the natives when there was a pitched battle, but it was beyond their power to hold the vast numbers of blacks in subjection.

With all this, there was a growing dislike for Pretorius because he had (1869) awarded the diamond fields to Nicholas Waterboer instead of to the Transvaal Republic. So he was forced to resign the presidency in 1872, and Mr. Burgers, a native of Cape Colony, who had formerly been a clergyman of the Dutch Reformed Church, was elected in his place. He was learned and eloquent and possessed much energy, but he was not a good business man, and the burghers distrusted him because of his religious opinions. Some of them said he insisted that the real devil was not like the pictures of Satan in the old Dutch Bibles, because he had no tail. For this and worse forms of opinions differing from those around him, Mr. Burgers was blamed as the cause of many disasters experienced by the nation while he was in office. The same old story of discontent and dissatisfaction appears again, the people were weak in numbers, the treasury was poor, there was always conflict with the savage blacks—and they did not trust the President.

In 1876, when we at home were celebrating the first hundred years of our republic which held together in prosperity and pride, even though a sad civil war had for a time threatened to break the Union into two, the signs of coming calamity were multiplied among the Afrianders in their republic.

In a war with Sikukuni, a powerful Kaffir chief with unlimited power in the mountain district to the northeast, the Afrianders were defeated so completely that they returned to their homes disheartened and in confusion. Their border on the southeast was threatened by Cetawayo, who appeared very much inclined to make an attack on the whites.

If two such chiefs as Sikukuni and Cetawayo joined forces against the Afrianders and succeeded in fighting their way over the frontiers in the Transvaal Republic, nothing could stop their moving in all their strength of numbers against the Free State on the south, Natal

on the southeast, and even against Cape Colony itself. The Afrianders were not equal to the situation, and the British government was compelled to try to avert the threatened war.

There were two ways of doing this—to take the field as the friend of the Transvaal Republic against a common danger, or by annexing the Transvaal territory and turning it into a British colony. After three months spent in studying the situation, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, who had been appointed imperial commissioner to visit the scene of danger, declared the Transvaal annexed for protection to the British dominions in South Africa. In 1879 the territory was declared a crown colony of Great Britain. This is the third contact of Boer and Briton—an independent republic was reduced to the position of a crown colony without the formal consent of the people, and in spite of their protests.

Mr. Burgers had not the strength required for a president of a troublesome republic. Had Paul Kruger been president at the time, much of the history of South Africa would have been changed. For though he is a narrow man in many things, Kruger has always been a strong one, and difficulty has never discouraged him.

Kruger protested against the annexation, as did the Volksraad and the executive council. But the mass of the people made no resistance at the time, though a little later a majority of them signed a petition asking that their country be made free again. But they were too late, and the territory had passed out of their control. Their wish at first had been to be relieved of the fears that were weighing them down and a sense of relief in knowing that the Kaffir invasion that threatened their very lives would be staved off by the military power of Great Britain, though they had paid dear for their sensation of safety—their country had passed from them and they were now regarded as British subjects, a position against which they had so long rebelled and suffered so much rather than to accept.

After the annexation there was at first a good promise of peace, for a number of the Africanders, who were officials, retained their positions; British money flowed into the treasury and the way seemed easy before them, though their country was theirs no more.

But all was not to be happiness; the rule they had expected was not for the Africanders. A number of what were called "mistakes" were made. The first of these mistakes was the early recall of Sir Theophilus Shepstone who had so well managed the bloodless though harsh annexation, who knew the country and the people and was much liked. In his place came Sir Bartle Frere as Governor of Cape Colony and British High Commissioner for South Africa. With him was Sir William Owen Lanyon, as Governor of the Transvaal, a man not disposed to excuse the rudeness of the Transvaal farmers and who refused to be considered as one of themselves. He had a very dark complexion, and this was also against him in the eyes of the ruder people, for it suggested that possibly there was black blood in him, and this was an unpardonable blemish according to them. He did not mind the complaints of the people; taxes were levied and if they could not be collected, people were turned out of their property, and the discontent broke out again.

The second mistake was the failure to give the people local self-government of their own choice; everything was arranged for them and they were expected to have nothing to say.

The most serious mistake of all was this: The Africanders had accepted annexation largely through fear of the Zulus. The British at once overthrew the Zulu power and the people felt that much of their fear had been groundless, or else that the crown government regarded them as cowards.

In the northeast Sir Garnet Wolseley defeated Sikukuni, and Sir Bartle Frere routed Cetawayo in the southeast, and the Zulus were conquered, and the Africanders wondered why they had been so hasty



DEFENDING RORKE'S DRIFT: BATTLE OF LAING'S NEK.

in giving up their territory. Then came news that in England, as in South Africa, people called the annexation a shameful proceeding, and this raised hopes in the Afrianders that much of England sympathized with them and that in a little while what they called a wrong would be righted.

But in 1880 other news came that the crown ministers in England declared the annexation should stand, and the Afrianders rose. A mass meeting was held at Paardekraal at which it was resolved to take up arms. Kruger had been active all this time, but he could do little. It was he who suggested the mass meeting. It was plain to a man of his intelligence that the people who had been patient for three years would be patient no more when advantage was taken of them and their helplessness. In fact, he knew the people could no longer be restrained, and the mass meeting was in order. There could be no mistake in the feeling of the people at that meeting. Stern, forbidding, many with their Bibles in their pockets, they came along the roads to Paardekraal that day in December. No less than six hundred wagons were on the ground; between eight and nine thousand men were present.

Pretorius, Paul Kruger and Joubert were elected to proclaim the re-establishment of their former government as the South African Republic. On the 16th of December the leaders of the movement, accompanied by a considerable force of burghers, arrived in Heidelberg, where they took possession. The next day news came that a small reconnoitring party of burghers in the neighborhood of Potchefstroom had been fired on by British troops, hostilities thus beginning before the Afrianders had time to communicate with the government at Pretoria. Mr. Joubert, afterward General Joubert, declared that he should at once order a return to Paardekraal. Mr. Kruger said that as for himself, he knew why he had come to Heidelberg and he meant to remain there.

If the burghers had returned to Paardekraal the British would have allowed them to go on talking for two or three weeks, and then suddenly told them what they must do, and an armed force would have backed the advice. But no, the time for waiting was gone by; the time for action had come.

The nearest British troops, besides those already in the Transvaal, were in Natal. General Sir George Colley, the Governor of Natal, raised all the soldiers he could and marched northward to put down the uprising. But before he could enter the Transvaal, Commandant General Joubert crossed the border into Natal, and took up a strong position at Laing's Nek.

This now historic spot is a very steep ridge between the Klip River, which is a tributary of the Vaal, and the Buaffalo River, a part of the Tugela, which flows into the Indian ocean.

Here a bloody battle was fought on the 28th of January, 1881. The British attacked the Afrianders with great bravery, but they could not dislodge Joubert. The ridge protected Joubert's men from the British fire, while they, in charging up the ridge, were cut down by the practiced rifle aim of the Afrianders, and forced to retire. At night in their camps the British could see the light of the Afriander's camp reflected in the sky, almost as it might have been the pillar of fire that guided a chosen people, while their ears were filled with the hymns of the burghers under Joubert as they entered into their devotions and prayers for a cause which they considered right. On the 8th of February, in the same neighborhood, there was another fight, and the British were again defeated after suffering much loss.

General Colley, commanding the British, now decided to seize by night Majuba Hill, a mountain rising 2000 feet above Laing's Nek. He wanted the hill for artillery firing into the Afrianders below. On the night of February 26th, leaving the main body of his troops in camp, the

General led a division to the top of Majuba Hill. Strangely enough he neglected to order the main body to advance and so divert the attention of the Africanders.

The burghers did not see the English division till it was on Majuba Hill. They were at first thrown into dismay. But when they found there was no advance on them in front, and no artillery fire from the top of the hill, they sent out a party to storm Majuba.

The story of that charge has gone into history to stay. On the one side were the rugged Africanders with magnificent courage, who achieved victory; on the other, the British with as much bravery and courage, brought by some one's blunder into defeat and disaster. Why the main body of the British troops were not ordered into the fight, why there were no intrenchments on the hill, and why the order of "charge bayonets" was not given, General Colley, a brave man, never lived to tell.

Up the hill went the Africanders, shooting as they ran, protected by the steep rocks above them—up they went to the hill top, carrying everything before them, a terrible force that meant destruction and death. General Colley and ninety-two of his men were killed, and fifty-nine were taken prisoners.

But additional British troops were hastening to the scene of conflict. They were under the command of Sir Evelyn Wood. It is difficult to tell what would have been the outcome had further hostilities gone on, but before Sir Evelyn Wood could strike a blow the home government (March 5th) ordered an armistice, and (the 23d of March) agreed to terms of peace. By these terms the Transvaal was restored to its former independence, save that it was to be under the supervision of the British crown.

Mr. Kruger was uneasy about this armistice; he feared it was only another device to gain time for the arrival of a large British force.

This impression was also shared by the burghers, for the Africanders had no faith in the English.

However, the armistice in a way acknowledged the independence of the Transvaal, while the British seemed anxious for peace. Something had been gained, for when they rose against the British government their cause seemed almost hopeless.

Mr. Kruger, accompanied by the State Attorney, Doctor Jorissen, set out for Laing's Nek from Heidelberg. There was delay in reaching Laing's Nek; the weather, as frequently happens toward the end of the Transvaal summer, was wretchedly bad, while the journey was rendered longer because the village of Standerton was in possession of the British, and it was necessary to go round it at a distance. It was not until the 14th of March that Mr. Kruger reached Laing's Nek. It is not necessary to say that he met with an enthusiastic reception.

The treaty that was signed agreed that the Transvaal government should be independent in the management of its internal affairs; that the republic should respect the independence of the Swazies, a tribe of natives on the eastern border of the Transvaal; that British troops should be allowed to pass through the republic in time of war; and that the British sovereign should be acknowledged as supervisor of the republic and have the right to veto treaties between the government of the Transvaal and foreign nations.

Several of the stipulations in this convention were distasteful to Paul Kruger and other leaders in the Transvaal, and also to the Volksraad. But a desired end had been gained. Seven hundred burghers had, three months earlier, ridden down from Heidelberg to protect the frontier. Four thousand, for so greatly had the force increased, now rode away to their homes, leaving Laing's Nek to silence. Very likely the English had considered themselves generous in the terms of the convention; they could have held on to the Transvaal if force were taken

into account, but they had done a generous act and they hoped it would be appreciated by those who were benefitted.

It must, however, be admitted that events belied their hopes. They expected the Transvaal people to see in this generosity an example of humanity which was willing to let vengeance for the defeat, the disgraceful defeat of Majuba Hill, go.

The Boers, however, saw neither generosity nor humanity in this. They saw fear, fear of a people whose wrongs had made them desperate. Rejoicing in their victories and (like the Kaffirs in the south coast wars) not realizing the tremendous force which might have been brought to bear on them, they felt they could add contempt to the dislike they already cherished toward the English.

On the other hand, the English in South Africa continued to resent the granting of independence to the Transvaal.

Much time has been spent in detailing these events connected with the declaration of peace with the Transvaal, because, next to the great trek of 1836, they are the most important in the inner history of South Africa, and those which most affected the political situation leading to the war which began in October, 1899.

The South African Republic, then, came from its brief but successful struggle for independence poor and in a state of political confusion, but rejoicing in a sense of national freedom, and more than ever sure that it was favored of Heaven.

The old constitution was revived, the Volksraad was convoked, and an election was held. The young and old took part in this election. There was to be no repetition of the mistakes of former years; the regained freedom of the republic must not again be put in peril by the weakness or unpopularity of a man chosen as the chief representative. The republic was to go on to greatness and to glory; it was all very well to sing hymns and invoke the aid of Providence, but Providence gave

common sense, and common sense must be brought into play now as it had never been done before. The choice of a president must be made, and of such a man as would be a tower of strength, a man of strong will, a man who was one of themselves, who had suffered with them, who had been of service to them and would be of still further service. He must be a godly man, a man of war who also loved peace, but a man who had the ferocity of a roused lion when the time for such ferocity came, and who could yet have the simplicity of the lamb when in time of peace the vine and fig tree should be pleasant in the land. He must be a man able to meet the savage tribes with tact and determination, one who knew the British mind and its resources, and be capable of seeing to the bottom of things, not liable to be deceived by promises never meant to be kept, but who demanded the carrying out of every promise that was made, and yet who would not be so revengeful as to be an unfair enemy—a man of war, a man of the Lord, a man learned in men if not too much learned in books, and one who first of all had the republic at heart.

Could such a man be found? Thousands of voices answered that he could, that he was at hand, their friend, their brother. And this man was Stephanus Paulus Johannes Kruger, and he was made president. Mr. Kruger immediately planned for bold and far-reaching acts that were to affect three sides of the republic's territory.

CHAPTER V.

British seize Bechuanaland—Lo Bengula—Gold discovered—Rush of speculators—Diamonds discovered—Kimberley diamond fields—The Rand gold mines—Cecil Rhodes premier—British plan to take Swaziland—Marquis of Ripon and Mr. Chamberlain—Rate war—President Kruger's stand in the matter—Complaints of Uitlanders against the republic.



THE occupation of Mashonaland, a great trek to the north was planned, but it was never carried out. Though to the south Zululand being open, a number of adventurers went there, followed a little later by others who at once took service under one of the warring chiefs. These people took steps to form a government of their own in the northern districts of Zululand, when the British authorities interfered and restricted their claim of land to a small territory three thousand miles square, known as the New Republic till 1888, when it was annexed by the Transvaal. Other bands of Africanders made raids into portions of Bechuanaland, to the west, where they seized territory and intimidated the native chiefs, who were not hostile, till the chiefs bowed to their authority and the raiders established two small republics, Stella and Goshen, to the north of Kimberley where the diamond seeking population were not any too orderly. The actions of these new trekkers and raiders opened the eyes of the British government to the meaning of the South African Republic. They saw that the Africanders meant to claim Bechuanaland and close the path of British communication with territory far to the north and in which the nation had become interested.

In order to put a stop to all this a military expedition under Sir

Charles Warren entered Bechuanaland and expelled the Africanders, though without bloodshed, and proclaimed the whole region a crown colony, calling it British Bechuanaland. This territory was afterward annexed to Cape Colony.

In 1885 British rule was established over a still more northerly region which covered the whole country as far as the borders of Matabeleland. Three years later the British control was made still more secure by entering into an agreement with the King of the Matabele, Lo Bengula, by which the king bound himself to make no treaty with any foreign nation without the approval of the British High Commissioner. Then the British raised their Union Jack at St. Lucia Bay, on the Indian ocean, and entered into a treaty with the Tonga tribes there, binding the tribes to make no treaties except with the English, and thus completed the hold of the British crown on the eastern coast line.

The Africanders, denied territory on the north, roused themselves and claimed Swaziland, to the east of the Transvaal Republic. This was a small but rich region possessing considerable mineral wealth. It was inhabited by Kaffirs who were the sworn enemies of the Zulus.

But the British were not to be outdone. They got the consent of three Tonga chiefs who were in control and proclaimed a protectorate over the whole piece of territory between Swaziland and the ocean, and so access to the sea by the Africanders was stopped.

All this may seem very dry details, but it is to be hoped that events which were to follow will make amends for these recitals. It was a constant nip and tuck, the Africander against the British, the British against any who would oppose their power. The Africanders resolved to have access to the sea at as many points as possible, for exchange of commerce with foreign countries was necessary, and the British were as determined that as few sea ports as possible should come into the hands of the Africanders who must be made to understand that while they

called themselves free and independent there was a strong government opposed to them and which would check them if it could.

Between 1867 and 1872 gold had been discovered in several places on the eastern side of the country, but in quantities so small that no one attached much importance to the discovery. After 1882, however, the ground began to be largely worked for the precious metal. Those who had been unsuccessful in the diamond working seemed to rush to the gold mines—from all parts of the world they came, as has always been the case when gold has been found in appreciable quantities in any one section of the earth; as in our own California, in 1849, and, more recently, in the Klondike. Men who had lived their lives behind desks poring over books, students, disappointed men in all stations of life from the clergyman to the banker, the college professor, to the mechanic, the in-born adventurer, and the tramp appeared in South Africa ready to use pick and shovel if only the earth would give in return the yellow dust for which they had come.

A new civilization appeared on the land, as in the diamond fields, a population who seemed to have left all the gentler instincts of life behind them, a shanty population, reckless, drinkers, gamblers, thieves, along with the earnest toilers who deprived of a means of living in their own country came from thousands of miles away to try the game with fortune. In 1895 the number of recent emigrants, mostly male adults, had risen to a number much greater than that of the whole Boer population including women and children. Although the first working of the gold mines and the growth of the towns had swelled the revenues of the previously impoverished Republic, President Kruger and the Boers generally were alarmed at seeing the tide of foreigners from the colonies, from Europe, from the United States, most of them British subjects and nearly all of them speaking the English language, rise up and threaten to submerge the Afrianders.

Laws were passed which kept out the new comers as far as possible, making the native Boer element a safe majority. The new comers complained and threatened. Then the British High Commissioner, who had come to the Cape to negotiate with President Kruger about Swaziland, led to a demonstration in favor of the British and against the Boers in Pretoria, while feeling ran high in the mining districts.

The Foreigners' Reform Association, sometimes called the National Union, was formed. Its professed object was to secure redress of grievances. This is always allowable in a free country. The aliens felt that there was no reason in the world why South Africa should not become the home of men of all nationalities, who while finding new openings in life were content to live under the laws of the Republic.

But these foreigners had not been fair to the Afrianders. They invented gold properties, any piece of land or swamp that stood within a reasonable line of the main reef they made the means of a prospective letting people in on the "ground floor"—that is, they got a large number of shares of stock in a mine at a small price, and unloaded it at a large price upon the people. Johannesburg was largely the seat of operations, and things there reached a critical state. President Kruger went there to see how matters stood. He went in a friendly spirit, in a spirit of fairness to all concerned.

The foreigners there celebrated his arrival by drinking to excess, and sang "God save the Queen" as a fitting song with which to welcome the President of the South African Republic, and tore down the national flag of the Transvaal from in front of the house in which a conference was to be held to try to make peace among all concerned. Certainly President Kruger was very moderate while he was thus insulted; he attributed the offensive proceedings to "too much drink," but the people and their representatives were very bitter against the offenders

and the result was unfavorable to the carrying out of any measures for the benefit of the foreigners.

But the president wished to deal as liberally as he could with the new comers. He was instrumental in advancing measures for the construction of railways, for amending the existing gold laws, and the beginning of legislation by which the strangers within the gates of the Republic might have a political interest in the country. Though the Volksraad opposed the idea of letting the new comers have anything to do with the government of South Africa, for though their coming had lifted the Republic out of poverty and made it known as a success throughout the world, they might as well be regarded as mere visitors and not settlers in any sense of the word. The Afrianders were always jealous of interlopers, fearing that unfair ideas lurked in their heads and that at any time they might go over to the British and ally themselves with the constitutional enemy of the Boer.

Yet matters were tided over and new friendliness and confidence sprang up between the foreigners and the republic.

Kimberley at that time and for some years back had been giving out diamonds till it seemed there would be no end of them. Many thousands of adventurers had rushed there, and the mines were owned by a large number of persons and companies. The competition of these mine owners was bringing down the price of stones, while the black natives who were working in the mines were stealing the stones and selling them and so reducing the profits of mining. It was seen that the various concerns would save much by consolidating. This was done successfully and largely through the efforts of Mr. Cecil Rhodes who had gone to Natal in 1870 because of ill health and had come up to Kimberley in the first rush after diamonds. By the means adopted, the price of diamonds was kept up and many thefts prevented. Kimberley became a place of much comfort. The old rough roads were well

paved, beautiful villas embowered in groves of tall Australian gum trees rose in the air, while the streets and roads were bordered by gum trees or by hedges of prickly pear or agave.

For the residence of the Europeans employed in the great mines, a suburb called Kenilworth was built by Mr. Rhodes, where neat houses of four or five rooms stand in beautiful avenues planted with "beef wood" trees and red gum. These trees have the merit of growing very fast, which is much to be desired in a country where shade is welcome.

The diamonds were found in beds of clay. This clay is supposed to be the remains of mud pits caused by volcanic disturbances, such as caused the boiling mud pits of Yellowstone Park which are called, because of their brilliant color, the "paint pots."

The diamonds, then, came from circular mud basins enclosed within a harder rock. Some of the mines are worked to a depth of 1200 feet by shafts and under ground galleries. Some were open, and that one called the Wesselton mine was a particularly interesting sight. This deep hollow was a hundred feet deep, and a third of a mile in circumference. It was enclosed by a fence of barbed wire and filled by a swarm of Kaffir workmen, cleaving the earth with pickaxes and piling it up on barrows and carrying it off to the wide fields where it was left exposed to the sun and rain for three months. It was thus decomposed and more easily broken into smaller fragments before going to the mills, for the "clay" was not clay as we know it, but beneath the softer earth was a hard blue clay covered with a rocky substance which was very hard and in which the diamonds were imbedded. In the mills this "clay" was crushed and washed to get at the stones. In Kimberley you may be pointed out a piece of ground only a few acres in extent and told that out of it diamonds to the value of sixty million dollars have been taken.

The mines were worked on what are called eight hour shifts, that is, the workmen were never under ground more than eight hours at a time.

Every entrance to the mine was guarded and no visitors were permitted. To encourage honesty among the workmen ten per cent. of the value of a stone any workman might find was given to him if he brought the stone to the overseer. The value of the stones on which this ten per cent. was paid was estimated at two million dollars a year. When the native workman earned the sum he wanted (and his wants were few, and his earnings about eight dollars a week) he went home to his own tribe, bought two oxen, which he exchanged for a wife, and lived happily ever after. Many stories come from the diamond mines to the gold mines where everything seemed to be going on swimmingly for awhile after Mr. Kruger's exertions had been rewarded with peace between the Boers and the newcomers who searched for the hidden gold.

Near the Rand gold mining district is a long line of mines both east and west of Johannesburg, though gold has long been found in many other parts of the country. But the Johannesburg mine district is more important just now, as it largely led to the second war between the Britain and the Boer.

The distance of these mines, then, is about forty-six miles long, though, as Mr. Hammond in the "North American Review" says, "Gold does not occur continuously in payable quantities over that extent, the 'pay ore' being found in irregular patches." There are also a few other mines near by.

On this line are two principal reefs, the Main Reef and the Smith Reef. "Reef" means a bed of rock, and these reefs are masses of sandy and clayey material containing quartz pebbles. These pebbles are mostly small, from the size of a sparrow's egg up to that of a goose egg, and do not contain gold. The clay in which they are imbedded is very hard and strongly filled with iron which binds it together. It is in this stuff, so like cement, that the gold is found. The Boers call this cement and pebbles "banket," that being a name for a sort of candy, because

the pebbles lying in the cement are like almonds in candied sugar. The gold is sometimes in the form of crystals so small as to be unseen by the naked eye, and sometimes in flakes. The banket has in it thin veins of quartz rock in which are sometimes found small gold nuggets. The mines are 2400 feet deep, and engineers think they may be sunk to 5000 feet, though when the temperature is more than a hundred degrees, which it reaches at 3000 feet, labor becomes difficult.

California up to 1896 had produced \$1,282,000,000; the mines in South Africa when they have been operated as long as those in California will, it is estimated, have given up \$3,500,000,000.

In general respect Johannesburg comes very near in appearance to one of the mining districts to the far west in our own country. Though in many ways it is more English than American, and more English than Dutch. For in Johannesburg there is little to remind a traveller that he is in a Dutch country, unless it is in the names of the streets. The population generally use the English language, for with the recent immigrants from Great Britain came Australians and Americans. It is a busy, pleasure loving town, making money fast and spending it as rapidly, the fever of mining speculation in every mind.

The people have a passion for sport, though the gambling saloon is less conspicuous than in some of our own gold and silver mining districts, and there are fewer breaches of the peace. Perhaps the country being so far from Europe and its under classes the roughs are comparatively few, while the educated men are many. The best society of the place is not very large in numbers. It consists of men of English or Anglo-Jewish race and includes the Cape Colonists and Americans, with a few Germans. There are hardly any Boers or Hollanders, except those employed in official capacity by the government. Though there are many Kaffirs, few are to be seen about the streets. The Boer farmers every morning drive in their wagons filled with fresh vegetables, but

there are so few of the South African Republic citizens in this, the largest town of the Republic, that a traveller can scarcely realize that he is in the country of the Afriander when he traverses its streets. The Uitlanders, as the strangers were called that came in with the gold fever, settled largely in Johannesburg and the Boers had little to do with them except to sell them vegetables and milk.

With all the apparent peace existing in Johannesburg in 1895, both the burghers and the aliens suddenly awoke to the fact that the government of the Republic and the English government were not friendly, and that demands were being made by the British which the Boers did not feel like meeting.

Cecil Rhodes had been made Premier of the Cape Colony. This made him practically the English agent in all of South Africa. Mr. Rhodes was largely interested in the mines and he feared that the Transvaal was passing out of the control of the British. The British authorities suddenly annexed the Tongaland territory through which the Afrianders had secured a concession to build a railway to the sea. This annexation created the impression that the English government in this case was as usual unfriendly to the South African Republic. It also became known that steps were being taken in Natal to organize a police force to occupy Swaziland.

But Mr. Rhodes did not think of the gold mines alone, if at all, in the demands he now made. This was that the Transvaal should enter into the union between the Cape Colony and the Free State. If this demand had been acceded to, Natal would have had no free trade and would have been compelled to make a higher tariff. It would then not have had the Johannesburg trade and the cost of living would have been greatly increased.

The Transvaal government refused to comply with the demand. This gained for it the ill will of Mr. Rhodes. Orders were given by the

English to enroll a volunteer police force, with Doctor Jameson at the head.

Sir John Willoughby, speaking for his superior, Doctor Jameson, assured the men that they would only be required to serve in a "camp of exercise" once a year, and that they would not be taken beyond the borders of Rhodesia.

Then matters settled down for a little while, as matters seem to have been forever settling down in South Africa where the Boers appear to have adopted a policy of waiting from the first, whether from prejudice not to be the first to act, or because they always wished for peace, and hoped that by waiting their constant aggressors would see their wrong and as time passed would become more pacific.

But as the year 1895 advanced it became more and more apparent to those who watched the situation that some decisive step was about to be taken against the independence of the South African Republic.

The newspapers both in Cape Town and Johannesburg, that were run in the interests of Mr. Rhodes, grew more threatening. There were festivities in July to celebrate the opening of the Delagoa Bay railway; it afforded an opportunity for the exchange of civilities between the various South African governments, as well as between the government at Pretoria and the English Colonial Office, which had been presided over by a courteous and experienced statesman, the Marquis of Ripon. Unfortunately the time of the festivities was the same time that saw a change of ministry in London, and in place of the Marquis of Ripon, Mr. Chamberlain was appointed to the Colonial Office. Mr. Chamberlain was impetuous and easily angered. He considered that the Transvaal had been treated too leniently and agreed with Mr. Rhodes' policy of oppression—England ought to rule South Africa in its own way, and the Africander was a constant source of trouble to the English government that had done so much for it. It seems almost impossible to be-



BATTLE OF MAJUBA HILL. (Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.)



lieve that so small a matter as the closing of a ford or "drift" across the Vaal River should have been made the subject of international dispute. But it was so.

In a rate war (such as is constantly going on in our own country and which excites little comment and surely as little ill will) between the Cape Government Railway and the Transvaal Railway, the Cape, or English, authorities, began to unload freight on the south side of the Vaal, or Free State ground, and afterwards sent it by ox teams across the "drift," thus getting it over more than fifty miles to Johannesburg. This was done to deprive the Transvaal Railway from carrying freight from the border to Johannesburg unless it submitted to certain lower rates. The Transvaal Railway promptly declared that the "drift" was closed to traffic, so as to protect itself.

This act was printed in the London papers as the "drift question" and seemed to rouse the anger of the entire British nation, when in fact it was a mere squabble such as any of our home railways might engage in when one company uses the tracks of another company for their own purposes, and which squabbles are entered into and settled every year by telegraph and telephone, or at best by a civil suit in our courts.

The fact of its being a mere question of railway rights was nothing to those who wished to find some way of involving the English government in a big quarrel with the South African Republic. Mr. Rhodes appears to have jumped at the opportunity. Reams of good paper were wasted in correspondence and the wise law officers of the crown in London shook their heads and said the Boers were behaving illegally again, while Mr. Chamberlain spoke of the general unfriendliness of the Transvaal government.

If there had been any unfriendliness all along I think you, who have read this history so far, will agree that it had not been all on the side of the Afrianders.

But Mr. Rhodes and his ministry decided that here was a climax to which all that had gone before led up, and that war was the only thing to settle the matter. Once let a war break out and it should prove unfavorable for the South African Republic. Things were as England wished them to be. There were constant complaints in the papers of London and these were echoed in the papers of South Africa which were on the side of Mr. Rhodes who, it appears, ruled many of the officials under him because they were weaker men than he.

President Kruger seemed to stand alone. The people of the Orange Free State had been willing to help the Transvaal in 1881, and in that same year the Boers of Cape Colony might have given aid. But Kruger had taxed certain food stuffs and refused to employ Cape Dutchmen in the Transvaal service, so now they would have nothing to do with his quarrel. It was evident that little help could be looked for from the outside upon a matter which from the size of a mole hill had grown to the size of a mountain.

President Kruger felt that he was in the right in assuming that his railway had done nothing but what it was privileged to do, and he had never shrunk from a responsibility in his life. He loved his people and he was doing for them the best that he could. He had had his share of hardship, and though he was now a rich man and at an age when peace and rest after a troubled life becomes pleasant, he could not see his way to owning that he was wrong when he did not believe that such was the case. He was stubborn as ever and as strong, the "old lion of South Africa." But he was also "Oom Paul," the uncle of his people.

Those who were most friendly with him argued with him, very probably his wife, "Tante Sanna," Aunt Sanna of the people, went to him and spoke of the horrors of war wherein his children should fight—and for what?

At all events the Transvaal government, in order to avoid trouble

over so paltry a matter withdrew the proclamation, and the "drift" was open again. Thus the opportunity for a war with the South African Republic passed out of Mr. Rhodes' hand.

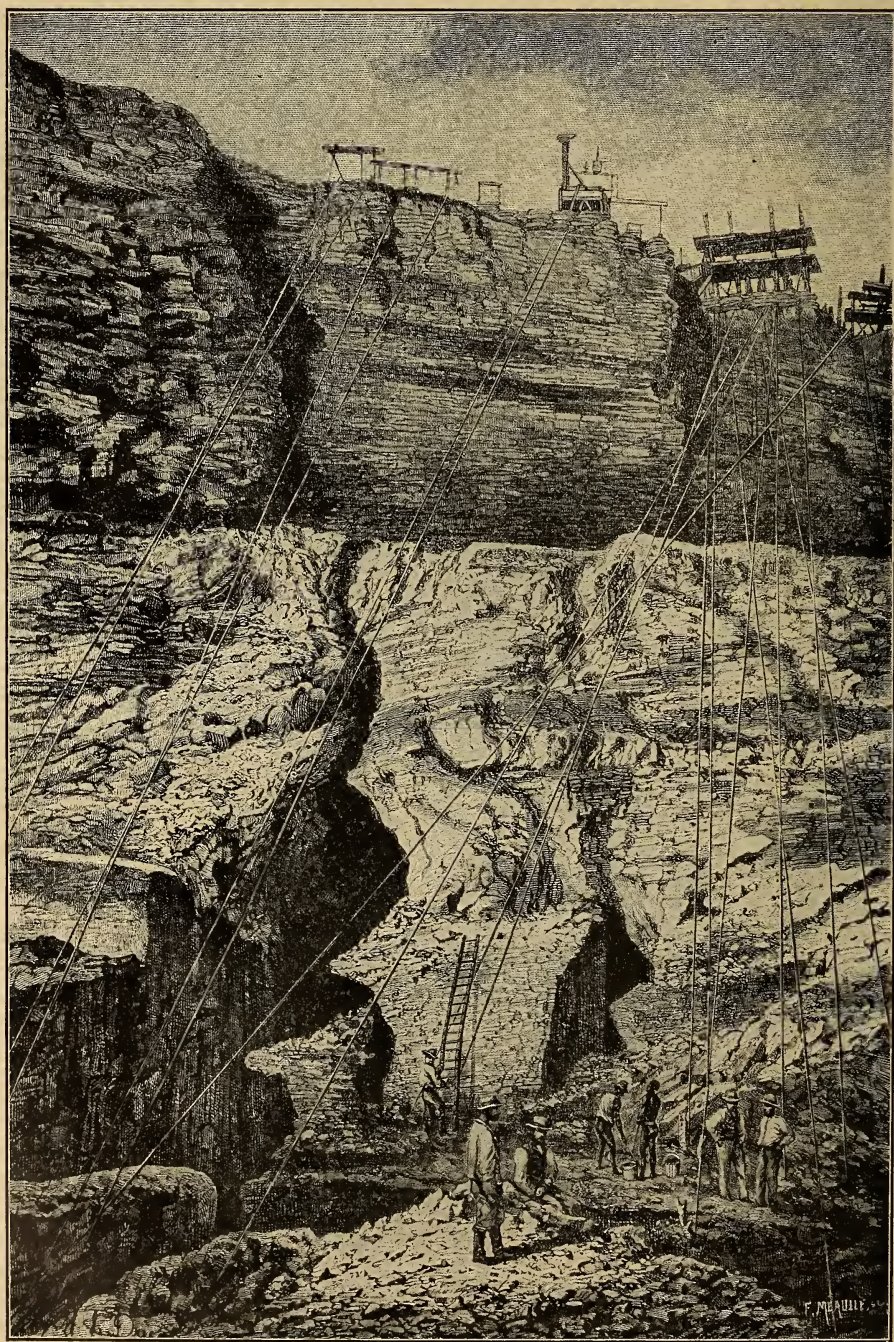
But there were other things Mr. Rhodes could do. For a week later the chairman of the Johannesburg Chamber of Mines made a brilliant speech, telling how dreadfully the foreign population in the Transvaal were treated. The gentleman who made this speech was Mr. Lionel Phillips. You will see that the quarrel of Mr. Rhodes with the South African Republic had now assumed another shape. The object was just the same, but the way of getting at it was different. If the Republic could not be overthrown, if the gold fields could not be claimed through an open attack from the British government, these things could be secured by an insurrection from within—he said the foreigners should be protected. To protect these people whom he suddenly grew to love so dearly he must have arms and provisions and horses, and he must have men and the money to pay them. A great deal of money was granted him and in London the people waited with expectation.

In the interior, at Cape Town, those who complained of ill treatment were ready to rise against the Transvaal. Some of the subjects of ill treatment which so excited the British government appear odd when read in cold type.

A man with a farm on the border had his property declared British territory. He sued the Transvaal for damages. Another man sued the government for injuries caused by a fall in the street. Another man, a British subject, trespassed on the farm of one of the members of the Volksraad, and was charged with intent to steal. Another case was that of a native who worked for a Boer farmer who promised him cattle if he worked for a certain time. When the time expired the farmer refused to let him go. These and like cases were brought against the Transvaal Republic, S. J. P. Kruger, president.

In the first case if the man whose farm was seized for state purposes had been in America he would smilingly have gone into the court of his native town and received the money for his property, if it had not been bought from him previously. The second man, who had fallen in the street, in nine cases out of ten would have got up and rubbed his shins and gone on whistling. If his shin had been broken, very likely he would have sued the city in which he lived for having bad paving and the policeman on whose beat the accident had occurred might have heard from his lieutenant for not having reported the rooted-up condition of the highway. The farmer who refused to pay his farm hand and let him go would in the first place have been knocked down by the farm hand for offering to detain him, and the farm hand's lawyer would have visited the farmer with a polite reminder that it was just as well to settle the question of payment of wages or have the harvesting of his crop interfered with by an attendance at court which would order the discharge of a just debt and payment of the costs of the action by the farmer. But these things did not occur in the United States nor in any country where law is a settled fact and where responsibilities are recognized. They happened in a country whose early settlers had been harassed from the first by a foreign power that wanted to take the land from them, and the cases came before a man high in authority who agreed with his country that the Africanders had few rights which the Englishman was bound to respect.

Of course there were more important cases brought to the notice of Mr. Rhodes and cases in which the Africanders were to blame, but that the examples cited were held to be important can not be doubted when they are included in the charges of ill treatment of foreigners brought to bear against the Transvaal Republic, Paul Kruger at its head.



KIMBERLY DIAMOND MINES.

CHAPTER VI.

Plans for Uitlander uprising—Criticisms of President Kruger—Tales at Pretoria of proposed uprising—Restlessness of Boers—Preparations to resist raid—Mrs. Kruger—Jameson's raid—Jameson defeated and made prisoner—Condition of Johannesburg—Criticism of raid.



AS time went on, preparations for the proposed uprising progressed. Presumably to take part in the making over of the Bechuanaland Protectorate, Doctor Jameson and his police guards came down to the neighborhood of the Transvaal. The Africanders knew that an earthquake was about to take place, for discontent was now heard on all sides.

Stories against the President were freely circulated. It was said that Paul Kruger could very well afford to be president when that office guaranteed him \$40,000 a year, that he was an ignorant man, barely able to write his name, a stubborn bull dog of a man, narrow minded, and his religion such as had been the religion of old tyrants, the religion of the Old Testament full of revenge, not that of the New Testament filled with mercy and tenderness. They said that the man who had risen from being a peasant to become president, without taking advantages of the results of civilization, was the man that must be conquered, for he still retained his peasant instincts and manners, that he had expelled from the country any person not a burgher or compelled them to live in certain locations, without any charge being made that the person so expelled had broken any law, and that such person could

not appeal to the courts because of such treatment. This expelling of strangers was a breaking of the law which had been agreed upon between the English and the Africanders, which said that all persons, other than natives, who obeyed the laws were at liberty with their families to reside in any part of the South African Republic. Then it was said that the South African Republic did not contribute as it should have done toward education, for the Uitlanders, or strangers, gave three times as much as the Boers, while more Boer children were being educated than children of the Uitlanders—in other words, \$40 were spent on each Boer child, while only 45 cents were spent upon each Uitlander child. Then there came forward numerous people who told sad tales of abuse at the hands of the Boers, and no redress could be had. Then the revenue had risen wonderfully, and four-fifths of it were paid by the Uitlanders in taxes while they did not have the right to vote and had to put up with whatever kind of government the Boers chose to give them.

At a convention Mr. Kruger had been asked if British subjects were on the same footing as the Boers, and he had said they were. Asked if they had the same protection, he answered yes. He also said that every body in the Republic had the same privileges.

In 1895 a petition signed by nearly 36,000 Uitlanders was laid before the Voksraad asking that they have the right to vote.

Mr. Lionel Phillips, as has been said, had made a speech at the Johannesburg chamber of mines. In that speech he declared that there was a limit to endurance on the part of the Uitlanders, though they did not desire any trouble which should cause bloodshed.

The manner in which this speech was understood even in Europe may be seen by reference to it in a letter quoted in the book, "South Africa as it is:" "Master Lionel's speech was very foolish and is likely to do a great deal of harm and no good. * * * If there is anything likely to put Paul Kruger's back up, it is threats."

Arms and ammunition continued to come to Johannesburg concealed in oil tanks, coal trucks, and the like.

Then all at once Colonel Rhodes, brother of Cecil Rhodes, at Johannesburg, telegraphed to the Cape that a high official, whom he called the "chairman," should interfere at the earliest possible moment, for Johannesburg was becoming a perfect armament for the Boers, and that he and Mr. Cecil Rhodes should start from Cape Town for Johannesburg on the "day of flotation," as the date of the uprising was called.

This was the way things stood in the Transvaal in November, 1895. Visitors hardly reached the hotels at Pretoria before people began to tell them that an insurrection was close at hand. In Johannesburg little else was talked about at the club where every body lunches, and between the acts at the theatre. Americans who were there thought it comical for the English to call themselves downtrodden, that the Boers were their oppressors.

All over South Africa was the same story of an uprising soon to occur at Johannesburg. Many people agreed with the English that the Boer government was over taxing the Uitlanders, yet refused them the benefits a civilized government is bound to give its subjects.

But there was something to be said for the Boers. They had fled from Cape Town sixty years before had suffered perils and triumphed over many enemies, had got back their independence through their own courage when Great Britain had taken that independence from them. They had established a republic according to their own ideas and could now keep it their own only by keeping out of their affairs foreigners in blood, speech and manners who had recently settled among them. They had not wanted these strangers, and all the strangers had come for was gold and wealth. Of course they had let the strangers come and had allowed them to buy the gold reefs. But the strangers had come knowing it was a Boer republic, and many had come as visitors,

not meaning to stay after their pockets were filled. Were these strangers to be allowed to overturn the republic and build up another on its ruins which should be theirs?

This was the state of affairs when the brother of Cecil Rhodes sent that telegram speaking of the "day of flotation."

Many said that the telegram intended to create just enough disturbance to give a reason for alarming calls for help from the "down trodden" English, but not so much positive distress as to force a hand-to-hand fight in the streets of Johannesburg between the English and the Boers. Doctor Jameson was quite near enough, on the other hand, if it came to fighting, for him and his police to take the responsibility, and for the High Commissioner, Mr. Rhodes, to come in at the right moment and suggest peace if the Boers agreed to a re-establishment of British control in the Transvaal.

The Boers were ready; they have always been ready. They had many resources. In fact, so many that the English wondered if their own force was sufficient to overthrow the government as it existed. The Uitlanders' forces were not very alarming, they had only two or three hundred regular troops stationed at Pretoria and said to be not very efficient.

The Africanders on the other hand had a militia of sixteen thousand and more, and included young fellows who had just passed their sixteenth year, and all were used to rough life and knew how to shoot. As those who favored reform in the government, the Uitlanders knew they would be outmatched; it has been hinted that they meant to take Pretoria as soon as possible, capture the president and before the Boer militia could assemble, to call for a popular vote of all inhabitants, Boers and Uitlanders—the Uitlanders outnumbering the Boers—which vote should say how the government should be altered to suit the wishes of the majority, which of course would be the Uitlanders.

But, oddly enough, at the last moment differences of opinion arose among the Uitlanders at Johannesburg; they hesitated and were lost. The project which had been so much talked about—that is, the re-establishing of British rule—suddenly became distasteful to many who had formerly said they desired it, the principal reason given that the control of capital over legislation would not be as full and complete under British rule as it might still become under some other rule. The English recruits had entered service by having the loyalty to the old country appealed to, but now they began to see that this sentiment of loyalty carried out would defeat the aim of those who were capitalists if they overturned the Kruger government. In the early part of December affairs had quieted down a little. But by the middle of the month people began to become excited again. President Kruger and his officials were not to be taken by surprise. They knew that the slight lull that had come was only the calm before the storm. The Uitlanders did not like the Republican government and yet they could see no other form of rule which would benefit them, for the overthrow of the present method would make all sorts of trouble and stocks would go down to nothing and the rich man might become a pauper. Many who had been foremost in the agitation in the first place, now regretted that they had ever said a word against the Boers. But their words had been uttered and reached the ears of the British government, and Mr. Rhodes remembered them in Africa and Mr. Chamberlain remembered them in London.

Christmas day found those who desired reform in the government of Johannesburg so divided in feeling that they wished the whole matter dropped until they were certain as to what and for whom they were to fight. This indecision reached the police under Doctor Jameson outside Johannesburg. Jameson had been told that he must make no move on any account whatever until he received orders to do so. But

the men under him were restless and eager for fight. It has never been said that an English soldier is not brave, and the old saying that "England expects every man to do his duty," is needlessly given to the soldier in the queen's pay. Besides, the conspirators in Johannesburg had cooled down, and those who had not undergone that process were undecided about what they should do in the case of an uprising and alarmed at the proportions the quarrel had assumed. Together with this the reports as to the ease with which the Afrianders had obtained the means of defending themselves both in men and ammunition, Maxim guns and rifles, was irritating to the Britons, who found the Boers ready to receive them and maybe enjoying the idea that the Englishmen hesitated to make an attack. And President Kruger quietly went on with his duties as president, held prayer meetings and attended to domestic affairs as usual. He was encouraging "Tante Sanna," his wife, who always hated war and feared it, and who saw in fresh hostilities only the old troubled life lived over again, this time her sons and her grandsons torn from her, maybe never to come back alive. But she had always relied upon her husband, she had always accepted fate as inevitable, and the president with his stern ideas of right and wrong was doing what he thought he must in defending the Republic from a fresh difficulty with the old English foe. She had heard her husband called by a variety of choice names—rebel, tyrant, pirate, visionary. She had heard him likened to Abraham Lincoln, the great American who had liberated so many thousands and thousands of slaves, though she knew that Oom Paul believed in slavery, though he had the piety and the humor of Lincoln; the shrewdness, the earnestness, the fortitude under great affliction. She also knew that her husband had great confidence in himself, contempt for an easy life, much command over men, and other qualities that go to make up greatness in a man. Again, she had heard Mr. Kruger compared to Bismarck. Bismarck had made Prussia head

of United Germany, and her husband might yet make the Transvaal the head of a United South Africa that would have nothing to do with the English. Her husband was growing old though, his form was bowed by years, and she feared for him in war in his old days. The queen! Who was the queen of England? What was she to them? When Victoria was made a girl queen, Paul Kruger was tramping across the uplands of Africa, pushing ever slowly northward to get away from the English. When the Mattabele warriors attacked the immigrants Paul Kruger fought, though he was but a boy. But Paul was a good marksman, for he was used to herding in his father's sheep in a land of wild beasts, and was expected to bring home game while defending the sheep. So he did good service in fighting the Mattabeles, those gruesome warriors, from the battle with whom the Boers issued with a loss of only two men. Always Paul had fought when it was necessary he should fight, and his courage had never been doubted. At sixteen he was already Field Cornet of Potchefstroom, and not many years later he was commandant. And how strong and masterful he had been ever since! Yes, "Tante Sanna" knew all the good traits of her husband, the father of his people, who on Sundays all came to the little chapel nearby to hear him explain the word of God. But he was an old man, and to think of engaging in war in old age! Well might "Tante Sanna" thus commune with herself as to a possible war. For war was in the air and about to let fall its thunder bolts upon Johannesburg.

On the 29th of December, and probably without orders, Doctor Jameson rushed upon Johannesburg with his force. There was only time for the Afrianders to issue orders for an assembly of force to meet the invaders. Fears were entertained that besides an attack on the Republic an advance might be made on Pretoria. The news of the invasion reached Potchefstroom the same time it came to Pretoria. Eighty-seven men left Potchefstroom. The orders given to this detachment

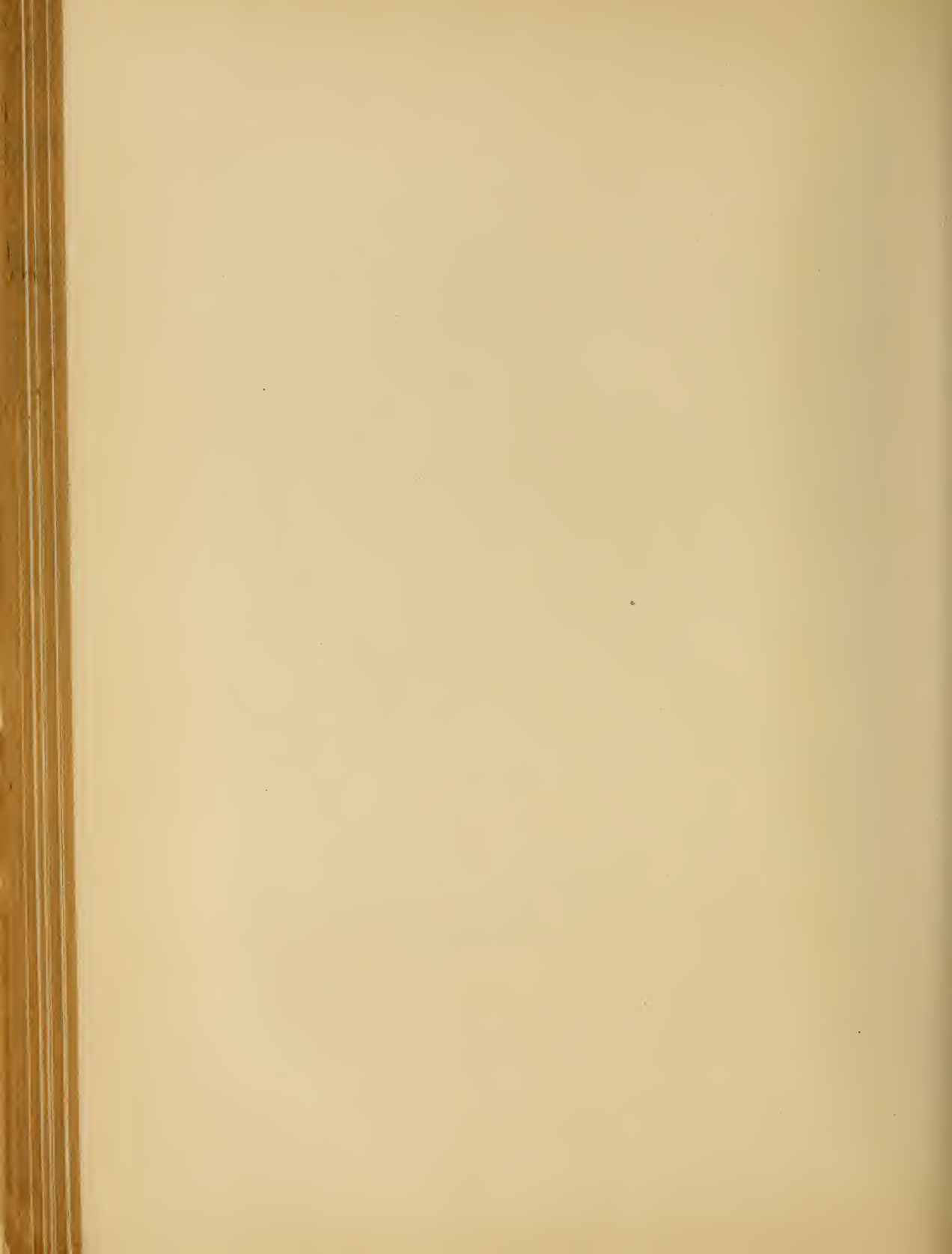
were that it should join Commandant Cronje's force. This was found to be impossible. They took up a position a little west of Krugersdorp. On the south side of the road were the Krugersdorp men, on the north was another body under Commandant Malan.

The enemy were in sight. Doctor Jameson opened artillery fire on the burghers, which cannonading kept up till four o'clock in the afternoon without doing any damage, the burghers obeying orders by lying quietly under the rocks and not returning the fire. Then the artillery ceased and skirmishers advanced. Then Malan's burghers opened fire, their example being followed by those on the south side of the road. The attack was checked, Jameson's troopers retreating with some men wounded and the loss of many horses. Jameson then brought his Maxim guns into play, but without effect. The invaders next attempted to get round to the north. But Cronje defeated that attempt. Then Jameson brought a twelve-pounder into such a position that Malan's men could be covered, and then several of the burghers' horses were killed. To check this new attack some twenty burghers were ordered to a position a little higher up the road, overlooking the hill, and these succeeded in silencing the twelve-pounder.

It was pretty evident that the invading party were not going to get in to Johannesburg through Krugersdorp. Jameson's men moved away to the south. Cronje followed them with some of his own and some of Malan's men. The night came on, wet and miserable, and Cronje and his men kept watch. During the night Cronje took his son, who had been wounded, to Krugersdorp hospital. During his absence some mistake was committed which almost let the invaders get round the position. But Cronje ordered his men southward, following up Jameson, and by morning headed off the English. Jameson's men charged, the bugle sounded and away they went up hill as hard as they could go. They got within four hundred yards of the burghers, then



A NOVEL FRYING PAN.



three hundred yards, then two, then one hundred, and then in front and on each side the fire of the burghers broke forth. Some thirty men fell. The rest of the English formed and advanced. No use. The second charge was as completely repulsed as the first, and the invading force drew off. Then something else happened. The burghers had expected an attack would be made on Pretoria. This proving unfounded the artillery was hurried up to take part in the action. A twelve-pounder and a Maxim gun opened fire on the farm where Jameson's men had retreated. A faint flutter of white became visible, which at first was not clear enough to be seen as a flag of a truce. In a few minutes other white flags were displayed. Then firing ceased on both sides. A rapid interchange of communication followed, and in a little while, guarded by a strong burgher force, Doctor Jameson and his men were prisoners in the hands of the Transvaal Republic. And now President Kruger showed his shrewdness. He kept the people quiet, so that there was no conflict in the streets of Johannesburg. He withdrew all the Transvaal police from the streets, and there was no exchange of shots between them and the Uitlanders to justify a call for outside interference.

Jameson captured, he and his police, or troops, made prisoners, the attempted revolution was at an end. Jameson and his officers were sent to England, where they were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

The failure of the proposed insurrection proved that it is not so easy to make a revolution as might be thought. Says Mr. Bryce, in his book, "Impressions of South Africa:" "Of all the insurrections and conspiracies recorded in history, probably not five per cent. have succeeded." Though the Boer had succeeded in putting this one insurrection down and by very good and effective methods, and there was nothing more to do about it. This is the famous raid of Doctor Jameson. Everything had depended on his getting into Johannesburg without any force op-

posing him. He had come and he had failed. Mr. Rhodes was not pleased, for Doctor Jameson had upset the applecart. Guns have not all the power of settling a dispute. Mr. Kruger had done it in the neatest and quietest manner, for if no one resisted, how could there be a battle?—there had only been a skirmish. But if Mr. Rhodes was not pleased, neither was Mr. Chamberlain, away off in London.

During the few days left of 1895 and the week or so in the opening of 1896, there was a state of chaos in Johannesburg, rowdies abounded, coming from all directions at once, hearing of the "raid," and property and even life, was in danger. The government seemed powerless, and was careful how it acted after it had been so recently tempted into a war with the English. Shops were closed, the people were uncertain, and little business was transacted. But the reform association seems to have disappeared, as they were held largely to blame for the state of affairs, while the European population at large insisted that they were not connected with the situation which had been created. Hordes of natives came into the town and drank and caroused, anxious to fight Boer and Briton alike, and there were rumors that the savages far off were likely to rise, as messengers had flown to tell them that the English had possession of Johannesburg, and the tribes had an idea of seeing what they themselves could do.

The state of panic was sustained and made more alarming by the most exciting rumors of what Jameson was about to do, rumors of thousands of burghers assembling to lay siege to the town, rumors of a proposal to bombard the city, rumors of a new government about to be proclaimed, rumors of anything and everything which excited fancy could suggest. The deepest concern was felt; everybody lived in the streets in order to learn any new phase of the situation that might arise. These crowds collided with other crowds, roughs, natives, and there were fights and no arrests; houses were forcibly entered, the occupants

ill treated, and there were no arrests; people's money and jewels were taken from them on the streets in broad daylight, and there were no arrests. The police had been ordered into inactivity and the state of the public mind was such that an arrest might be construed by the Uitlanders as a grievance against their rights and the English try once more to be successful in a raid which would have to be met with means as carefully carried out as the non-attacking means that had defeated Doctor Jameson. Then it leaked out that the principal actors in the revolutionary movement had quietly moved their families out of the city which was to have been stormed and taken by the English, and there was a general stampede. The worst was to be expected when those who were foremost in the affair felt insecure. Men and women lost their heads and leaving all behind them tried to get out of the place that was, maybe, undermined and might be blown up at any moment. Houses and all they contained were deserted by their owners and immediately looted by the freebooters who had come in with full swing and license and who feared no apprehension and arrest. Stores were battered open and their contents either confiscated or ruined. Men and women fought for places on the outgoing trains, paying any price they might be asked, only to get away from a doomed city. In one instance an overladen train left the track and forty of the passengers, mostly women and children, perished.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the misery and tragic effect on innocent and peaceable people caused by the checked uprising.

Then when danger of misunderstanding was passed the authorities did what they could to bring order out of disorder. The police went into duty again, houses of absent owners were guarded; the shopkeepers one by one returned, and the unlawful population that peopled the streets was gradually taken out of town and something like peace and quiet returned.

But for a time the effect of the raid was most unfavorable to the return of anything like friendly feeling between the Africanders and the British. All the world, except England, was in sympathy with the Africanders, and the German Emperor cabled to President Kruger congratulating him on the easy and effective way in which he had put down the rebellion. This cablegram was construed as evidence that the South African Republic, with President Kruger at the head, was secretly conniving at friendship with Germany against Great Britain as the superior foreign power in South Africa.

On the other hand the burghers in the Transvaal saw in the conspiracy to raise a rebellion a new evidence of the hostility of the British to the independence of the republic, and that the failure to make a rebellion was only for a time, for that their enemy would, some way or other, find means to successfully accomplish their purpose, however unjust and violent might be the means they would bring into play. In fact, the effect on the burghers by the Raid was something like that of the blowing up of the Maine on the citizens of the United States. When the Maine was blown up, we all felt that relations between Spain and our own country were such that nothing but war could settle them.

President Kruger at last completed order in Johannesburg. But the disorder and uneasiness had spread not only through the Transvaal, but also to the farther parts of South Africa. The diamond fields, the gold mines, the Orange Free state and Cape Colony, had their share of feeling that nothing was secure, while as on former occasions of the quarrels between the English and the Africanders, the savage tribes, that seemed only to wait for such opportunities, were ready to rise in all the horrors of their mode of warfare, and try once more to exterminate the whites of all nationalities who had taken their land from them and driven them to the confines of the most unproductive parts of the territories. It used to be the same with our native Indians—when America



THREE GENERATIONS OF BOERS.

had a war with a foreign power, the savages would put on their war paint, sharpen their tomahawks and bury their peace pipes, preparatory to taking a hand in the hostilities and so by torture and death gain a sort of revenge on the white races who, one and all, claimed the land which moons and moons ago had belonged to the red forefathers of the soil. But peace was restored for the time being, business activities went on. And notwithstanding the bitterness between the English and the Afrianders, no one was put to death for taking up arms against the Transvaal government, nor was anyone seriously punished. This peaceful mode was popular not because there was any doubt of the guilt of the accused parties, nor because any extenuating circumstances were recognized, but because the British authorities interceded strongly, and because the wisdom of Paul Kruger and his government whose territory had been invaded from soil of a professedly friendly nation, told them that this was the better and more politic way to act, although they had it in their power by all the law of nations to demand the utmost penalty on those who had committed the outrage.

As things turned out, the Jameson Raid had all the appearance of an act of foreign aggression, and the world at large sympathized with President Kruger. The Raid had been so unfair, so miserable, so treacherous, that people put aside the memory of wrongs suffered by the Uitlanders. Another effect of the Raid was to create a wide impression in 1899, when the Uitlander grievances were under discussion, that the grievances were largely the result of the Raid, when, as a matter of truth, the grievances were the cause of the Raid.

Another feature of the Raid was that it gave to the Johannesburg reform movement the appearance that it was first and last an attempt to destroy the independence of the Republic, when in fact the grievances had a right to demand reform, though the Raid was a most unfortunate method of making the Republic see that it had done anything that was

wrong. At the time of this Raid we, over in America, had it flashed to us across the cable, and most of us rejoiced with the African Republic who had, by defeating the insurrection, told the world that it could very well take care of itself and needed not Germany nor any other foreign power to take its part when it was attacked by the foes within its walls. Our papers praised President Kruger and his burghers and more than the finding of diamonds at Kimberly, or the discovery of the South African veins of gold did the defeat of Jameson make us turn with interest to Oom Paul and his people.

CHAPTER VII.

Cecil Rhodes and his schemes—Africans determined on independence—Kruger re-elected president—Petition of Uitlanders—Complaints against Transvaal government—Note of British government—Reply of South African government—Chamberlain's famous speech—Shipment of English troops to South Africa—Africans prepare for hostilities.



AFTER the conspiracy and raid, the extended peace of South Africa and the importance of Great Britain there, depended upon a certain line of action. This line of action did not go into effect. Mr. Cecil Rhodes and his schemes were very unpopular with the Africans and if England had taken him out of the situation the end would have been better. The country would have gone on to peace between the two nations, or races.

But Mr. Rhodes and his ideas were allowed to remain. His presence made final peace in the country impossible. Very likely two-thirds of the population of South Africa believed him to be the foremost criminal in the raid and conspiracy, that he and his methods had brought the thing about. His influence was great and it had the effect of increasing the prejudice, already strong enough, of one race against the other, and of warning every African in the country to keep armed and be ready for anything, for the genius of Mr. Rhodes might at any time plunge them into grave difficulties. For the Africans were resolved to defend the independence of their country, and Mr. Rhodes threatened that independence by constantly recurring unfriendly acts.

These Afrianders loved freedom as their Holland forefathers had loved it when they conquered Spain in the sixteenth century; they loved it as their Huguenot forefathers loved it, who counted no sacrifice too great to be made for liberty; they loved it as we Americans love it, who once or twice let England know that love in defending our nation against injustice and the desire to encroach upon it.

The year 1896 saw a temporary lull in the agitations for reform in the Transvaal. The English insisted that the Afrianders carried everything with a high hand and that the native English were oppressed in every way. The Afrianders said the country was their own and would rule it in their own interests and not allow strangers to get the upper hand of them. Yet there was no open manifestations of ill will, and only grumblings and the newspapers made a harvest of it.

President Kruger had always been stubborn; he was now an old man and had not grown any the less stubborn. As had been said before, threats were the wrong way of going about it to make him alter his opinion, and the English grumblings were mere threats. He was also a strong man, and a strong man passes over hints, and will not act until he is attacked. Besides, he was a religious man, and although his religion might be stern like that of the Old Testament people's, or the old Covenanters,' it was religion still and told him that he who had the right on his side must be still until he was too much oppressed, when he might rise in all his wrath.

Affairs went on in South Africa, the mining industries, business of all sorts; people in gay life held their festivities and were apparently as carelessly happy as were those at the Duchess of Richmond's ball on the night when the cannon suddenly boomed and told the dancers that war was at their doors. And in the English official breast was a gnawing—England must act again, she must defend her people here in this reclaimed African desert, and wrongs must be righted and old defeats

wiped out by new victories. And in his plain home, surrounded by his children and his children's children, the wife that had been his helpmate so long sitting beside the comfortable fire knitting or sewing for the poor, was an aging man smoking his pipe, his hand resting upon his open Bible, hearing as from afar off rumblings that told him the peace of the Republic was not assured, but that peace or war he was the President and with the power vested in him he would rule and not be put down, and that his people should be free from the yoke of England.

By the beginning of 1897 order had replaced the agitation which the insurrection and raid had made. This order had no sooner been brought about than the reformers did their best to break it.

Mr. Kruger was re-elected President, and the agitation for reforms was renewed. Jameson's raid had made Kruger's re-election sure, and the trial and conviction of Dr. Jameson by the English had a good effect upon the relations between London and Pretoria.

But there came an inquiry into the merits of the case by Parliament, through the influence of Mr. Chamberlain, and the good effects were thrown over. Difficulties were thrown in the way of getting at a true statement of affairs, as difficulties were thrown in the way of getting at the true state of affairs in the case of Captain Dreyfus, in Paris. The committee who were to find who was most guilty, Dr. Jameson and his advisers, or Mr. Kruger and his people, were plainly told that Mr. Rhodes, Dr. Jameson's principal adviser, was under Royal protection and acted up to his requirements. Then Mr. Rhodes told his story about the Transvaal government, its tyranny over the foreign population there, its unfairness to that population, its many acts that were illegal. There was a great deal of Parliament business, which would be uninteresting to print here, and certain wise statesmen saw in the future a great war between England and the Transvaal Republic when the Transvaal would fall and Great Britain would annex it and the great

South African Republic would cease to exist. Other equally wise statesmen said in that war a portion of the British Empire would be wrecked, ruin would fall upon the British colonies in Africa, while the hatred stirred up by the war would never cool off. Others again said that Mr. Kruger would be able to hold war at arm's length, and that by his firmness and watchfulness over public events he would keep destruction away from his country, while the cleverness of his enemies would grow weary and Great Britain would gladly swing around and be friendly with Africa once and forever.

Alas! War was to come—the Africander's second war of Independence.

In March, 1899, a petition signed by twenty-one thousand Uitlanders, or strangers in the Transvaal Republic, was sent to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, asking that she should interfere to secure just treatment for the British Uitlanders. In that petition it was stated that President Kruger had not made the reforms he should, that the Africans monopolized the dynamite industry although a government commission had inquired into the right of the monopoly and suggested many reforms; the making of the High Court less in power than the President, and the dismissal of the Chief Justice because he protested against interference with the Court's independence to act; the selection of none but burghers to sit on juries; the attitude of the police toward the Uitlanders; the continued outrages on the British subjects and their property; taxation without representation; and the keeping from the Uitlander children the privileges of education.

After considerable correspondence between the two governments a conference was arranged between President Kruger and Sir Alfred Milner, the British High Commissioner of South Africa. The conference took place at Bloemfontein, May 31 to June 5.

Sir Alfred Milner said that the Uitlanders ought to be represented

in the Volksraad which should enable them to gradually work out the needed reforms. In reply to this President Kruger said that he doubted if the Uitlanders cared anything for the privilege of voting, that if they voted the country would be controlled by foreigners, and all power taken from the burghers. The conference adjourned till the next day without anything being concluded, for the English determined they would have their way, and the Africanders would make concession only as they saw best. The second day of the conference saw little done that was any more conclusive. The third day President Kruger offered a new proposal as to the right to vote of the English residents in the Transvaal. This proposition stated that an alien could have the right to vote in seven years, but first he must signify his intention to vote by giving notice to the Field Cornet (a magistrate), the Landrost and the State Secretary. Two years later he might become naturalized as a citizen provided he had not broken any of the laws of the Republic. There were other and rather confusing requirements which the Uitlander must comply with before he was granted full powers as a voter and a citizen. Of course, these were hard conditions, but arguing as he did, President Kruger was doing all for the interests of his own people who did not want the strangers in the land, and who feared the voting power granted to them would eventually oust the Africanders even to the extent of electing an English president. Sir Alfred Milner declared the proposed idea was unworkable. Mr. Chamberlain telegraphed, asking the appointment of delegates to see if the proposed method would effect the reforms desired by the English.

The Transvaal government then proposed the right of the Uitlander to vote if he would not interfere in internal affairs of the Republic, if he would not insist upon further co-operation of Great Britain, and if he would agree to arbitration. Mr. Chamberlain refused this proposition. In reply the Transvaal withdrew all proposals. Mr. Chamber-

lain then said he would accept five years' residence right to vote, without the conditions attached by the Transvaal, and said that Great Britain had no designs on the independence of the country. The Republic insisted upon the conditions of no interference with the affairs of the Republic, and no persistence in asking for co-operation from Great Britain when dissatisfaction should arise. For somehow in the counsels with the British authorities suspicions crept in which did not add to the peaceful settlement of the question of the right of the foreigners to vote.

On the 25th of September the British cabinet gave out the text of another note to the South African Republic. When this note was known in the Transvaal there was a tightening of the muscles, and a brightness added to the eyes of the Afrianders. In these days the Afrianders might not all be rude and unintelligent people, as the British made them out to be, and there were good statesmen among them, worthies and divines; but in their veins flowed the blood of the Boers who had trekked so many years ago in order to establish a form of government of their own in land never before trod by the foot of white man; many of them had been in that trek, notably the president, and they could not be expected to view with unprejudiced eyes the acts of a government which had through its accredited representatives deceived them in many instances. The note which the British cabinet had made public, said, "The object which Her Majesty's government had in view in the recent negotiations has been stated in a manner which cannot admit of misunderstanding—viz.: To obtain such substantial and immediate representation for the outlanders as will enable them to secure for themselves that fair and just treatment which was formerly promised them in 1881, and which Her Majesty intended to secure for them when she granted privileges of self-government to the Transvaal."

It is worth while having this note in the formal language, for much

came from it. The note goes on to say: "The refusal of the South African government to entertain the offer thus made makes it useless to further pursue the discussion on the lines hitherto followed, and the imperial government is now compelled to consider the situation afresh and formulate its own proposals for a final settlement of the issues which have been created in South Africa by the policy constantly followed by the government of South Africa. They will communicate the result of their deliberations in a later despatch."

While the Africanders scarcely expected that a polite note would be sent them from England, this threat of Her Majesty's cabinet to "formulate its own proposals" made many a hardy Boer glad that he was a good marksman and that ammunition and the properties for carrying on a successful warfare were not so difficult to obtain in these days as they were in the times when South Africa had only the old Dutch guns that had been brought by the early settlers from the Netherlands.

The "later despatch" promised by the British cabinet in its note was never sent. Therefore, the answer to it from the Transvaal was held back, awaiting this letter which was to have in it the result of further deliberations on the part of Her Majesty's government. At last when everybody knew that the two countries were on the eve of war, Mr. Chamberlain gave out on the 10th of October the contents of the African Republic's reply to the English cabinet's note of the 25th of September. It had been sent to London by cable, and it said: "The government of the South African Republic feels itself compelled to refer the government of Her Majesty, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, once more to the convention of London, 1884, concluded between this republic and the United Kingdom, and which in article XIV, secures certain specific rights to the white population of this Republic, namely: That all persons other than natives, on conforming themselves to the laws of the South African Republic,

"(A) Will have full liberty, with their families, to enter, travel or reside in any part of the South African Republic.

"(B) They will be entitled to hire, or possess, houses, manufactories, ware houses, shops and other premises.

"(C) They may carry on their commerce either in person or by any agent whom they may think fit to employ.

"(D) They shall not be subject, in respect of their premises or property, or in respect of their commerce and industry, to any taxes other than those which are or may be imposed upon the citizens of the said Republic.

"This government wishes further to observe that these are the only rights which Her Majesty's government has reserved in the above convention with regard to the outlander population of this Republic, and that a violation only of those rights could give that government a right to diplomatic representations or intervention; while moreover, the regulations of all other questions affecting the position of the rights of the outlander population under the above mentioned convention is handed over to the government and representatives of the South African Republic.

"Among the questions the regulation of which falls exclusively within the competence of this government and of the Volksraad are included those of the franchise and the representation of the people in this Republic; and, although this exclusive right of this government and of the Volksraad for the regulation of the franchise and the representation of the people is indisputable, yet this government has found occasion to discuss, in friendly fashion, the franchise and representation of the people with Her Majesty's government—without, however, recognizing any right thereto on the part of Her Majesty's government.

"This government has also, by the formulation of the now existing franchise law and by a resolution with regard to the representation, con-

stantly held these friendly discussions before its eyes. On the part of Her Majesty's government, however, the friendly nature of these discussions has assumed more and more a threatening tone, and the minds of the people of this republic and the whole of South Africa have been excited and a condition of extreme tension has been created, owing to the fact that Her Majesty's government could no longer agree to the legislation respecting the franchise and the resolution respecting representation in this Republic, and finally, by your note of September 25, 1899, which broke off all friendly correspondence on the subject and intimated that Her Majesty's government must now proceed to formulate its own proposals for the final settlement.

"This government can only see in the above intimation from Her Majesty's government a new violation of the convention of London, 1884, which does not reserve to Her Majesty's government the right to a unilateral settlement of a question which is exclusively a domestic one for this government, and which has already been regulated by this government.

"On account of the strained situation and the consequent serious loss in and interruption of trade in general, which the correspondence respecting franchise and the representation of the people of this Republic has carried in its train, Her Majesty's government has recently pressed for an early settlement, and finally pressed, by your intervention, for an answer within forty-eight hours, a demand subsequently somewhat modified, to your note of September 12, replied to by the note of this government of September 15, and to your note of September 25th, 1899, and thereafter further friendly negotiations were broken off, this government receiving an intimation that a proposal for a final settlement would shortly be made. Although this promise was once more repeated, the proposal up to now, has not reached this government.

"Even while this friendly correspondence was still going on the

increase of troops on a large scale was introduced by Her Majesty's government, the troops being stationed in the neighborhood of this Republic. Having regard to occurrences in the history of this Republic, which it is unnecessary here to call to mind, this Republic felt obliged to regard this military force in the neighborhood of its borders as a threat against the independence of the South African Republic, since it was aware of no circumstances which could justify the presence of such a military force in South Africa and in the neighborhood of its borders.

"In answer to an inquiry with respect thereto, addressed to His Excellency, the High Commissioner, this government received, to its great astonishment, in answer a veiled insinuation that from the side of the Republic an attack was being made on Her Majesty's colonies, and, at the same time, a mysterious reference to possibilities whereby this government was strengthened in its suspicion that the independence of this Republic was being threatened.

"As a defensive measure this government was, therefore, obliged to send a portion of the burghers of this Republic in order to offer requisite resistance to similar possibilities."

I have thought it best to give this note in full, rather than condense it, so that it could be seen in diplomatic language that the British government had failed to send the second note promised in the note of September 25th, and that active preparations for war, even to the getting together of troops, had been going on on both sides for several weeks. A month and more before this, August 7th, before the British cabinet engaged to prolong the friendly correspondence by promising a later despatch containing its own proposals for a final settlement, Mr. Chamberlain, in the House of Commons, delivered a speech that has become famous. It was a speech that told beyond all possibility of doubt that at that early date war was fully expected. He said:

"The government has stated that they recognize the grievances

under which their subjects in Africa were laboring. They had stated that they found those grievances not only in themselves a subject for interposition, but a source of danger to the whole of South Africa. They (the government) said their predominance which both sides of the House had constantly asserted, was menaced by the action of the Transvaal government in refusing the redress of grievances, and in refusing any consideration of the requests hitherto put in the most moderate language of the suzerain power. They said that that was a state of things which could not be long tolerated. They had said: 'We have put our hands to the plow and we will not turn back,' and with that statement I propose to rest content."

This was the plainest kind of language. According to it the British government's demand that the South African Republic must accept English control of affairs so purely domestic as the voting right and the representation of her citizens—or fight.

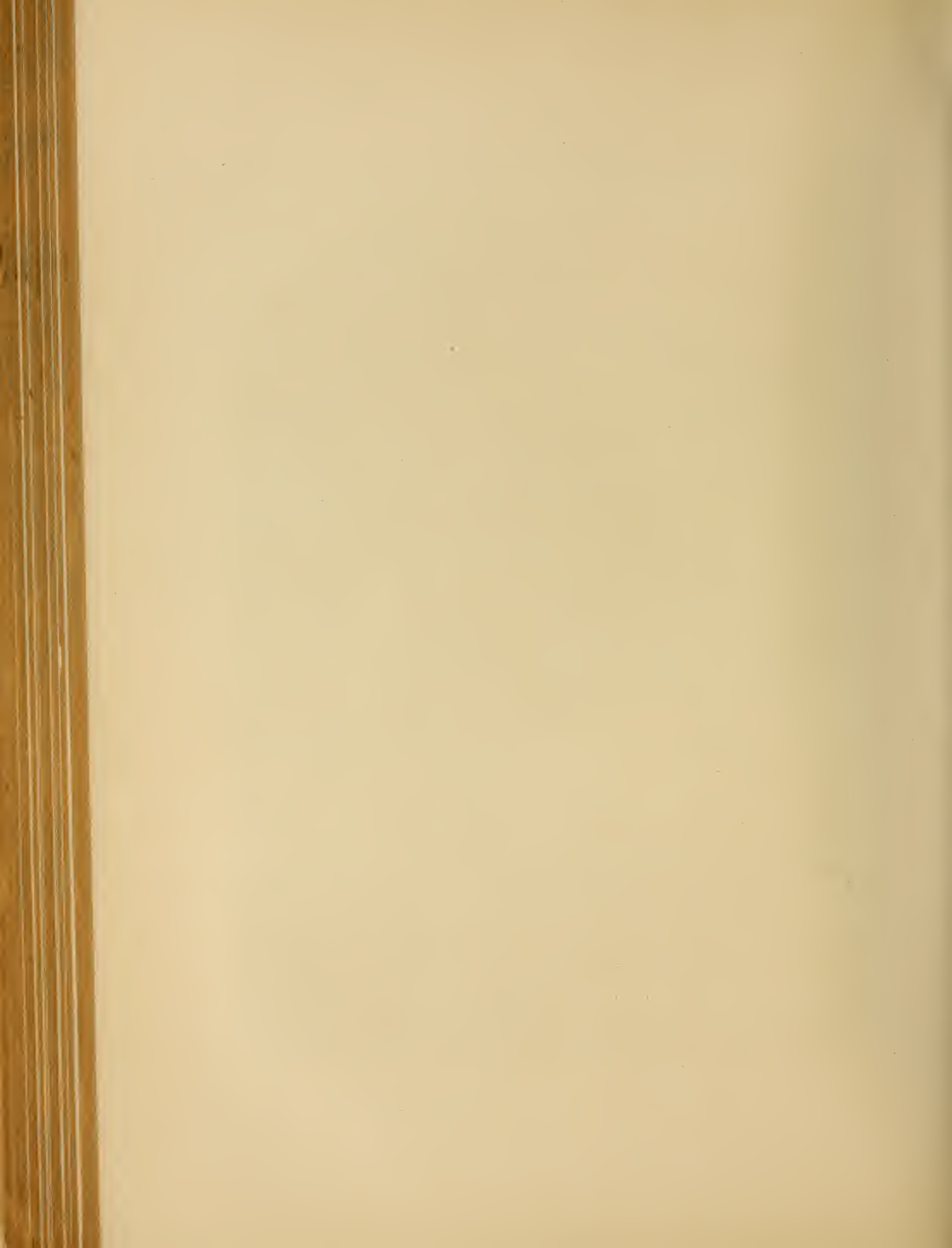
It is very remarkable that Germany, France, the United States and other great nations whose subjects were among the foreign population in the Transvaal, heard of no grievances inflicted on their subjects by the South African Republic sufficient to call forth even a friendly request for redress. It was always the English who were badly treated, though they were with the others. Is it possible they were more thin skinned than the others? The United States has been said to be the most thin skinned of nations regarding foreign insult, and yet the Yankees in the Transvaal made no outcry that the Boers were distressing them. The day after Mr. Chamberlain's speech (and you know the war has been called "Mr. Chamberlain's war"), the London papers stated that the Liverpool and Manchester regiments that were then at the Cape were ordered to report at Natal; that the 15th of Hussars were to embark on the 23d of August, and that the troops were to be massed all along the Transvaal. August 11th it was announced that 12,000

English troops were to proceed from India to South Africa, and on the same date a large consignment of army stores, including medicines, was sent from the royal arsenal at Woolwich for shipment to Natal, while the sum of \$2,000,000 in gold went on its way to South Africa for the War Office account. In South Africa troops from India and England began to arrive in the first week of October—before war had been declared. By the 10th of October, 15,000 troops had landed. These troops were hurried to the frontiers of the Orange Free State, most of them concentrating along the northern boundary of Natal, which was convenient to the southern frontier of the Transvaal. But the South African Republic was not to be taken unawares this time; it knew its enemy, and also made preparations after Mr. Chamberlain's speech in the House of Commons. Orders were at once given for the purchase of 1,000 trek oxen to be used in the commissary department. August 11th the German steamer, Reichstag, arrived at Lorenzo Marquez, with four hundred cases of ammunition. On the 12th it was decided to go on at once with making fortified camps at Laing's Nek and Majuba Hill, and orders were sent out for armored trains. On the 13th the artillery went into camps where they were instructed in the use of guns of the latest pattern. August 14th the Field Cornets were ordered to distribute Mauser rifles, and the government began purchasing mules and provisions and camp supplies. August 15th arms and ammunition were sent on to Oudtshoorn, Aliwal, Bethany and other convenient points in Cape Colony and the Orange Free State, for South Africa in all parts was to rise against Great Britain when hostilities should begin. There was no separation of parts of the country now—it was like our own country when Spain sank the Maine, and South and North sprang up against a mutual enemy, and the old feeling of the civil war vanished away forever. August 19th the German steamer Koenig arrived in Delagoa Bay with 2000 cases of cartridges for the Transvaal govern-

ment. The same day ammunition was despatched to Kimberley, Jagersfontein and Aliwal North for the arming of sympathizing partisans in those parts of Cape Colony. The same day three hundred Transvaal artillerists went out of Johannesburg to guard Komati Pass, in the Limbobo Mountains. This was war, and yet war had not been declared. But war had long been in the air, and the "friendly diplomatic correspondence" was received for as much as it was worth, such correspondence being not unknown in which England had engaged the attention of the Africanders till English plans were complete for a settlement of a possible difference of opinion on the part of the Boers.



THE IMPERIAL YEOMAN'S LAST RIDE. (R. Caton Woodville.)



CHAPTER VIII.

October, 1899—Document of South African Government—Reward Offered for Cecil Rhodes—Description of Volksraad—Orange Free State aroused—Proclamation of President Stein—"Oorlog"—War!—The forces of Great Britain—Strength of Africanders—News of Capture of two English regiments—Surprise in London—Besieging newspaper offices and War Office for news—War realized as being a real thing.



So it went on during the "friendly diplomatic correspondence," which ended on the 25th of September and the "later despatch" from the British cabinet never came. Both sides were arming and drilling men in manoeuvres, trying for advantages in the struggle which both felt must come. Seeing that in the days spent till that "later despatch" should arrive, Great Britain was bringing her immense force to South Africa and massing it along the frontier of the Transvaal, and feeling sure that no "later despatch" would come till his great foe should have secured points of vantage against him, President Kruger astonished the world by issuing a document that was bold enough to come from the English themselves. This document was dated 5 o'clock in the afternoon of October 9th, and is as follows:

"Her Majesty's unlawful intervention in the internal affairs of this republic, in conflict with the London convention of 1884, and by the extraordinary strengthening of her troops in the neighborhood of the borders of this republic, has caused an intolerable condition of things to arise, to which this government feels itself obliged, in the interest not only of this republic, but also of all South Africa, to make an end as soon as possible.

"This government feels itself called upon and obliged to press earnestly and with emphasis for an immediate termination of this state of things, and to request Her Majesty's government to give assurances upon the following four demands:

"First—That all points of mutual difference be regulated by friendly recourse to arbitration or by whatever amicable way may be agreed upon by this government and Her Majesty's government.

"Second—That all troops on the borders of this republic shall be immediately withdrawn.

"Third—That all re-inforcements of troops which have arrived in South Africa since June 1, 1899, shall be removed from South Africa within a reasonable time, to be agreed upon with this government, and with the mutual assurance and guarantee on the part of this government that no attack upon or hostilities against any portion of the possession of the British government shall be made by this republic during the further negotiations within a period of time to be subsequently agreed upon between the governments; and this government will, on compliance therewith, be prepared to withdraw the burghers of this republic from the borders.

"Fourth—That Her Majesty's troops which are now on the high seas shall not be landed in any part of South Africa.

"This government presses for an immediate and affirmative answer to these four questions and earnestly requests Her Majesty's government to return an answer before or upon Wednesday, October 11, 1899, not later than 5 o'clock P. M.

"It desires further to add that in the unexpected event of an answer not satisfactory being received by it within the interval, it will with great regret be compelled to regard the action of Her Majesty's government as a formal declaration of war and will not hold itself responsible for the consequences thereof, and that in the event of any further move-

ment of troops occurring within the above mentioned time in a nearer direction to our borders, this government will be compelled to regard that also as a formal declaration of war."

This document was signed by F. W. Reitz, State Secretary, who handed it to M. Conyngham Greene, Her Majesty's agent at Pretoria. Wednesday afternoon, October 11th, at 3 o'clock, a reply from his government was delivered by Mr. Greene. It read thus:

"Her Majesty's government declines even to consider the peremptory demands of the Transvaal government."

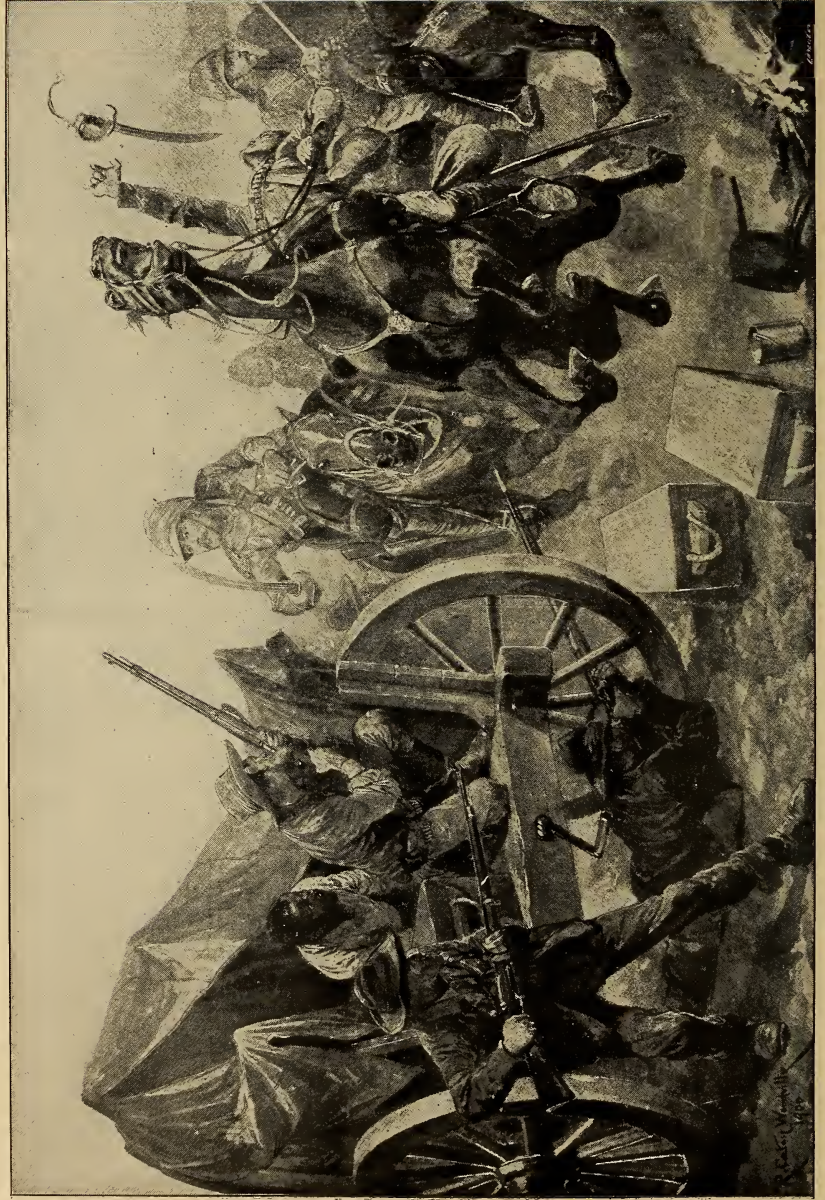
In an hour the telegraph wires flashed through all the South African Republic the terrible word "Oorlog"—war!

Mr. Conyngham Green at once made preparations to leave and asked for his passport. The next day, October 12th, he and his family attended by a guard of honor, was sent to the border of the Orange Free State, where another guard of honor received them and escorted them to British territory at Cape Colony.

That Thursday, the 12th of October, was certainly an exciting day both in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, for the two Republics were one in the struggle, getting closer together in kindliness of feeling than they had been in years. War had been declared only twenty-four hours when, on the night of the 12th of October, 30,000 burghers were on the borders ready for fight. Out of these 20,000 invaded Natal under General Joubert and the van guard took possession of Newcastle the following day. The other 10,000, under General Piet Cronje marched across the western border into British Bechuanaland and went steadily on to Mafeking. Kimberley was the point of attention, for Mr. Cecil Rhodes was supposed to be in Kimberley and declared that town to be as safe as the best guarded part of London. It seemed though, that now the Boers were about to make him change his opinion, for it was said that they were anxious to capture Mr. Rhodes, whom they regarded

as their worst enemy on account of the Jameson Raid, which was undertaken at his suggestion. A reward equivalent to \$25,000 was offered for him, dead or alive.

The outbreak of the war, of course, compelled all English consuls and government officials to leave the country, and the United States, therefore, undertook to look after the interests of Great Britain in South Africa until peace came again. This fact gave satisfaction in many quarters and a considerable number of people believed that America would sympathize entirely with England in the outbreak. For in many quarters the Boers were said to stop progress, to be quarrelsome, to be false, as they were untidy in their habits, narrow minded and unfair. But throughout the war, upon whose threshold we now stood, the United States had more sympathizers with the Transvaal than with Great Britain, though our relations with the latter country were friendlier now than they ever had been. That the boys and girls of America were with the Boers was not to be wondered at. Our boys and girls have in their hearts a keen sense of justice, and they saw in the declaration of war an evidence of a plucky republic determined to stand out against a powerful country which had always grasped territory wherever it could be touched, and which had years and years ago lost a good deal of territory it had possessed through its tyrannical methods—the territory that is now our own country and which, in 1776, we declared should and of right ought to be free. Later on in the war hundreds and thousands of the boys and girls of the United States, schoolchildren they were, got up a paper to which they appended their signatures announcing to President Kruger that they sympathized with him, and this paper was sent to Mr. Kruger. A messenger boy took it, and vast mobs of people accompanied this boy to the wharf where was moored the vessel that was to take him on the first part of his long voyage to South Africa, and bands played, and men, women and children cheered,



BOERS ATTACKED BY BRITISH CAVALRY.

and he sailed away to let the ruler of a republic know that the coming men and women of another republic far away were thinking of him in his fight with the same nation against which that other republic had more than once waged war and conquered. But all this came after that October day in 1899 when South Africa declared war against England. This, and the chapter before it, is to show the causes for the war of the Africanders' second fight for independence; the following of the events of the war are to make another part of this book. The Volksraad had agreed to the war, the people had agreed with the Volksraad. The Volksraad is not like our own capitol at Washington, nor are its sittings like those of our Senate and House of Representatives. It is in the market square at Pretoria. "At 9 o'clock in the morning a boy hoists a flag at the corner of the pavement. The flag has three horizontal stripes, red, white and blue. Inside the building wooden rails divide the Parliament House into a space which looks like a sheep pen. There is a large black board on the wall. State papers are tacked to this board. The bell rings, and the members of the Volksraad come in. They take seats at two green tables shaped like horsehoes. The walls of the room are white washed. President Kruger comes in. He wears a green sash over his coat as an emblem of his office, and sits at a raised desk on one side of the room. There is a little canopy over him made of the national colors. The chairman of the Raad sits at the president's side. At a little table sits Commandant General Joubert. He is very popular and is known to be a brave man. The president preserves order by pounding on the desk in front of him. The Boers are great smokers; they have adjournments of fifteen minutes during sessions, and this gives them a chance to smoke. When the members attend the Volksraad they receive about \$7.50 a day. It is said that one member's wife thought her husband ought to have more money than the others because he talked more than the others. It is said that on one occasion

the progressive party wished to pass measures for opening and improving the Boers' country. Many were opposed to this, and resolved to prevent the measure from being passed. They also did it by reviving a long forgotten statute which provided that all members must sit attired in black cloth suits and wear white handkerchiefs around their necks. When this statute was brought up so many members were disqualified because they did not have the necessary suits and handkerchiefs that business in the house had to stop. It is stated that a member who lived next door went out and put on his Sunday suit, with the proper collar and tie. He then sent his associates to his house, and they attired themselves in his accumulated old black suits and white ties. Then all of them appeared in the Volksraad and the sittings was resumed."

Maybe the little boy ran up the red, white and blue flag on that morning in October that was to mean so much to England and South Africa; maybe the bell was rung; maybe the members came in and saw on the blackboard up against the white-washed wall a paper that was a public document and announced "Oorlog;" maybe President Kruger came in in his green sash and took his seat. Surely he had to pound on the desk in front of him to get order when the paper on the blackboard was understood, for the members of the Volksraad, without taking time to put on their own black suits or the old black suits of another member, were there to see that paper and to say yes, that voiced their sentiments, and the pounding on the desk of all the presidents in the world could not drown their voices that cried "Oorlog! Oorlog!"

And then the troops marched away under General Cronje, whose name was shortly to fly on the electric wires from one end of the world to the other, and England was preparing to meet the brave Boers with Englishmen just as brave. This is the story that begins the war. It only remains to show, before going on in the train of after and warlike events, that in all matters of dispute between the government of the

Transvaal and the government of Great Britain, and in the war that resulted from those disputes the two Africander republics of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State acted together. Early in November, 1899, the president of the Orange Free State announced this to his people and the people of the other parts of the world in the following proclamation:

“BURGHERS OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE:—The time which we had so much desired to avoid; the moment when we, as a nation are compelled with arms to oppose injustice and shameless violence, is at hand. Our sister republic to the north of the Vaal River is about to be attacked by an unscrupulous enemy, who for many years has prepared herself and sought pretexts for the violence of which he is now guilty, whose purpose is to destroy the existence of the Africander race.

“With our sister republic we are not only bound by ties of blood, of sympathy, and of common interests, but also by formal treaty which has been necessitated by circumstances. This treaty demands of us that we assist her should she be unjustly attacked, which we unfortunately for a long time have had too much reason to expect. We therefore cannot passively look on while injustice is done her, and while also our own dearly bought freedom is endangered, but are called as men to resist, trusting the Almighty, firmly believing He will never permit injustice and unrighteousness to triumph.

“Now that we thus resist a powerful enemy with whom it has always been our highest desire to live in friendship, notwithstanding injustice and wrong done by him to us in the past, we solemnly declare in the presence of the Almighty God that we are compelled thereto by the injustice done to our kinsmen and by the consciousness that the end of their independence will make our existence as an independent state of no significance, and that their fate, should they be obliged to bend under an overwhelming power, will also soon after be our own

fate. Solemn treaties have not protected our sister republic against annexation, against conspiracy, against the claim of an abolished suzerainty, against continuous oppressions and interference, and now against a renewed attack which aims only at her down fall.

"Our own unfortunate experiences in the past have also made it sufficiently clear to us that we cannot rely upon the most solemn promises and agreements of Great Britain, when she has at her helm a government prepared to trample on treaties, to look for feigned pretexts for every violation of good faith by her committed. This is proved among other things by the unjust and unlawful British intervention after we had overcome an armed and barbarous black tribe on our eastern frontier, as also by the forcible appropriation of the dominion over part of our territory where the discovery of diamonds had caused the desire for this appropriation, although contrary to existing treaties. The desire and intention to trample on our rights as an independent and sovereign nation, notwithstanding a solemn convention existing between this state and Great Britain, have also been more than once, and are now again, shown by the present government by giving expression in public documents to an unfounded claim to paramountcy over the whole of South Africa and therefore over this state.

"With regard to the South Africa Republic, Great Britain has moreover refused until the present to allow her original position in respect to foreign affairs, a position which she has lost in no sense by her own faults. The original intention of the conventions to which the Republic had consented under pressure and circumstances, has been perverted and continually been used by the present British administration as a means for the practice of tyranny and of injustice, and, among other things, for the support of a revolutionary propaganda within the Republic in favor of Great Britain.

"And while no redress has been offered, as justice demands, for in-

justice done to the South African Republic on the part of the British government; and while no gratitude is expected for the magnanimity shown at the request of the British government to British subjects who had forfeited under the laws of the Republic their lives and property, yet no feeling of shame has prevented the British government, now that the gold mines of immense value have been discovered in the country, to make claims of the Republic, the consequence of which, if allowed, will be that those who—or whose forefathers—have saved the country from barbarism and have won it for civilization with their blood and their tears, will lose their control over the interests of the country to which they are justly entitled according to divine and human laws. The consequence of these claims would be, moreover, that the greater part of the power will be placed in the hands of those who, foreigners by birth, enjoy the privilege of depriving the country of its chief treasure, while they have never shown any loyalty to a foreign government. Besides, the inevitable consequence of the acceptance of these claims would be that the independence of the country as a self-governing, independent sovereign republic would be irreparably lost. For years past the British troops in great numbers have been placed on the frontiers of our sister republic in order to compel her by fear to accede to the demands which would be pressed upon her, and in order to encourage revolutionary disturbances and the cunning plans of those whose greed for gold is the cause of their shameless undertakings.

“Those plans have now reached their climax in the open violence to which the present British government now resorts. While we readily acknowledge the honorable character of thousands of Englishmen who loathe such deeds of robbery and wrong, we cannot but abhor the shameless breaking of treaties, the feigned pretexts for the transgression of law, the violation of international law and of justice and the numerous right-rending deeds of the British statesmen, who will now

force a war upon the South African Republic. On their heads be the guilt of blood, and may a just Providence reward all as they deserve.

"Burghers of the Free Orange State, rise as one man against the oppressor and the violator of right!

"In the strife to which we are now driven have care to commit no deed unworthy of a Christian and of a burgher of the Orange Free State. Let us look forward with confidence to a fortunate end of this conflict, trusting to the Higher Power without whose help human weapons are of no avail.

"May he bless our arms. Under his banner we advance to battle for liberty and for fatherland.

M. T. STEYN,
State President."

Is there not in this proclamation something like the old proclamations that used to be tacked up in the market places and public squares of our own land a little over a hundred years ago? Proclamations which used to make men hasten from the field and the workshop and take down sword and gun and stand ready—proclamations which made men too old to fight pretend that they were younger, and boys too young declare they were older than they looked? The housewives and mothers in the two African republics sent their men and boys to the front, anxious and willing to go themselves. In England it was the same thing. The English believed their cause was good, or even if they did not so believe, yet their country had war declared against it and they must fight. England had never been backward in bravery; her best, the flower of the young men would go where the country needed them. The force the English were to call to their aid is known as the militia, and Great Britain could command in round numbers a hundred and thirty thousand men. There were also the volunteers. The volunteers were called in to their first service in 1859 when it was feared that war might break out

between England and France in consequence of an attempt made to assassinate the French Emperor, Napoleon III. A hundred and fifty thousand men organized at that time.

The volunteers are a recent thing. The militia on the other hand is very old. They are heard of as far back as the time of Edward I, 1272. They were then called upon to guard their own shire, a division of land which, though much smaller, answers to the division of our states into counties. Each body of militia was to protect its own shire and not go outside. In the time of Charles II this was changed and the militia could from that time on be ordered where necessity demanded their services. The militia really is only liable for home service, and the great use of it made by Great Britain has been to encourage men to enlist from it to the regular army.

In October, at the time of the declaration of war, England had, first, a militia reserve to send abroad, then she could send all the regular soldiers to foreign service, while their places were filled from the ranks of the militia. When this was done there was still an enormous volunteer force.

The real strength of the Africander soldiery was not known, but it was a mere handful compared to that of England. It has been said that a few thousands of men were all they had, but the boys of a few years of age were ready to fight, and like their ancestors they knew a good deal about the handling of a gun. Besides, the Africanders had an enormous advantage over the English when it came to a fight in their own country, for the land had natural defences which the Boer could take advantage of by his being on the spot, and one man there was equal to a dozen outsiders who were trying to get in.

Here were two brave people ready to fight each other. In South Africa there was to be defensive warfare of course, and a good defense was to be made. It was in England, however, that most excitement

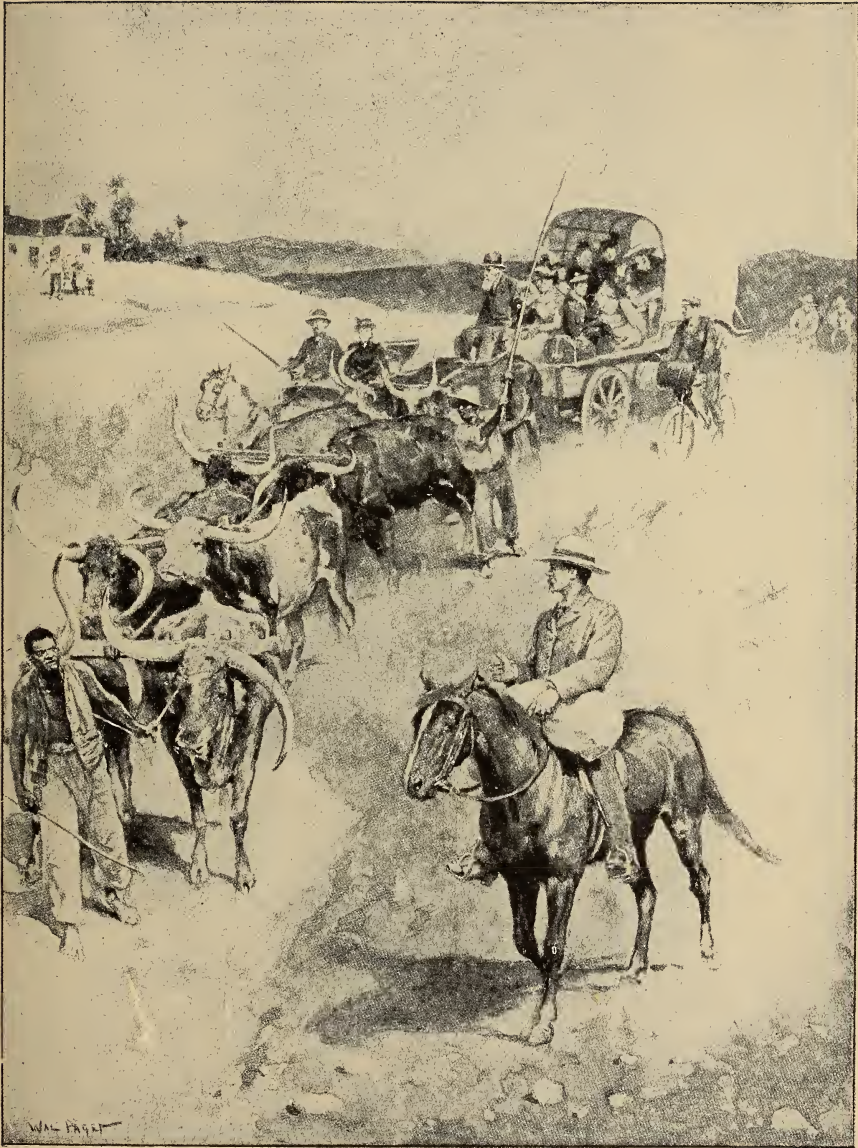
prevailed, for the Africander took his war rather quietly, being used to attacks from the Briton. But in England it was otherwise. For while England was certain that it could in time wipe out the Afrianders, yet there was to be a great fight, a big fight. And suddenly, almost before the declarations of President Kruger and President Steyn were read by the masses, came the report that two regiments of soldiers and a battery of guns had been surrounded by the Boers and forced to surrender.

The news was received in London with surprise that was almost horror. The news came in the afternoon when the streets were filled with people. Men were enraged and incredulous. But the women, old and young, rich and poor, who had relatives and friends among the recently embarked troops, rushed to the newspaper offices, and hurried to the War Office.

The story was that a Boer commander had met a British commander, the Boer forces surrounded the British forces, and it was soon over.

Were any killed and wounded? The little intelligence sent to London did not say, and it might not be a fight at all. But it was known that the Boers were entering the war with a religious feeling that the Lord was on their side, and that they could not be beaten, that they carried their Bibles with them and did not know what fear meant. The English knew what sort of fighters such belief and reliance on the Supreme Power made; men who believed that Providence was with them would not wait too long, nor parley too frequently—they felt that their cause was a holy one and that those arrayed against it must be put down as emissaries of the Evil One.

The day the news of a first encounter reached London, business became practically at a stand still, the clubs emptied their members on the streets, houses were deserted, and people asked one another what it could mean. When it was certain that there would be bloody fighting, and not a mere putting down of the Boers by a skirmish or two, Mr.



EXODUS OF BRITISH SUBJECTS. (Wal Paget.)

Rhodes was roundly abused by many as being the cause of it all, while Mr. Chamberlain was blamed for his speech against the South African Republic, and called an upstart, and a few other choice names. People waited up all night, walking the streets, waiting for fresh news of the possible disaster or its contradiction. No contradiction came, and the War Office the next day was busy as it could be, making preparations for a conflict that must be made as short as possible, to shorten which it was necessary that a tremendous force must be sent to the Transvaal and by strength of numbers and the wonderful new machinery of guns and ammunition put down the Boers at once. And it was war—war, grim war, cruel war, bloody war, in which the best generals must engage, the finest and most soldierly men be used.

“Oorlog!” in South Africa; “War!” in England. And so we go and take part in it.

CHAPTER IX.

General Buller embarks for Cape Town—Arrival at Table Bay—Stormburg—The story of the armored train—Manning of the train—The push to Frere—The train attacked and destroyed—Prisoners of war—Boer treatment of prisoners—First battle of the war—Boer's encampment—"I will wait"—Night in the prisoners' hut—The evening hymn of the Boers.



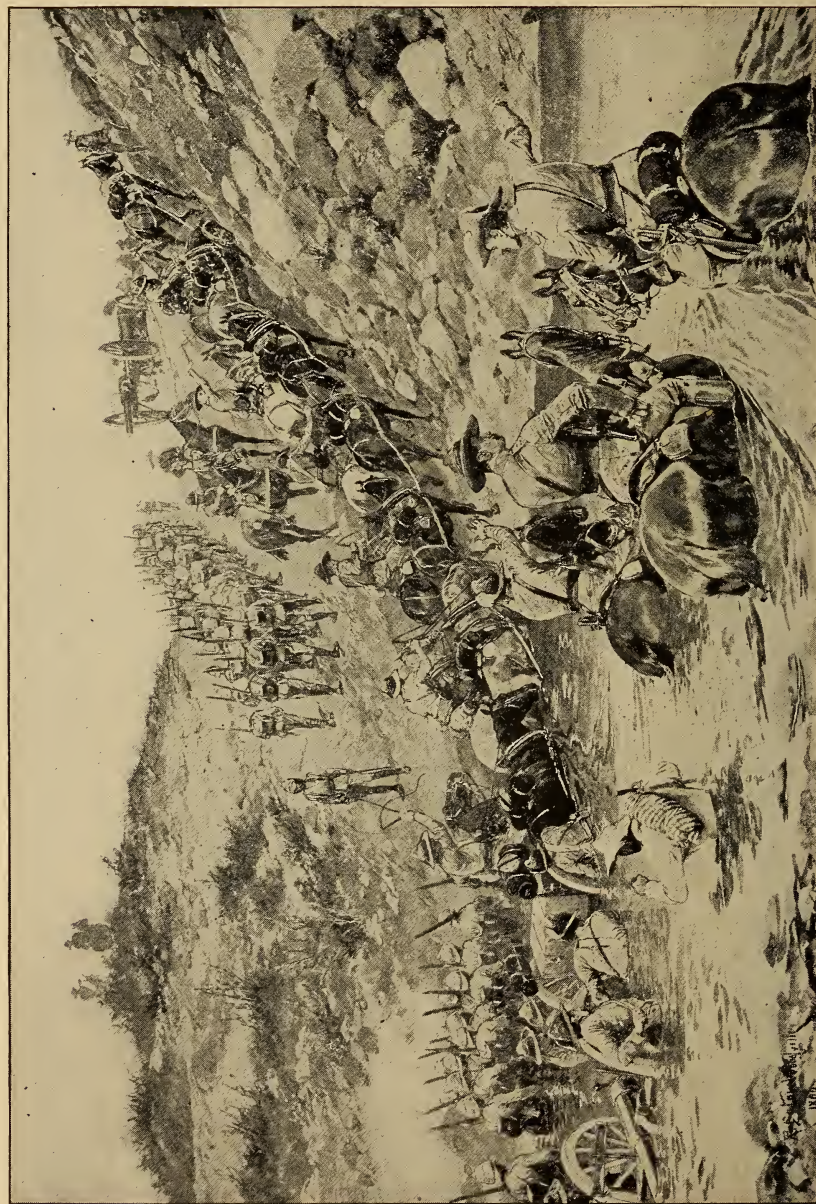
GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER sailed for the Cape, October 14th, on the steamer "Dunottar Castle." London was filled with rumors of all kinds, yet nothing was certain. Reports of terrible disasters to the British troops in South Africa had been received, then denied.

The officers and men who went out with General Buller wondered what would be the state of affairs when they came to anchor in Table Bay. Some thought that on landing they would hear of the capture of Pretoria and the imprisonment of President Kruger in the deepest cell in the prison, or that Cape Town had surrendered to the Boers and the English hurrying away. War has its amusing side as well as its terrible, it would seem, for on the vessel with General Buller were a lot of cinematographers going out to make snap shots of the South African fights which were to be reproduced as moving pictures in England and the United States. Also, on the ship athletic sports were in order, and a company of the athletes elect General Buller as its president. Again, a fancy dress ball takes place. Then the doctors lecture to the troops, who are inoculated against the African fevers by having serum injected into their arms.

The "Dunottar Castle" entered Table Bay October 30th. Then

the men on board heard the truth—there had been fighting, the war was on for sure, there had been battles with horrors on both sides. They heard that Kimberley had called for relief forces, that the Boers were making attacks on the border, on Vryburg and Mafeking; that at the first attack on Mafeking the Boers were defeated with great loss, but after a steady fight that lasted three days the Boers had gained so many advantages that the victory was theirs. The British attempted to repair the damages to the railroads which the Boers had brought about, rails torn up, road beds blasted away, and for this purpose the troops used armored trains and protected the workmen who labored to get the roads in order again. The reports said that the bravery of the Boers was remarkable, that they advanced close to the armored trains in spite of the volleys fired from the cars, and though the loss of life was terrible they still pressed on and tried to drive the track layers from their work. The train at one time was compelled to move away, though it soon returned to the assault. It was in this struggle that the Boers lost many men and were finally compelled to retire.

General Buller's troops also learned that the Boers closed in on the town of Mafeking where they were destroying railroad beds and all communications with the city as fast as the British troops could repair them. The Boer leader, General Cronje, warned the women and children to leave the city, and opened fire on it October 16th. No reply was made to the fire, and after awhile a white flag was seen waving over the city. This was a signal for a truce, or cessation of hostilities, so the Boers sent a messenger, expecting the town to surrender. After being detained six hours the messenger returned and reported that no satisfactory answer had been made to him. The Boers then continued their attacks, capturing a fountain which supplied the town with water, and thus cut off the water supply. It was also said the Boers had captured a British camp. From Ladysmith, a town of Natal, the reports said



A FIELD BATTERY FORDING A RIVER IN FLOOD.

that the Boers were successful in all they undertook. A battle was said to have raged there all day on the 18th, and that a decisive engagement was expected. But it was difficult to get the truth, for the telegraph wires had been cut by the Boers, and that most of the despatches were sent by bicycle messengers, which was being found to be most useful in the conduct of military affairs.

Again, it was reported that the native tribes were becoming uneasy and hard to manage, that the Swazis, the Zulus and the Basutos were all arming and preparing to take a hand in the trouble. The Boers were especially fearful of a Swazi outbreak. On the other hand, Great Britain was threatened by the Zulus and the Basutos. The Zulus had been enemies of England for years. They were a military tribe and organized like the troops of a modern nation. It was their habit to add the tribes they conquered to their own army, and to govern all with a strict military system introduced by one of their chiefs who had learned to read and studied military tactics. It was the Zulus who killed the young Prince Imperial of France, in 1879. Should the Zulus rise against England, and if at the same time the fierce Basutos took it into their heads to trouble the Boers, it was likely that the British and the Boers would have enough work on their hands to put down the natives and would have to call off their own fight till later on. These tribes, while they were subdued and under the control of foreigners, were not very fond of their rulers nor friendly toward them, and coming as they did from a long line of warriors, were a force that had to be reckoned with. But was it likely they would take sides with either the Boers or the British? Was it not more likely that they would do their best to oust both parties from the country, which they had taken from the natives? Under these circumstances, precautions were being taken to put down the savages. The Boers were calling the citizens out of Swaziland and doing all they could to protect the borders between the two

countries, while England realizing the necessity for having a large force on hand was issuing orders for raising more troops.

This was the news that met the men of the "Dunottar Castle" when that ship anchored in Table Bay, October 30th. Next morning General Buller landed in state, bunting flying, a guard of honor, a mounted escort, the men cheering, the cinematographs buzzing, the cameras clicking. The carriage containing the General drove into town where flags were waving and people hurrahing for the brave man. The troops were to go on to Ladysmith by the ship, but a man who had gone out to report progress of the war for a great daily paper found this too slow for him, so he left the ship and started by rail for East London, where he should take a small ship that every week carries the English mail to Natal. He gained three days, and three days are a great deal when a newspaper wants reports at once.

All along the south frontier of the Free State the signs of expectation for an early collision between the Briton and the Boer grew. The English proclamation of treason was posted on the notice boards of rail ways, with the text in English and Dutch, beginning: "Whereas a state of war exists between the government of Her Majesty and the governments of the South African Republic and the Orange Free State," going on and asking for good and loyal behavior from all, and ending with "God save the queen."

Beyond Matjesfontein every bridge and even the culverts were watched by Kaffirs with flags so that the trains should run no risks. On the road, as this newspaper correspondent went on, English artillery was hurrying on, the men light hearted and confident, as men going to war always are. At Beaufort West serious news awaited the mail—twelve hundred soldiers had surrendered at Ladysmith. Stormburg Junction stands at the southern end of a wide piece of grass country, and though numerous rocky hills, or kopjes as they are called, rise on all

sides and make defence by a small force difficult, a large force occupying it could do wonders. The Boers were advancing, and when the train of the newspaper correspondent arrived, the evacuation of Stormburg was under way.

Stormburg was an important railway junction. For over a week the troops had been working night and day to put it in a state of defence. Look-outs had been built on the kopjes, entrenchments had been dug, and the few houses near the station had been fortified. The approaches were cleared of everything except wire fences and entanglements to catch the feet of the unwary; the walls were loopholed, the windows barricaded with sand bags, the rooms inside the station broken one into the other to give space in moving about. The garrison consisted of twenty-five men. They had a store of provisions which would last them for ten days. Everybody thought Fort Chabrol, as they called it, would stand a beautiful siege. Then suddenly came the message to retreat. "Retreat—retreat, the enemy are coming." The men were angry, but orders must be obeyed.

Pietermaritzburg is sixty miles from Durban. The military engineers were putting it in a state of defence, digging up its hills, piercing its walls and throwing barbed wire fence around it. Newcastle had been abandoned by the English, Colenso had fallen, Estercourt was threatened and Pietermaritzburg asked for protection.

On November 1st the Boers drew around Ladysmith. The next day the last train passed down the railway, fired on by the artillery. That night the line was cut four miles north of Colenso. Telegraph communication ceased. On Friday, Colenso was attacked by the Boers. A heavy gun came into action from the hills overlooking the town and the garrison of infantry volunteers and naval brigade evacuated and protected to some extent by an armored train fell back on Estercourt. Estercourt is a South African town. It lies in a cup of the hills; therefore

it was a difficult place to defend if the invaders should come upon it. On Tuesday, the 14th, the mounted infantry patrols reported that the Boers in small parties were approaching Estercourt and Colonel Long, in command of the English entrenched there, made a reconnoissance to find what strength lay behind the Boer scouts that were advancing in small numbers. The reconnoissance found out little. But it was believed that a large part of the Boer army that had now full possession of Ladysmith was moving to attack Estercourt and would try to strike Maritzburg.

Certain military preparations were made by the English to guard against this, and at daybreak Wednesday, patrols were flung out and the Estercourt armored train was ordered to reconnoitre towards Chieveley, some miles away. This was the armored train, something new in warfare. An ordinary truck, in which was a seven pounder muzzle-loading gun attended to by seven sailors; an armored car filled with loopholes and occupied by three companies of the Dublin Fusiliers; the engine and tender, and two more armored cars containing another section of the Fusilier Company, one company of the Durban Volunteer Light Infantry, and a small break-down gang of civilians; lastly, another ordinary truck with tools and materials for repairing the road which was sure to be broken up by the Boers, in all five cars, the locomotive, one small gun and 120 men, Captain Haldane in command.

The train started at half past five and reached Frere station in an hour. Here a small patrol of the Natal police reported that there were no enemy within the next five miles, and that all was quiet in the neighborhood. It was the silence before the storm.

Captain Haldane decided to push on cautiously to Chieveley, where there could be obtained an extended view of the country. Not a sign of the Boers there. The beautiful green country looked as peaceful and deserted as possible. But behind the green hills not three miles away

from Frere Station, the leading commandos of the Africanders were riding forward on the path of invasion.

All was clear as far as Chieveley, but as the train reached that station, about a hundred Boer horsemen cantered southward about a mile from the railway. Beyond Chieveley a long hill showed a row of black dots which were other Boers. The telegraphist accompanying the train wired back to Estercourt that the train had arrived safely, and that parties of Boers were to be seen at no great distance away. Colonel Long replied by ordering the train to come back to Frere and remain there, observing, till night when it might retreat safely. Those on the train obeyed, and were about two miles from Frere when on rounding a corner they saw a hill a few hundred yards away, and the hill was occupied by Boers. The four sailors loaded their gun, the soldiers charged their magazines and the train moved slowly toward the hill. No one on the train seemed much concerned, for the cars were proof against rifle fire, and the hill very likely was occupied by only a few Africanders. Besides, the Africanders would know there was a gun on the train and would keep out of danger.

Suddenly three-wheeled things rolled out upon the crest of the hill and there came a bright flash of light, then two larger flashes—no smoke, no sound. Immediately over the rear truck of the train a great white ball of flame spread out like a comet, and then came explosions. The iron sides of the truck were battered by bullets, then came a crash from the front and several sharp reports. The Boers had opened fire on the train with two large field guns, a Maxim gun that fired several small shells in a regular stream, and from splendid aiming riflemen lying on the ridge of the hill. The driver of the engine put on full steam. The train sprang forward and ran the gauntlet of the guns that filled the air with explosions. The train rounded a curve of the hill, ran down a steep grade and dashed into a great stone that had been placed on the

track. The trucks in front of the engine containing the guard and the materials of the break-down gang jumped into the air and fell over the embankment. The car containing the Light Infantry went on a little way, then pitched on its side, hurling the men over the ground. The third car wedged itself across the track, half on, half off. The rest of the train kept to the rails. The Boer guns were firing. The little gun on the train got off three rounds before it was struck by a Boer shell and toppled over.

The volunteers who had been spilled crawled anywhere to get out of the firing. Captain Haldane and his Fusiliers began firing at the Boers through the loopholes in the truck and disturbed the aim of the Boers.

The first thing to do was to detach the truck that was across the rails. This was done and safety seemed at hand. But the engine would not move, and all at once the couplings snapped, and the engine was alone, the cars that had kept it from moving being cut off from it. Captain Haldane determined to try and save the engine, so the driver went slowly along the lines so that the infantry might get as much shelter from the iron work of the engine as possible, the main idea being to get near the station, not more than 800 yards away, and there hold out while the engine went for assistance. As many wounded as possible were piled on the engine, in the cab, on the tender, clinging to the cowcatcher. And all this time the Boer shells were flying overhead and bursting with screaming noises, or striking against the engine and the iron wreckage. The engine was soon crowded and began to move, the wood work of the fire box in flame, the water spouting from its pierced tanks. The infantrymen straggled along beside it at double quick.

Seeing that the engine was getting away, the Boers increased their fire, bringing in the work of a fresh 15-pounder. The troops all along protected by the iron trucks began to suffer. The Major of the volun-

teers was shot through the thigh. Men fell to the ground and cried for help, and the engine crawled on like a great wounded animal. A quarter of the men were soon killed or wounded and the shells kept screaming through the air, pursuing the retreating soldiers and mowing them down all along the railroad track. Order vanished; the engine increased its speed; it drew away pantingly from the poor fellows scattered on the ground and was soon safe. The infantry kept on running down the track toward the houses, resolving even yet to make further resistance when some shelter had been reached, for they had come to war, and they were not afraid in spite of disaster and wounds. But just then something occurred.

A private soldier was wounded, and in the most signal disobedience of orders that there was to be no surrender, took his white handkerchief from his pocket and began to wave it in the manner of a flag of truce. The Boers saw it, and immediately stopped firing, and with daring equal only to the humanity of the thing a dozen horsemen galloped down from the hills to the scattered groups of English fugitives and called loudly on the men to surrender. Most of the soldiers were uncertain what to do, then they halted, and then they gave up their arms and were prisoners of war. Those farther away from the horsemen began to run and were shot at or hunted down in twos and threes, though some made their escape.

The newspaper correspondent from whom much of this story has come, was on that train and did good service in trying to right it. He then got on the engine and was jammed in the cab next to a sadly wounded man. He travelled in this way about 500 yards, and approached the houses where it had been resolved to make a stand. Then he jumped out on the track to try and get together the men who were rushing along, but hardly had the locomotive left him when he found himself in a narrow cut with none of the English soldiers at hand, for

they had all surrendered on the way. All at once two men appeared on the track at the end of the cut. He thought they were plate layers that had come in the train now demolished. They were Boers—their tall figures in dark flapping clothes, their heads covered with slouch hats, storm eaten and rusty. He turned to run, when he thought of the fine marksmanship of the Africanders which usually brought down what it aimed at. Two bullets passed, and within a foot of him. He flung himself against the green banks rising on the side of the cut, but these gave no shelter. He looked back at the tall dark figures, one now kneeling and taking aim. The newspaper correspondent thought of the newspaper and how he had been sent here to get news of the war, in which his death was not to be included if he could help it. He darted forward for some chance of getting away. Two more bullets went past him. He sprang up the bank. He sank into the earth, and he was in a little depression covered with green that hid him. On the opposite side of the railway a horseman galloped up, shouting and waving his hand. The newspaper correspondent reached down for his pistol, but the pistol had been left in the cab of the engine. What was to be done? There was a wire fence between him and the horseman. Should he continue to run? The horseman was very near, his rifle ready. The newspaper correspondent thought that the notice of his death would not look well in the newspaper which he represented, so he held up his hand, and he too was a prisoner of war. He marched along with the others, a miserable group, and the rain began to pour down, and was not such a beautiful thing as it is when we read about it in our comfortable homes. And so they were to be taken to Pretoria. This is the story of the fate of the armored train which we read about in November, 1899.

The newspapers about this time also spoke about the Boer generals, Joubert and Cronje, while the English generals, Kitchener and Roberts, were being mentioned along with General Buller who had gone out early

in October to the Africander land. The prisoners taken after the destruction of the armored train were collected in a group. There were fifty-six unwounded or slightly wounded men, besides the more serious cases still lying on the scene of the fight.

The Boers crowded around and looked curiously at their captives, who had had no breakfast, but who had in their pockets some chocolate which the troops had included in their rations. They sat down dead tired upon the muddy ground and ate their chocolate. The rain poured down, and the horses of the Boers were steaming in the dampness.

"Voorwarts!" called out a voice. Then there was a miserable little procession formed—two wretched English officers, a bare-headed and tattered newspaper correspondent, four sailors with gold letters on the ribbons of their straw hats, about fifty soldiers and volunteers, and two or three railway men. The procession, surrounded by the Boer horsemen, started. The tired prisoners climbed the hills surrounding the place where there had been the fight, and they could see the engine going away beyond Frere Station, safe, and news would be carried to Estercourt, a good many of the troops and some of the wounded would escape. The Boers were not heartless. Seeing the condition of their prisoners, one of them said in good English: "Take your time; you need not walk fast."

Another of them seeing the newspaper correspondent hatless, threw him a soldier's cap, one of the Irish Fusilier's caps taken, probably, near Ladysmith. For the prisoners knew of the surrender of the Irish Fusiliers, and two other regiments. They were to learn much about the first battle of the war which they did not know when they were captured. The loss in that battle was 800 Boers and 250 British. The battle took place at Glencoe Camp, near Dundee, in Natal.

The Boers had been seen near Ladysmith and an attack on that

town was expected when they suddenly appeared at Dundee Hill and prepared to carry the town. It was plain to be seen that the main point of attack had been the camp at Glencoe, and that the demonstrations at Ladysmith were merely to call the attention of the British off from the advance on Dundee. The Boer forces at Ladysmith, however, failed to act in full harmony with those at Dundee, and the British were able to send reinforcements to the men at Glencoe, who achieved a victory over the Boers. The Boers' fire did not do much damage, as their artillery was not as good as the British guns. After an hour the British guns silenced those of the Boers.

The King's Royal Rifles and the Dublin Fusiliers were ordered out. They rushed up the hill and took the Boers' position, capturing their five guns. It is said that about 4000 Boers were engaged. The Boers were led by General Joubert, the British by Major-General Sir William Penn Symons, who was shot. The prisoners taken at the time the armored train was destroyed maybe heard a good many incidents connected with that battle, for the Boers were not ill tempered and talked freely.

At last the prisoners reached the guns that had played on their train. Some men and officers of the Staats Artillery came up to the captured men. Adjutant Roos, the commander, made a polite-salute. He said he regretted the unfortunate circumstances, he complimented the English on their defence, he hoped his firing had not annoyed them; above all he wanted to know how the engine had been able to get away, and how the tracks could have been cleared of wreckage under his firing. He behaved as a good soldier should, with respect for his prisoners, with admiration for their courage.

The prisoners waited near the guns for half an hour, while the Boer forces searched in the wreckage for dead and wounded. A few of the wounded were brought to where the prisoners were and laid on the

ground, though most of them were put in the shelter of the overturned trucks, for the rain was coming down pitilessly.

After awhile the prisoners were ordered to march on, when on looking over the top of the hill they found that only about 300 men had attacked the train. This was part of a large force marching south under General Joubert, to attack Estercourt. Behind every hill were masses of mounted men, and from the rear rode long columns of mounted men. Evidently an important operation was in progress; perhaps at Estercourt. The captors conducted their prisoners to a rough tent set in a hollow of one of the hills, probably General Joubert's headquarters. Here the prisoners were formed in a line and soon surrounded by Boers in mackintoshes.

The newspaper correspondent in the soldier cap explained that he was not a soldier, but was travelling if not exactly for his health, at least for the health of a powerful newspaper whose editor expected him to get news of the war without making himself a part of it. The newspaper correspondent asked to see General Joubert. His papers were taken from him by a man who said he was a Field Cornet, and who, the newspaper correspondent afterward said, blew enough to be not only a cornet, but a trombone. The cornet promised that the papers should be seen by the General. And then they all waited in the rain.

Then a mounted man suddenly came up and ordered the prisoners to march away towards Colenso. An escort of twenty men closed around them. The newspaper man demanded that he should be taken before General Joubert, or else his papers be given back to him. The Field Cornet had apparently blown himself away, so there was no answer to this demand except the word, "Voorwards!"

The prisoners tramped for six hours across sloppy fields and in tracks deep and slippery with mud, while the rain kept on falling, soaking wounded and well to the skin.

The Boer escort told the prisoners several times not to hurry, but to go as slowly as they pleased, and once they allowed them to halt for a few minutes. But they had neither food nor water, and in a state of almost exhaustion at last they saw with a feeling of thankfulness the tin roofs of Colenso. Here they were put in an iron shed near the railway station, the floor of which was full of torn railway guides and account books. The prisoners flung themselves down, worn out with shame, disappointment, the excitement of the morning, the misery of the present moment.

Outside the Boers lighted two big fires, when they opened the doors of the iron shed and told the prisoners they could come out and dry themselves. A slaughtered ox lay on the ground, and pieces of the flesh were given to the prisoners, and these bits of beef they put on sticks and toasted over the fire and ate greedily.

Other Boers, not of the escort, came to look at the captives. They entered readily into conversation with the new comers, especially the newspaper correspondent, who was always thinking of news to send to the editor. One of the Boers said that it was a great matter to face the power of England, yet they would drive the English out of South Africa forever, or else fight to the last man. The newspaper correspondent told him the Boers could not possibly win, that Pretoria would be taken in by the middle of March, and that the English had a hundred thousand soldiers.

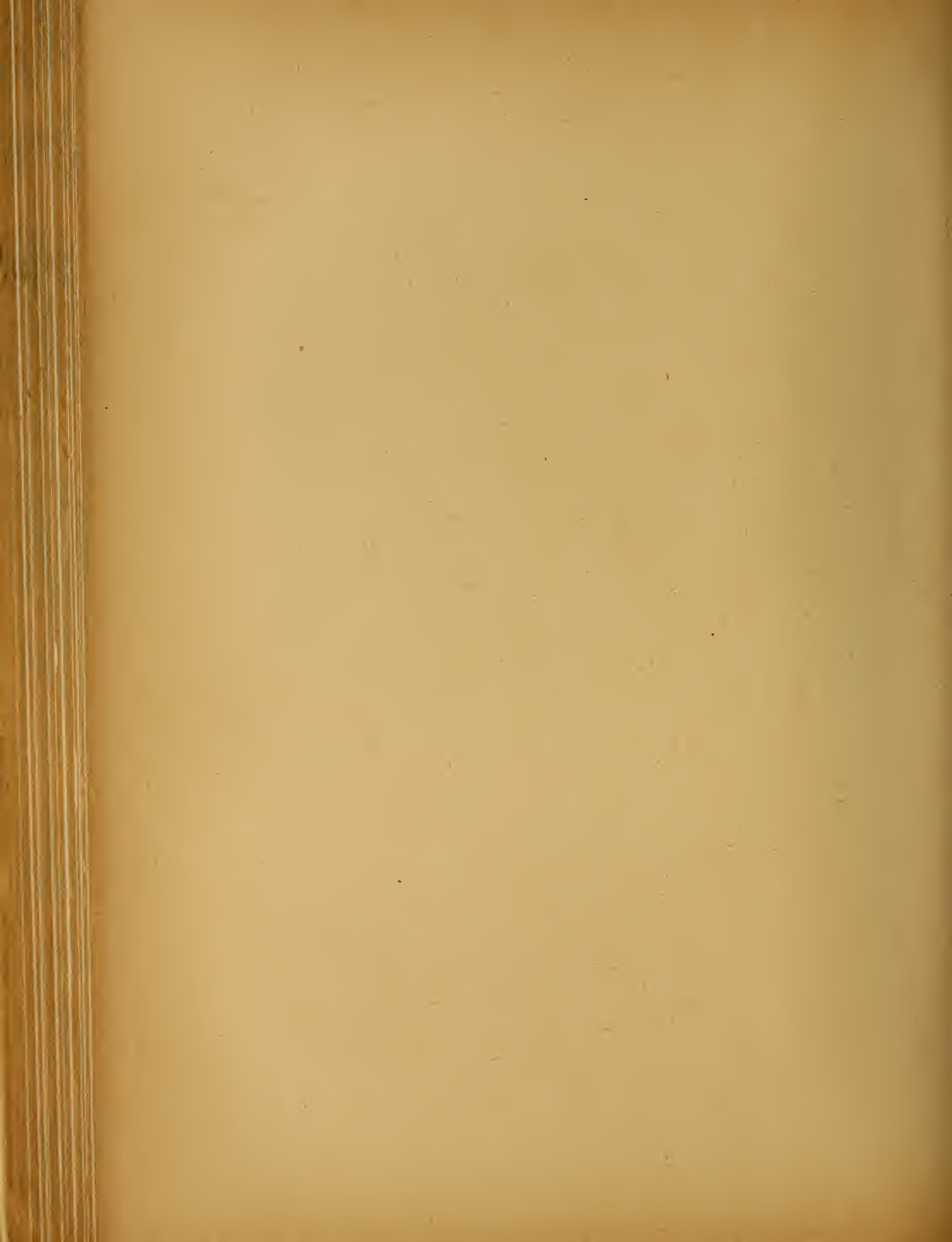
The Boer said, "I will wait."

Then the newspaper correspondent said he hoped the Boers would come through the war all right and that they might live to see a happier and nobler South Africa.

Then the Boer took off his blanket which had a hole in the middle so that it might be worn as a cloak by slipping the head through the hole, and gave it to the newspaper correspondent to sleep in. Then he went

away. Night came, and the Boer who had the prisoners in charge, told them to carry forage into the shed to sleep on, and then the prisoners went into the iron house and the doors were locked.

The newspaper correspondent could not sleep. He thought of the war, the reason of it, the chances of it. What tough, strong men these Boers were! He thought of them as he had seen them in the morning riding forward through the rain, thousands of good riflemen having beautiful weapons, led by men of skill, moving like the wind and held up by iron constitutions, thinking always of God as the Old Testament God who would smite the enemies of His worshippers, hip and thigh, as he smote the Amalekites. Above the fall of rain that beat steadily and loudly on the metal roof of the hut in which he lay, the newspaper correspondent heard the sound of many voices raised in song. It was the Boers singing their evening psalm. So the newspaper correspondent thought that the war was wrong and unjust, that maybe Heaven was against the English, that maybe Ladysmith, Mafeking and Kimberley would fall, that the Estercourt garrison would be killed, that foreign powers would interfere and that the English would indeed lose South Africa forever. The sound of the Boers' solemn hymn was in his ears, the rain seemed to beat it down into the hut where the prisoners were restlessly sleeping and dreaming of home. He thought of his editor far off, waiting for news, and above all he thought of that Boer who had believed the English would be driven out of the land of the Afrianders, and who had said, "I will wait."



CHAPTER X.

Reports from seat of war—Ladysmith and Colenso—Censorship of newspapers—Shelling of Mafeking—Fitting out of the "Maine" by women—Prisoners of war on the way to Pretoria—Story of Cecil Rhodes and the diamond operator—Prisoners reach Pretoria—"On to Kimberley"—Defeat of Gatacre at Stormburg—Escape of newspaper correspondent, his hardships and gaining of his liberty.



NEWS from the seat of war was very scarce in England in November's early days. Various reports had been received in London, but as it was said they came from native sources they were held to be unreliable, though in only too many cases they were afterward confirmed as true.

The Kaffirs were said to be very clever in perfectly understanding the situation and made up some of the stories that straggled over to England in spite of the cut down telegraphs in South Africa. Perhaps when the news did not suit the English it was called a Kaffir report, when on the contrary it fitted in with their wishes it was said to be a true version of facts. You will remember that during our Spanish war when the Spanish reports reached us our newspapers got out extra after extra, only in many instances to deny the news the next day, for from Spanish sources we received very few reports of American victories.

From such information as the English could rely on, it appeared that the campaign of General White had been a failure and that he had been outwitted by the Boers who had matters very much their own way in Natal. The English were very well aware of the danger that threat-

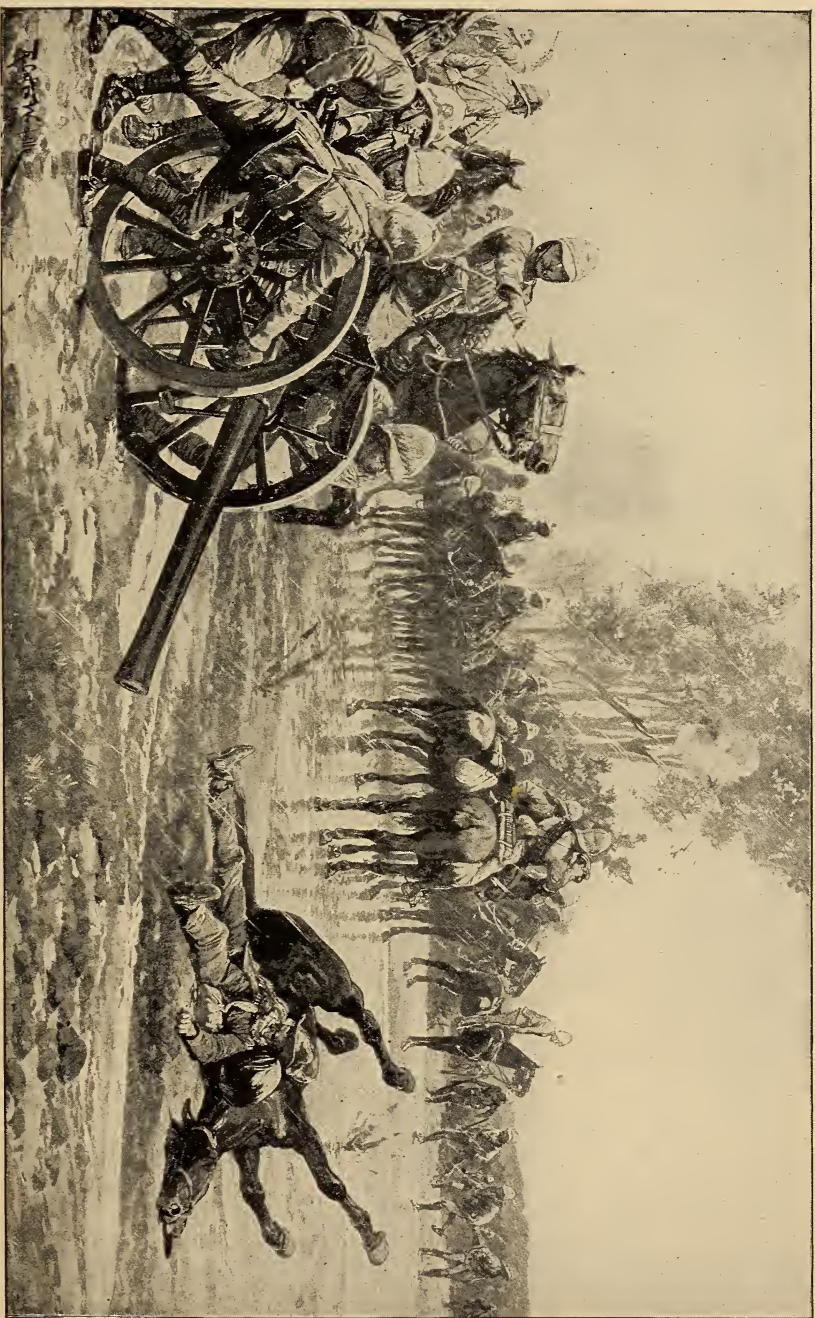
ened in this region, and the transports carrying troops were ordered to discharge their human freight at the ports nearest the seat of war, and that unless the Boers struck a blow within the next few days in Natal which should decide everything, there would soon be plenty of troops in Natal to protect British interests.

But Ladysmith had practically fallen, and the Boers followed up this victory by occupying Colenso, and thus surrounded Ladysmith, cutting off the retreat of General White's army which was defending Ladysmith in a stubborn fashion. The town was isolated and no news that could be relied on had come from it, except that the British had made some brilliant sorties and had caused the Boers to fall back.

Then had Ladysmith fallen? Well, the Boers had the upper hand, at any rate. The general idea was that the British War Office had important news which it was suppressing. It was said at the beginning of the the war that the censorship of the telegrams would be most rigid, as the authorities had seen the danger of allowing too much to be known. This danger was understood during our war with Spain, when war news in many cases was held back. For the newspapers in printing all the details of the commanders and the work to be done was a double-edged weapon, for while it told the people of the doings of the soldiers, it also informed the enemy of our plans, and complicated matters.

It was, however, stated in London that the Boers were shelling Ladysmith, that their guns were well handled, and that their batteries were hard to locate because they used smokeless powder. It was also said that the Boers were calling fresh forces together, and that unless the English had speedy aid the worst might be feared. News from Kimberley told that the British had required fresh forces to assist in the defence of the town, therefore the situation there must be grave.

The latest news from Mafeking said that the Boers had been shelling the town since October 26th, but without bringing it to submission.



A DIFFICULT RECONNOISSANCE: NEAR COLLESBURG.

At Kimberley, a shell from the Boer guns had exploded a dynamite factory, but without causing much harm.

This about sums up the situation: The Boers were carrying on a serious attack on the towns of Mafeking and Kimberley on the west, and were surrounding Ladysmith on the east. They had captured two of England's best regiments, and were doing fine work with their artillery, which comprised modern guns from European factories.

A report from Ladysmith stated that General White asked the Boers for permission to send away the women and children and the men who were not going to take part in the fight. General Joubert, in command of the Boers, declined to give the permission. He said he could not allow the English to free themselves of the burden of supporting these people, for he knew that the shortness of provisions would do as much towards gaining him the victory as could be accomplished by the firing of his guns. He suggested, however, that General White should make a camp outside the city and in a place safe from the fire of the guns, to which the non-combatants and the sick and wounded might be sent, and this camp was arranged about four miles from the city.

In London the women were doing what they could for their brave troops so far away. Lady Randolph Churchill, an American by birth, was securing the aid of her friends and other women towards fitting up a hospital ship for use in South African waters. This ship was called the *Maine*, for our English cousins also "remembered the *Maine*." The ship was fitted up with every requirement for the sick and wounded and was in personal charge of Lady Churchill herself, and sailed away.

And there was our newspaper friend sleeping at last in the iron hut after the Boers' hymn was done, and dreaming of Ladysmith which he wanted so badly to reach that he might send home reports of the condition of affairs to his editor.

In the morning the prisoners roused. They ate a little more of the

beef they had cooked round the bon fires the night before, and drank some rain water from a large puddle. Then they told the Boers they were ready to go on. The fierce old Africander farmers cantered their horses and closed round the column of sorry looking prisoners. They marched along wading gullies, and the sun coming out, the heat was intense. Once they halted at a little field hospital composed of a dozen tents and wagons with big red cross flags waving above. The red cross people looked kindly at the prisoners who, taking up the line of march, plodded on to Nelthorpe. Here they began to approach the Dutch lines of investment around Ladysmith, and a half hour more brought them to a strong line of pickets, and here they were ordered to halt and rest. Nearly two hundred Boers swarmed about the captives, asking questions—What did the prisoners think of Africa? Did they like armored trains? How long would the English keep up the fighting?

One of the prisoners said, "The war will end when you are beaten."

Then the Boers shouted with laughter. "You can never beat us," they said. "We have taken Mafeking. You will find your General, Baden Powell, waiting for you, a prisoner, at Pretoria. Kimberley will fall this week. Cecil Rhodes, who said he was safe there, is trying to escape in a balloon disguised as a lady. A fine lady he is. And did you ever hear about Rhodes and that time he wanted to corner the diamond market? Well, he posed as a buyer and bid on a big lot of stones a rival operator showed him. He told the operator he would buy the lot, but that he had a great wish to feast his eyes on a bushel of diamonds, and that if the operator would put his diamonds in one pile to make a bushel, Mr. Rhodes would be very much obliged to him. The operator threw together a bushel of diamonds. Mr. Rhodes told him how much obliged he was to him, and went away. But the operator had forgotten that it takes months to properly sort a bushel of diamonds so that they may be sold. The operator lost six months in sorting his diamonds, during

which time Mr. Rhodes, whose diamonds were not mixed, enjoyed a monopoly of the business and sold on his own terms. Smart, wasn't it? Oh, yes, Mr. Rhodes is smart, but he will never get out of Kimberley as a lady. And what about Ladysmith? Well, in ten days Ladysmith will be ours. Listen!" The prisoners heard the heavy boom of a gun. "That's always going on," said the Boer. "Oh, you'll find all the English army at Pretoria. If it wasn't for the seasickness we'd go over and take England."

Then there were cries, "Say, where is Buller?" A prisoner replied, "He will come when the army is ready."

"But," said a Boer, "we have beaten the army."

"The war has not begun yet," returned the Englishman.

Very soon after this the prisoners were ordered to march again, and they began to move to the eastward in the direction of Bulwana Hill. They could hear the guns employed in the bombardment of Ladysmith, and the occasional crack of the British artillery could be distinguished. After the prisoners had crossed the railway track beyond Nelthorpe they caught sight of something that told them they were near friends. Far up above the hills hung a speck of gold beater's skin. It was the balloon in Ladysmith used for military observations and which the Boer had told the prisoners was to be used for the departure of Cecil Rhodes who could leave the country only by going up in the air. The prisoners kept their eyes on the balloon till it was hidden by the hills. Then they forded Klip River breast high in the water and trudged on. After ten hours marching they reached the camp where they were to stay for the night. Here they were given some beef and tea. The next morning the prisoners were told they were to march five hours more. They were given some more beef and tea. The Boers explained that they had nothing better themselves.

Then the prisoners were marched away. It was about 11 o'clock

when they reached Elandslaagte Station. A train awaited them. There were six or seven closed cars for the men. The afternoon passed, and the train passed near Dundee, the prisoners crowding to look out at a place where there had been lots of good fighting. As night was about to close in they saw Majuba Hill, a dark mountain with sad memories for the English. The Boer guards pointed out where they had mounted their guns to defend Laing's Nek. The train now approached the frontier. It was quite dark when it reached Volksrust, and the prisoners were in the Boer country. The platform of the station was crowded with armed Boers. It appeared that two new commandos, or beves of troops, had been called out and were waiting for trains to take them to the front. Besides, a strong raiding party had just come back from British Swaziland.

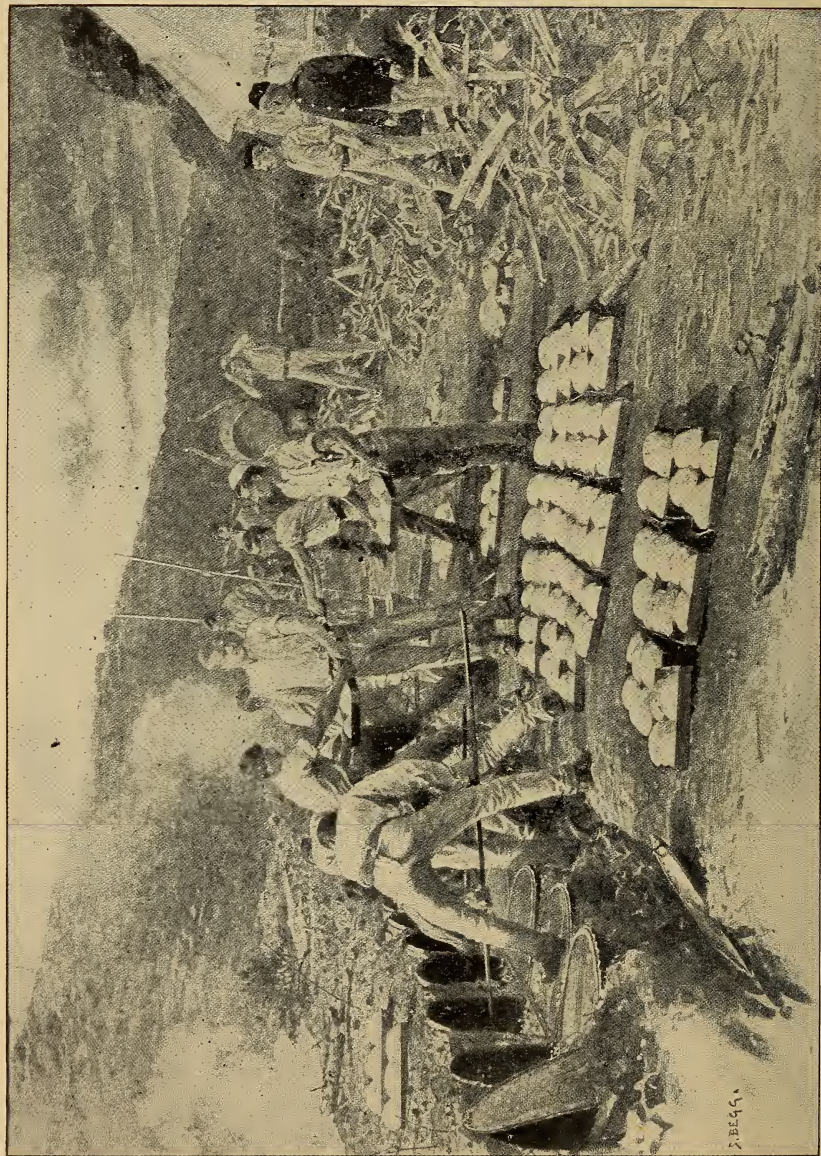
The car windows were soon blocked with the bearded faces of the Boers. After awhile a young woman pushed her way to a window and looked in at the prisoners.

"Why," she said, "you are not so bad looking after all."

For hours the newspaper correspondent had been furious that the Field Cornet had not sent his papers to General Joubert and so found out that he was not a British soldier but a harmless correspondent. The Field Cornet—or leader of the fighting forces of the district in which he is the magistrate in time of peace—had not shown up, and the newspaper far away was missing news from Ladysmith. When the young woman said the prisoners were not so bad looking after all, he took it to himself and thought he was a better thing to gaze at than the Boer soldiers.

Though the faces of the Boers were plain and rough, but kind, their little, narrow eyes were the most unpleasant feature. They were honest, ignorant peasants with their wits about them.

Before the train left Volksrust the guards were changed and the



BREAD FOR SOLDIERS: A FIELD BAKERY.

burghers who had captured the prisoners were to return to the front, and the police were to take their place as guards. A lovely old gentleman, who had helped capture the prisoners, came up and explained that it was he who had thoughtfully placed the stone on the track which had wrecked the armored train. He said he hoped the prisoners bore him no malice. They said, by no means; they would do as much for him at any time. Then the prisoners and the lovely old gentleman said good-bye, and the prisoners lay down and tried to go to sleep.

It was near mid-day when the train reached Pretoria. The day was fine, the sun shone brightly. There was a crowd of people waiting to receive the prisoners, women with bright parasols, loafers and ragamuffins, fat, old burghers too weighty to ride to the front, and a long line of white helmetted policemen, or zarps, as they are called. Some one unlocked the car doors and told the prisoners to come out, and in a little while they were standing in the blazing sun, and they heard the click of cameras that were snapping their pictures. The prisoners formed in rank. And now the newspaper correspondent began to hate the Boers. For the simple farmer burghers at the front who were bravely fighting for their land were exchanged for mean looking officials of all nations—red-faced, snub-nosed Hollanders, oily Portuguese half-castes, and the like.

A hand was laid on the arm of the newspaper correspondent. It was the hand of the police sergeant. "You are not an officer," he said; "you go with the common soldiers," and he led the newspaper correspondent across the open space to where the men were formed in a column of fours. The crowd grinned, the cameras clicked again. The newspaper correspondent fell in with the soldiers. But he told the soldiers not to laugh or smile, and they became serious men again, whereupon the newspaper correspondent saw that he had influence with the soldiers and it set him to wondering if with the prisoners some-

thing some day might not be done which should set them free before their time. At last, however, another official came up and took the newspaper correspondent over to where the captive officers were, for the officers were to be separated from the men.

And then they were all marched off, the soldiers to the camps on the race course, the officers and the newspaper correspondent to the States Model School's prison. Here the officers were joined by sixty other British officers who were also "held by the enemy," and they settled down to what promised to be a long and weary incarceration. While these prisoners were waiting for release in Pretoria, stirring events had been reported in England. Sir Redvers Buller was pushing forward one force of men to relieve Ladysmith and another force for the relief of Kimberley. The Boers were keeping up a persistent bombardment of both places, though little damage was done, and the residents of Kimberley, especially Mr. Cecil Rhodes, laughed at the besiegers and made light of the affair. In a letter that was sent out of Kimberley by carrier pigeon it was said that up to the time of writing the letter the only casualty caused by the Boer guns was the smashing of one earthen pot, the fragments of which had been sold at good prices for the benefit of a charity. Social festivities of all kinds were said to be in full swing, the British there apparently taking the siege as a sort of festival.

Surprise was expressed that the Boers did not press forward and take the town by assault. It was said they were very cautious, as usual, for they knew that an enormous force was daily being landed by the British at the Cape, and that their last chance was to make daring moves that would crush the enemy before reinforcements could arrive. Then it was said that Cecil Rhodes, who was at the root of the war, was quite ready to have it stopped, for he had secured the privilege for which he had been working, namely the carrying through of a great railway in which he was interested, from Cairo to Cape Town. Germany had signed

an agreement with the British South African Company consenting to allow the railroad to pass over her territory in consideration of certain advantages in regard to extensions of this road with her own West African possessions. The concession for carrying a telegraph line along the same route had also been obtained, and as soon as the Boer trouble was over, the work on it would go on. It is darkly hinted that the war with the Transvaal was considered necessary to convince England of the pressing need there is for a route by which she can convey her troops easily to her South African holdings. At a banquet in London, Lord Salisbury, the British Prime Minister, declared that England was fighting to assure her supremacy in South Africa, and in assuring it, to secure equal rights to all men in that portion of the country in which she holds sway. He thought the outcome of the war would be the development and benefit of the Boers. He concluded his remarks by announcing that England would not submit to any interference from other powers, but would end her war in the Transvaal by conquering the Boers. But Europe was keeping out of the trouble. France made a few unfriendly comments, but Germany refused to give an opinion, and Holland had asked the representative of the Boers, Dr. Leyds, to discontinue his visits to that country until the trouble was over.

Then General Lord Methuen pushed on to Kimberley. At Modder River, which is considered the key to Kimberley, the Boers made a determined stand, but the British forces were not to be checked. They threw themselves on the enemy with resistless force, and after a fierce fight which lasted ten hours the British were victorious and drove the Boers from their position.

Lord Methuen, in reporting the fight, said it was one of the hardest and most trying in the annals of the British army. For ten hours, in the burning sun, the men fought without food or water.

Modder River is only twenty-five miles from Kimberley, and now

the British cry was, "On to Kimberley!" The greatest enthusiasm prevailed in London when the news reached there. But the feeling was gaining ground that in spite of successes the English had a long and serious war on their hands. The recent set backs experienced by the Boers did not appear to have discouraged them; they were as confident of success as ever.

Ladysmith was in a bad way, and if the British forces did not speedily come to its relief it would be forced to surrender. This would be a severe blow to the English for there were large and valuable stores in the town, ammunition and the like, which would of course have to be abandoned if the city were given up. Rations at Ladysmith were also low, and sickness had broken out. Still the British held the town, and the Boer artillery which at first was not effective in its fire, was now better served and reports said it was doing much damage.

Then the reports came that General Methuen's victory at Modder River did not appear to have given him the advantage he had anticipated. The Boers who were forced back in this engagement, had taken fresh positions between the British camp and Kimberley, and were fortifying them. The British in their turn were building a bridge over the Modder River and reconstructing the railroads so that they could easily bring up reinforcements.

The two forces before Kimberley were so well matched that the battle which would soon be fought was expected to be decisive and have great influence on the future of the war.

It was also stated, in the meagre and contradictory reports that reached London from the seat of war, that in the western, or Hopetown district, the Dutch population had risen and would organize a force to oppose the British advance. All the Afrianders, or people of Dutch descent, in South Africa had joined in the fighting, those under English rule had risen and revolted against their rulers. It was also reported that

President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, had gone to the front where his presence greatly encouraged the Boers. President Kruger was also anxious to go, but his advisers urged him not to do such a risky thing.

At the same time it was said that the English were arousing the Kaffirs, with the intention of having them take part in the war, and this rumor caused much comment, for the reason that England had expressed her determination not to allow the blacks to fight.

On the 8th of December the British troops, under General White made a successful sortie from Ladysmith. They attacked the Boers, destroying two of their field pieces, and captured the Maxim gun which had done such destructive work.

On the 10th, General Gatacre, commanding three thousand British troops and two batteries of artillery, tried to surprise the Boer force at Stormburg. He was misled by his guides and found himself in a very dangerous position, from which he was forced to retire. He suffered heavy loss, and in addition to the killed and wounded reported six hundred and thirty officers and men missing.

And there in Pretoria the men who had been on the armored train heard all these reports and felt like caged rats as they waited in their prisons.

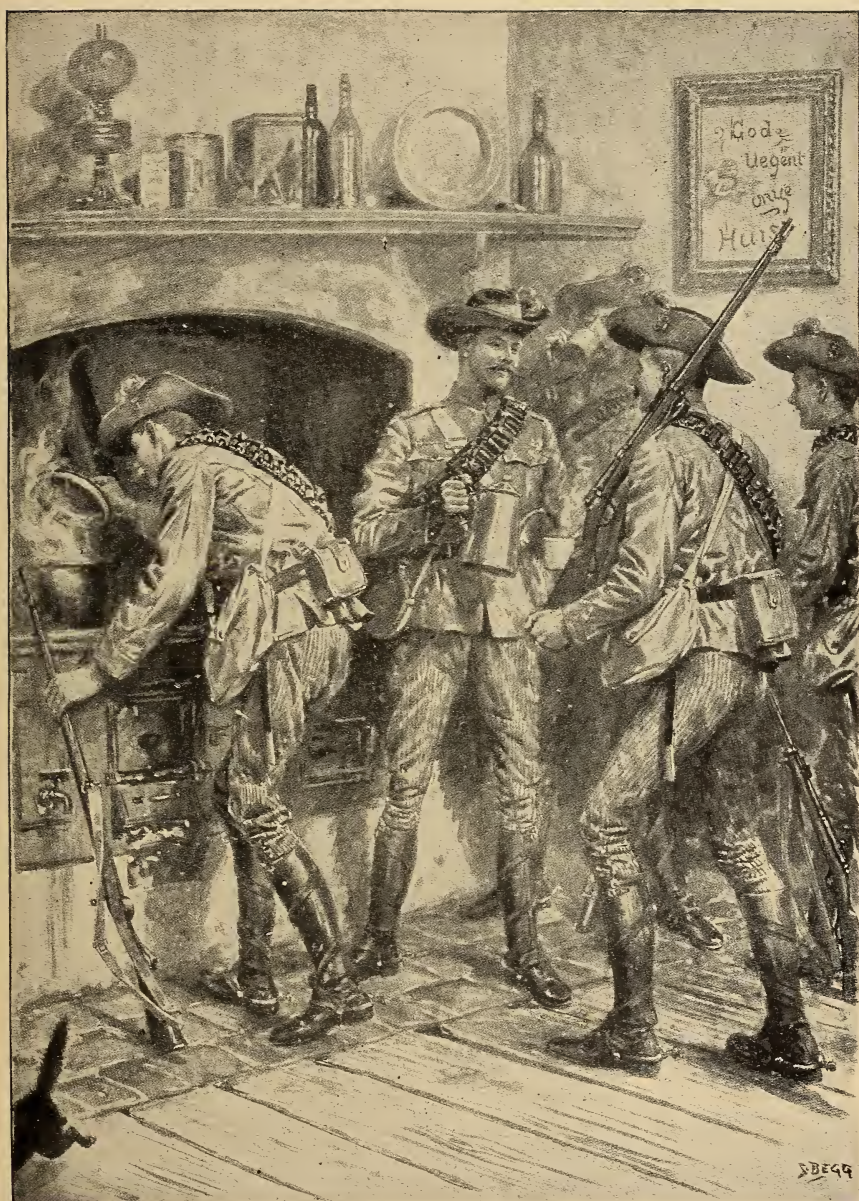
The newspaper correspondent was frantic; he could have reported so much interesting news to his editor. He determined to escape. He waited for an opportunity to get out, for he must go to Ladysmith and report the rousing events there. The British defeat at Stormburg decided him. There was an iron fence ten feet high around the prison. He was young and ten feet are only ten feet. But there were sentries armed with rifles and revolvers. He formed a plan. After watching, he discovered that when the sentries went their rounds, there was a little piece of the top wall which they could not see at certain moments of their walks. Next to the prison wall was a garden. How to get out of the

garden, how to pass through the streets unnoticed, how to evade the patrols that surrounded the town, and how to get over the two hundred and eighty miles to the Portuguese frontiers were questions not to be attended to at present. He determined to try to answer the first question, which was, could he get over the prison wall, on the night of the 11th of December? But that night a sentry stood exactly opposite the very part of the wall to be attempted. The next day he was desperate. Night came again; he waited till the dinner bell sounded, when he strolled across the prison yard and hid in one of the offices. Through a chink he watched the sentries. For half an hour two that were on guard remained obstinately in the wrong places. Then all at once one of them walked up to his comrade and began to talk. Their backs were turned to the newspaper correspondent. He darted from his hiding place, ran to the wall, jumped and caught the top of it, saw the sentries still engaged in conversation fifteen yards away, and lowered himself silently into the garden next door and crouched among the shrubs. Then he knew that boldness was necessary. There was a gate in the garden wall. He went up to it and walked out. There was a sentry five yards away, but he did not look. The newspaper correspondent got to the middle of the road, and walked along leisurely, humming a tune—he must appear careless. The streets were full of burghers, but they paid no attention to him. Gradually he reached the suburbs and stopped to consider. He had money in his pocket and some chocolate, with which the English soldiers were supplied by their government because of its great food value. But Delagoa Bay was three hundred miles away, and that way lay liberty. He formed a plan. He must find the Delagoa Bay Railway. He looked at the stars, and knowing a few of them, found out which way was south. He walked south for some time when he struck a railway track. What railway was it? He walked for two hours or so and saw the lights of a station. He left the track and

hid in a ditch a couple of hundred yards beyond the station. An hour passed; he grew impatient. Suddenly there was a whistle and the rattle of an approaching train, then he saw the yellow headlight of the engine. The train waited a few minutes at the station, and started again. The newspaper correspondent crouched beside the track, he must wait till the engine passed, or the light of it might show where he was. The train came on. He pulled himself towards the train, caught at something, missed, grabbed again, caught hold of something, was swung off his feet, drew himself up and found himself on a truck of a freight train. The truck had bags of coal in it. He buried himself in the coal, and actually fell asleep. He woke with a start. He did not know where he was going, but he knew he must leave the train at daybreak and wait till night when he might be able to board another train. He crawled out to the couplings and waited till he thought it was time to drop. The train was going not too fast, he took hold of the iron handle at the back of the truck and jumped. The next moment he found himself in a ditch, shaken but not hurt. He was very thirsty and he found a gully of clear water and drank. The dawn broke, and he saw that the railroad track ran towards the sunrise. He had taken the right road. As it became broad daylight he entered a small grove of trees that grew on the side of a deep ravine. Here he decided to wait till dusk. During the day he ate some more chocolate, and this and the hot day produced a violent thirst. But he dared not leave the little wood to look for water, for people now and then were in sight. The long day came to a close at last. Kaffirs went along with their cattle. The dark came. Then he hurried to the railway, stopping on the way to drink long and eagerly from the pool which had given him drink once before. He waited; no train came. Then he walked for hours. Every bridge was guarded by armed men. There were many villages. He had to make wide circuits, and went through bogs till he was drenched. He was nearly exhausted, and at

last lay down in a ditch to sleep. But he would not give out. The next few days he struggled on, getting food at great risks, for he knew he might be captured at any time. On the fifth day he once more waited for a train beside a railroad track. On the sixth day the chance he had waited for came. He found a train labelled to Lorenzo Marques standing on a siding. He looked for a suitable spot for boarding it, for he dared not do it at the station. He climbed up on a truck laden with sacks of some soft merchandise, and he found crevices among them by which he managed to work his way and lie concealed. The heat was stifling, but he determined that nothing should get him from his hiding place till he reached Portuguese territory. The journey lasted two days. He dreaded lest the trucks should be searched for contrabands, and once the searchers came, but they did not look deep enough. He reached Delagoa Bay at last, and crawled out, weary, dirty, hungry, but free. He bought clothes and sat down to dinner with a real table cloth and glasses. And fortune smiled, for the steamer "Induna" was to leave that very night for Durban.

Here he learned the official news of General Gatacre's repulse at Stormburg on December 10th, when the General was not wilfully misled by his guides, but they were mistaken about the distance and thought the Boers' position could be carried. General Methuen reported from Modder River that all was quiet at Kimberley and Mafeking, and that the Boers attempted to mount a forty pounder on a ridge overlooking the river but that he had a lyddite gun dragged to a ridge opposite and fired on the Boers till they were compelled to abandon their post, lyddite, the new and powerful explosive, proving too much for them. The newspaper correspondent also heard that a British column had started to the relief of Ladysmith, where he was bound himself. Then he got on board the "Induna."



COLONIAL TROOPS SURPRISE BOERS.
(Dinner left cooking on the stove.)

CHAPTER XI.

Check of General Methuen—Magersfontein—The queen's grief—Hospitals at Pietermaritzburg—Strength of British force—Christmas Day in camp—New year opens well for English—British demonstration before Colenso—Force for relief of Ladysmith—Confidence in General Buller—Capture of Potgieter's Ferry—Arrival of General Buller—Operations for relief of Ladysmith—To Springfield.



THE voyage of the "Induna" from Delagoa Bay to Durban was prosperous, and on the afternoon of December 23d the ship reached harbor. Here those on board learned that there had been a sad week for the English. Hardly had the world heard of the defeat of General Gatacre than it was known that a serious check had met General Methuen. This commander had considered the time fitted for an advance to the relief of Kimberley, but he met with such a severe repulse that it was feared he might not be able to retain his position on Modder River and be compelled to fall back to the Orange River. The Highland Brigade suffered severely in this engagement, which took place at Magersfontein. In his despatch Lord Methuen spoke of the splendid work done by the Gordon Highlanders. This regiment was fresh from India where it had distinguished itself. In the present engagement, though, it lost its leader, Lieutenant Colonel Downman, who while leading his men in an assault on the Boer trenches fell, mortally wounded. The general commanding the Highland Brigade was also killed, while the regiment known as the Black Watch also lost heavily.

The grief in London was terrible, rich and poor, noble and humble were all grief stricken. The Marquis of Winchester was among the

killed, as were a number of prominent officers who were members of the great families of England.

Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, who had suffered from so many wars during her long reign, was bowed down with sorrow. It was said that in the midst of her ordinary occupations she would suddenly break down and burst into tears. She went about visiting the widows and families of the dead soldiers, and personally reviewed the forces that were despatched to the seat of war. The Queen had hoped that her reign would end in peace, and in the extreme old age this new war was a great blow to her. Besides, it is probable the Queen thought the war was not necessary, and that a cooler and wiser man than Mr. Chamberlain might have avoided it without blemishing the honor of England. After the defeat of General Gatacre, followed by the repulse of General Lord Methuen, the British War Office sent a despatch to Sir Redvers Buller ordering him to advance to the relief of Ladysmith. The authorities were so confident that General Buller would carry out his orders that they let the news leak out, and on the night of the 15th of December London was full of rumors of a brilliant victory for England. But the brilliant victory did not occur. Instead, the great man in whom all hopes were centered was defeated by the Boers in an effort to cross the Tugela River in his intended advance.

There were two points at which this river could be forded. The General sent his forces to one of them, but finding that it was strongly guarded he ordered his men to proceed to the other ford two miles farther up the river.

The Boers had their men placed in such a position that to pass the ford the British would have to encounter a cross fire from their guns. The British commander ordered his men forward to open fire on the Boers and drive them back from the river so that the troops could pass. The artillery officer in command brought his battery too close to the

brink of the river. His wish was to get within effective range of the enemy, but he seems to have forgotten that his first duty was to protect his own men, and that by advancing too close he exposed them to danger. Hardly were the batteries in place than the opposite banks of the river were seen to be swarming with Boer sharpshooters, who killed the horses belonging to the guns and poured out such a terrific fire over the spot that the gunners were obliged to abandon their field pieces, and the British were forced to retire.

Hearing this fresh disaster, England called out all the reserves, the men to be hurried to the Cape as fast as ships could take them. Besides this, two of the best generals in the army were to be sent—Lord Roberts, of Kandahar, as commander-in-chief, and Lord Kitchener, of Khartoum, as chief of staff.

Lord Kitchener's record in the Soudan is familiar to most of us, his bravery there, his tact and military diplomacy. Lord Roberts won his title in the Afghan war through a famous march he made from Kabul to Kandahar. He was commander-in-chief of the army in India from 1885 to 1893, and was much loved by his soldiers who nicknamed him Bobs Bahadur, Bahadur being Hindustani for hero.

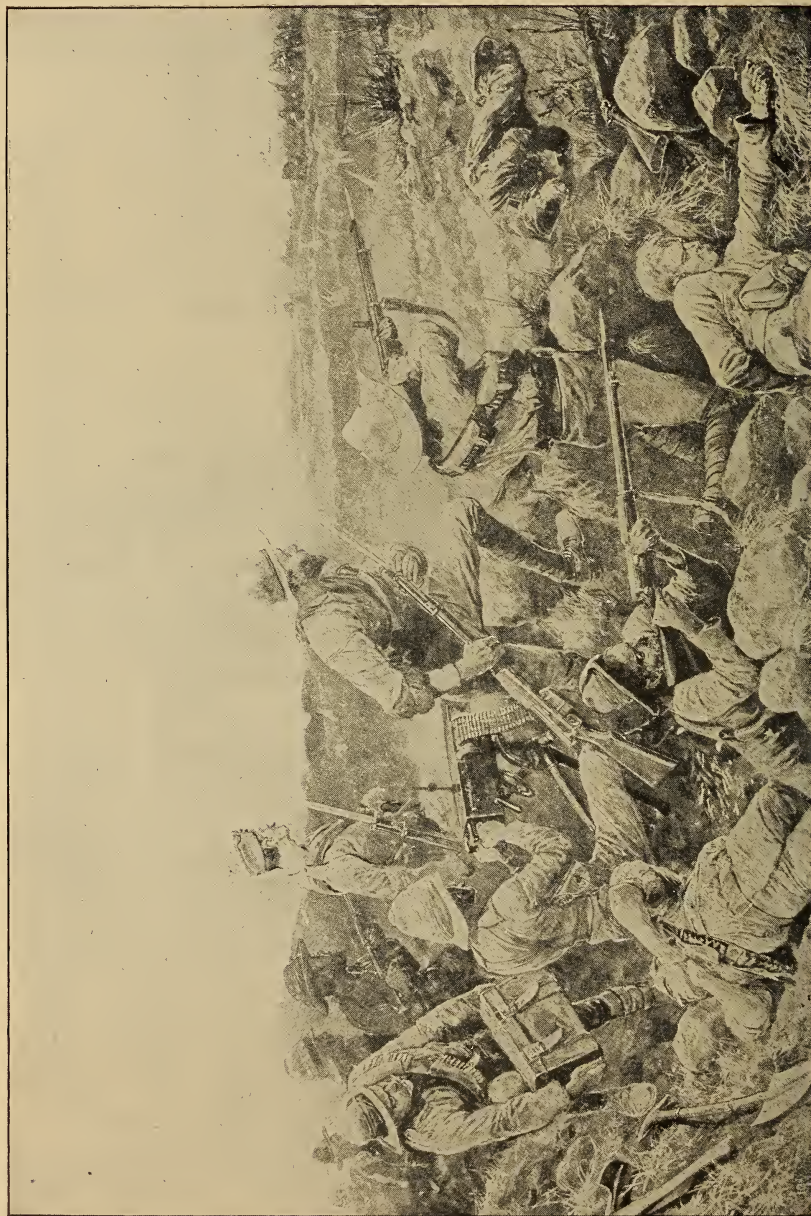
The newspaper man heard queer tidings when he reached Durban, and eagerly read a month's newspapers that told him how much he had missed while he had been that month a prisoner in Pretoria.

He hurried to the train and so reached Pietermaritzburg. Here he visited the hospitals, which were long barracks. Before the war they had been filled with healthy men, now they were crammed with sick and wounded. There were grim sights here, men swathed in bandages, nurses waiting beside closed doors that the serious cases inside might not be disturbed, doctors hurrying with solemn faces from one building to another. Men wheeled in stretchers upon which lay motionless forms, or forms writhing and tumbling about in agony. The less seriously

wounded talked of the war, as they were talking of it in London before they came out, as London was talking of it now. For the immediate result of the bad news from the Transvaal was the rush of young Englishmen to enlist in the service of their country. Men flocked to headquarters from every direction. A report stated that the loss of General's Gatacre and Buller was over ten thousand, and twenty or fifty or a hundred thousand men were ready to go and take their places. The loss was not as great as was at first reported, but it was large enough to rouse all England. The newspaper man in the hospital at Pietermaritzburg saw some of those who had been disabled at Stromburg and heard the stories of the defeat. The defeat astonished the wounded men, they could not understand the stubborn resistance of the Boers when surely the Boers knew it was only a matter of time till they should be conquered. The Boers were brave, they said, and perhaps all the braver because of fighting for a forlorn hope. They spoke of the Africander general, his bravery, his strategy, his military excellence, how his men never swerved from his least command, how he moved among them sad of face and quiet of voice, a power and a strength. They spoke of Kruger, the unbending one. They hated him and accused him of being responsible for keeping up the war, told of the immense wealth he would take with him when he should at last be compelled to run away. Though they called him an old lion, too, and knew that he was honest in what he did—were not his sons and his sons' sons also fighting and taking their share of the hardships of war? All this and more the newspaper man heard.

Then he hastened away by the night mail northward to the camps.

It was still dark when the train passed Estecourt, but morning had come when Frere was reached. Many changes had taken place. The hills which the newspaper man had last seen black with the figures of Boer riflemen were now occupied by English pickets, and the valley



IN THE TRENCHES AT MAFEKING.

was crowded with the white tents of the British army now in possession. All along the railway new sidings had been built and trains concerned in the business of army supplies occupied them.

The Boers still held Colenso, and their forces occupied Natal. It was true that thousands of troops had arrived to make a break in the situation, that the British army had advanced ten miles, but Ladysmith was still locked in the grasp of the Boers and the distant booming of bombardment which had been heard by the newspaper man two months before still kept up.

The Boers could but be admired for their strategy. They aimed at two things: To keep the war out of their own territory, confining it on the soil under British protection, and to confine it to rocky and broken ridges suited to their tactics.

Yet the British had come on, rocks and stones been attempted, and the Boers had conquered pretty well. Before the war began the English said, "Let them attack us in Natal if they dare." The Boers came, and the British retired. Then the Briton said, "Never mind; the forces were scattered. Now that all the Natal Field Force is massed at Ladysmith, let the Boers dare to attack us."

The Boers came. The British force massed at Ladysmith sailed out to meet them. The English said, "By to-morrow there will not be a Boer within twenty miles." By the evening of October 30th, Sir George White's whole command of twenty squadrons, six batteries and eleven battalions were thrown back into town with three hundred wounded and nearly a thousand prisoners. Then the Boers reached further. Did they mean to try and blockade Ladysmith? That was ridiculous—send a battalion to Colenso to keep communication open, that was all that was needed. So the Dublin Fusiliers went to Colenso. Two days later the Boers cut the railway south of Ladysmith at Pieters, shelled the garrison out of Colenso and locked the English force in

Ladysmith. Two months passed and things were not changed, for these Boers knew how to fight. Then the army began to come. Its commander, knowing the country, would have liked to go through the Free State and liberate Ladysmith at Bloemfontein, but the War Office decided otherwise. The army came with great force, and the Boers held the key still. Finally Sir Redvers Buller came with forces. The fight at Colenso took place and the British leaders learned that the blockade of Ladysmith was solid. Another division hurried up, battery after battery, till now there were two cavalry and six infantry brigades, and nearly sixty guns. It was with this force that the British hoped to break through the Boer lines surrounding Ladysmith. The town had stood two months of seige and bombardment, food and ammunition were running low, disease had crept in. How long could it hold out?—that was the question everywhere—how long could Ladysmith hold out? Meanwhile all was quiet in the camps.

And then came Christmas Day, the anniversary of Him who wished "Peace on the earth, good will to men." No big shells were fired into the Boer camp that morning, and the Boers remained peaceful all day. Both armies attended divine service in the morning and prayed for Heaven's blessing on their causes.

In the afternoon the British had athletic sports, and were cheerful and merry. The Boers shovelled away at their trenches. In the evening the British had Christmas dinner in camp, roast beef, plum pudding. In the Boer camps there may have been equal good cheer, and the smoke of their pipes rose up in the clear atmosphere.

Christmas week there was picket firing, but no fight. On New Year's Day two hundred Boers set out and attacked the English picket on the right. The picket, composed of the South African Light Horse, fell back. The Boers followed, but did not notice that eight troopers had been dropped behind some rocks. So that when twelve Boers at-

tempted to follow up the picket, they were met by a fire of musketry and went off with five riderless horses, three men lying dead on the ground. The New Year opened well for the English. Captain Gough, of the 16th Lancers, made his way along a depression and all at once discovered Boers drinking tea in their camp, 1800 yards away. The English fired on the tea drinkers. The Boers jumped up, and in a few moments there was a rattle all along the opposite lines, and then a Maxim gun took part, till at last the venturesome English retired. Also on New Year's Day the Canadian troops and Queenslanders came across a raiding party of Boers, hunted and shot them among the rocks till the burghers hoisted a white flag, and there were forty prisoners and twenty killed and wounded.

Then came good news for the English from East London. General Gatacre was carefully patching up the opening misfortune of his campaign, and had seized Dordrecht. The best news of all for the English came from Arundel, near Colesberg, where Generals French and Brabazon were "coaxing" the Boers back out of the colony.

Perhaps, said the English, the tide of war had turned, and that 1900 was to mark the beginning of British policy throughout South Africa. And then came January 6th. It was boom, thud, thud, boom, thud, thud, at two o'clock in the black morning. It was Ladysmith of course, such cannonading went on there all the time. But the reports grew more frequent, and at last they mingled into one great roar. Never before had there been such bombarding—cannonading, then the sharp spiteful discharge of field pieces. What was happening? At Chieveley the camp of the English wondered. Another attack by the garrison? Or was it a general sortie? Or perhaps the Boers were delivering the long expected assault.

The troops at Maritzburg had breakfast, the terrible cannonading keeping up. Until half-past ten there was no letting up of the sounds.

As the day grew older the sounds gradually died away. At noon there arrived at Chieveley a message by heliograph: "General attack all sides by Boers—everywhere repulsed—fight still going on."

At one o'clock an orderly galloped up with the order for the whole force at Chieveley to turn out at once. The camp sprang from its luncheon. Some said there was to be a general attack on Colenso while the army of the Boers was busy at Ladysmith. But no serious operation was intended; the force was merely to make a demonstration before Colenso with the hope of bringing some of the Boers back from Ladysmith and so relieving the pressure on Sir George White.

But the demonstration was a fine affair. First, the mounted forces threw out patrols all along the front. The squadrons made a line behind these. The mounted infantry and Carabineers formed the left, the South African Light Horse the centre, and the Hussars and other mounted infantry the right. Behind all this marched line after line of men ten yards apart, two hundred yards between the lines, spreading over an immense expanse of country, and looking like a great army. Behind these again were artillery and wagons, and then the naval battery, which began to throw shells into Colenso. The cavalry soon cleared the front, squadrons wheeled about, the patrols retreated. The South African Light Horse were stationed in the rear of a hill, and here the staff took their position.

The Boers, seen through field glasses, seemed to be deceived, for they galloped in little companies into their trenches, which were deep enough to shelter man and horse. Large bodies had begun to counter-march from Ladysmith.

The infantry halted some three thousand yards from the Boers' position, and the artillery which consisted of fourteen guns got into action. It was now nearly five o'clock. Dark thunder clouds were in the sky.

The bombardment and the storm broke over the Boer entrench-

ments at one and the same time. The lightning was fierce. The noise of guns thundered out, and bursting guns raised great clouds of dust. And the thunder in the sky was like an echo of that of the guns, deep, solemn and terrible. This was what is called a demonstration, and was made in favor of Ladysmith whose garrison was reduced to eating mule sausages and other peculiar food, and were bombarded night and day.

But the Boers refused to be drawn out by the demonstration, and though very likely annoyed by the bombardment of the English troops, did not reply by a single shot. At seven o'clock the English gave up trying to induce the Boers to answer them. It had been decided to leave the English troops fronting the Boers till night, the idea being to let the Africanders think a night attack was intended. But as some of the divisions had turned out without their dinner it was thought best not to keep them under arms any longer, so they went back to camp.

There they found news from Ladysmith—"Enemy everywhere repulsed for the present." That night the troops at Chieveley tried to congratulate Ladysmith, and a search light flashed on the clouds the Morse code of communication. But the Boers saw it and interfered with their own search light, so that the dots and dashes flashed by the British were confused by the dots and dashes of the Boers. The next day the Boers in great numbers surprised the pickets around Ladysmith and began a general attack on the line of outposts. The fighting became very close and some of the British trenches around the town were taken three times. But every time General Hamilton flung out the Boers by counter attacks. Then Colonel Park led out the Devon Regiment and drove away the Boers at the point of the bayonet.

By night the Boers were repulsed at every point, and with great slaughter. The bayonet was the most powerful weapon the English army had in South Africa. Firearms kill many, but an enemy run away from the bayonet.

About that time it looked as though the trials of the besieged in Ladysmith were nearly over. Sir Charles Warren's division marched to Frere. All the hospitals were cleared ready for those who might need them. It was thought that Ladysmith would be relieved in the next week. Rumors of an intended move were circulated. January 6th orders were given to clear the Pietermaritzburg hospitals. On the 8th an ambulance train took away the patients from the field hospitals at Frere, and made room for new comers. The same evening there arrived seven hundred civilian stretcher bearers, men who had volunteered to carry the wounded under fire. The army ungratefully nick-named them "body snatchers."

There were other indications of approaching activities. The commissariat department had accumulated supplies, twenty-one days' rations packed in wagons. Then orders to march at dawn arrived. Waiting was over; action had begun; Ladysmith was to be relieved. The force for the relief of Ladysmith comprised 19,000 infantry, 3,000 cavalry and 60 guns. All were busy, entrenching, making redoubts and shelter pits, or block houses of railroad iron, and the packing up ready for march as the day closed in.

In the morning they started. With them went ox-wagons piled high with all kinds of packages and drawn sometimes by ten or twelve pairs of oxen; mule wagons, ambulance wagons with big Red Cross flags, ammunition carts, artillery, slaughter cattle, and last of the line, the naval battery with its enormous pieces dragged by long strings of animals and in charge of straw-hatted, yellow Khaki-clad blue-jackets.

After marching three miles they reached the place where the railroad from Frere joined the one from Chieveley. Pretorius's farm was reached; it was a tin-roofed house, a few sheds for cattle, some trees, and a pond. Here the Royal Dragoons were drawn up. The Dragoons staid at the farm, which was to be the camping place for a division that

night. All the rest of the mounted forces and a battery of artillery went forward to seize the bridge across the Little Tugela at Springfield. On they went, winding in and out among the green hills of Natal. They crossed the bridge and entered a green valley in front of which was Drakensburg. Then they neared Springfield. They thought if the enemy did not oppose them, that same enemy would blow up the bridge. Word was brought that not a Boer was to be seen. Captain Grough, taking one man with him, had crossed the bridge in safety and had explored three miles on the other side, had seen no Boers and felt like pushing on to Potgieter's to make certain there were none around.

So they came safely to Springfield, which was composed of three houses, a long wooden bridge, a few farms with the houses with tin roofs, and still no Boers were seen. The orders were to seize the bridge. This was done. Then everybody crossed, and looked about for something to do.

Other patrols came in, and all told the same tale of seeing no Boers. Then why not seize the heights above Potgieter's? But the orders had said they were to go to Springfield, not a word else. But orders were not always obeyed and here was a chance. But, "Forward!"

And they went on. Three hundred men and two guns were left to hold the Springfield bridge, seven hundred men and four guns went on to Potgieter's Ferry. They reached the heights commanding the ferry at six o'clock. They found it a strong position, strengthened by walls with loop-holes in them, and it was unoccupied and unguarded. The whole force climbed to the top of the hills, and dragged the guns with them. After that they sent back to tell what they had done, and asked for reinforcements. They had not seen any Boers, but there were deep valleys along the river which might conceal a couple of thousand horsemen. For the Boers had left Springfield Bridge standing when it would have been the easiest thing in the world to blow it up, so they might be

near. Again, the Boers had fortified the hill, and there was no reason why they should have abandoned it to the English without a shot being fired. The bridge might be a trap, the unguarded hills a bait. The troops passed a watchful night. In the morning the troops saw what the Boers had prepared for them, for the ground fell six hundred feet to the bottom of the valley. Down below twisted the Tugela, brown and wriggling along. A tongue of land lay between the river and a low line of hills, and here were the Boer lines. There was no difficulty in shelling the Boers out of their lines and passing the army on to the tongue of land, but to get off the tongue on to the smooth path that ran to Ladysmith it was necessary to force the tremendous Boer position above and enclosing the tongue. The possession of the heights where the English troops had not come gave them the bridge on the Tugela, but to get further they had to force the Boers who occupied the opposite hills in great numbers.

The English troops saw the trap they had been led into, and they asked what would Sir Redvers Buller do? Every one had confidence in General Buller, and they would wait till they heard from him. The move to Potgieter's had been talked about for a long time, so the General must know how to proceed now that the men who had come on the expedition were bottled up here. The Boers could be seen on the opposite hills; hundreds of their horses grazed in the plains beyond.

The newspaper man was with this expedition to Potgieter's. He looked at the hills and saw the Boers there. Then he turned and looked in the opposite direction. He saw far away what looked like a thin rope that was endless, winding in and out across the veldt. He looked through his field glass. The endless rope was ten or twelve miles of marching men and their baggage—English forces.

The two armies were coming close together. There would be a collision. Here was news for the paper. But nothing happened that

day, except the capture of Potgieter's Ferry. This was done by volunteers from the South African Light Horse. Six men jumped into the river and were protected by a covering party of twenty. The six men swam the Tugela which was at high flood and cut the ropes holding the ferry boat which they began to haul away. The Boers concealed in the opposite hills opened a sharp fire on the men, but did not hit any of them, and did not keep them from bringing the boat to the side occupied by the English. It was a dashing thing to do, and the South African Light Horse were proud of their men and gave them a cheer. The boat was gone, the Boers could do nothing. They had tried to trap the English troops, and this was all that had come of it so far. But more was to come. The next morning General Buller and his staff came. The men were delighted, for something would surely be done now. The newspaper man sharpened his pencils.

The General went to the big stone the men called the observatory, and lay down on his back and looked through his telescope for nearly an hour. Then he went to breakfast. On Thursday, January 11th, General Buller began his operations for facing the Tugela and going to the relief of Ladysmith.

Barton's Brigade entrenched itself at Chieveley to guard the line of railway communication. Hilyard's Brigade marched six miles to the west, to Pretorius's farm, where they were joined by Hart's Brigade from Frere, the cavalry, the naval guns and three batteries of field artillery. The infantry, with two batteries, encamped, forming Clery's division, and the mounted forces under Dundonald went forward to take the bridge across the Little Tugela at Springfield, which they found unoccupied, and pushed on and seized the heights overlooking Potgieter's Drift on the Tugela.

The next day Warren's division, made up of the brigades of Lyttelton and Woodgate, with three batteries, marched to Springfield and

camped there. On the 13th the mounted troops who held the heights above Potgieter's Drift were strengthened by the arrival of two battalions of Lyttleton's Brigade from Springfield. General Buller made his headquarters in this camp. On the 14th the rest of the brigade came up, and the same day Coke's Battery, one howitzer, and one field battery arrived at Springfield.

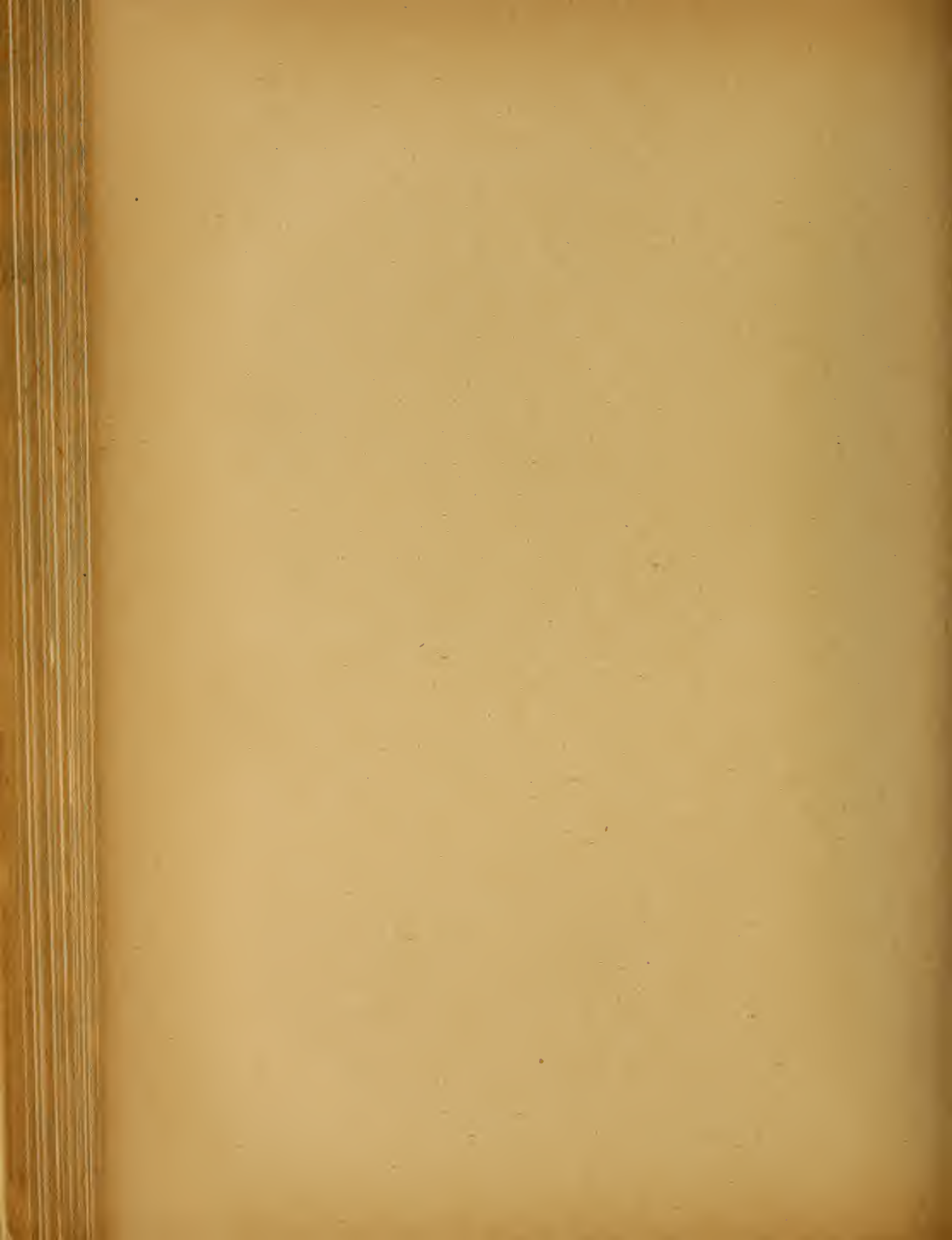
On the 15th Coke moved to the position before Potgieter's, and the naval guns were set on the heights which commanded the ford.

All this time the Boers made no sign, but kept on fortifying their horse shoe shaped position, and only picket firing disturbed the silence. The afternoon of the 16th, as the newspaper man was about to have lunch, he noticed a change in the appearance of the infantry camps. The men there were busily bustling about, the tents began to look baggy and then collapsed and folded away, and where they had reared their white sides the camping ground became a mass of brown moving soldier figures. Lyttleton's Brigade had received orders to march, but in what direction? In another hour the question of the newspaper man was answered. The men were to cross the river and seize the near kopjes, or hills, beyond Potgieter's Drift. In quick succession came orders for cavalry and guns to move, the entire force excepting Bethune's Mounted Infantry, to march at 5.30 in the afternoon, carrying five days' rations, and 150 rounds of cartridges to each man—tents, blankets, waterproof sheets, and everything else to be left behind.

One camp was to remain behind. This puzzled the newspaper man till an officer pointed out that this camp was in complete view of the Boers' outposts on Spion Kop, while the other camps were hidden by the hills. It was evident to the newspaper man that some deep scheme was in progress, and while the South African Light Horse were preparing for the march he rode up to Gun Hill to watch the seizing of the near kopjes on the tongue of land across the river.

The sailors were hauling their two big guns to the top of the hill, so as to go into action to support the infantry attack. Down below the four battalions went through the scrub towards the ferry. As they arrived at the edge of the open ground the columns separated into skirmishers. After awhile the first line of skirmishers, the men twenty paces apart, reached the captured ferry boat and the approaches to the Wagon Drift, and scrambled down to the edge of the river. A man jumped into the water and swam across, carrying a rope. Two or three other men jumped in and followed the first one. Then a long line of men with arms locked went into the river and got across and formed up under the shelter of the farthest off bank. All this time the Boers manned their trenches and their guns, and made no other sign.

While this had happened down by the river, the cavalry columns further back were starting. The men did not know their destination nor why they went, but they were excited for they knew that the time of action had come. Jokes were bandied; songs sung. Some of the men were laughing gleefully, and the newspaper man had his tablets in his hand, describing the scenery around him for the benefit of his editor, and fully realizing that in a little while, he knew not how soon, there would be more to describe, unless a Mauser bullet hit him and brought his correspondence to an end. And everything was moving.



CHAPTER XII.

Lord Buller's plan to storm Spion Kop—Preparing to cross the Tugela—Pontoon bridges—Lord Dundonald—Capture of Boers—English kind to their prisoners—The dying Boer boy—Check of Sir Redvers Buller—Boer force—English force—English killed and wounded—Battle of Spion Kop—Repulse of English—Comments in London.



LONG cloud of dust sprang up towards Springfield. Coke's Brigade went out of its camp, near Spearman's Hill, and wound its way down in the direction of Potgieter's Ferry. Eight naval 12-pounders, with little wheels and great long, thin barrels went along, each tied to the end of a wagon, each wagon drawn by twenty oxen. The Howitzer battery followed the brigade, its short fat pieces like so many enormous toads. As the shadows of night fell the cavalry column started. On every hand the men were marching through the darkness.

Having arranged his army within striking distance of the various passages across the Tugela, General Buller's next plan was to cross the river and debouch. With this end in view he appears to have had this idea—that Lyttelton's Brigade, the corps troops forming Cope's Brigade, the ten naval guns, the howitzer battery, a field battery and Bethune's mounted infantry should make a demonstration in front of Potgieter, keep the Boers that held the horse shoe in expectation that a frontal attack would be made, and so mask their main position. Sir Charles Warren was to march by night from Springfield with the bri-

gades of Woodgate, Hart and Hildyard, six batteries of artillery, the Royal Dragoons, and the pontoon train. He was to proceed to a point about five miles west of Spearman's Hill, and in front of Trichardt's Drift on the Tugela. Here he was expected to meet the mounted forces from Spearman's Hill, and with these troops he was, on the following day, to throw bridges across the river, force the passage, and at leisure and discretion operate against the right flank of the Boer's horse shoe before Potgieter's, resting on Spion Kop, which was a commanding mountain. Ultimately he would join hands with the frontal force from Spearman's Hill at a designated place on the Ladysmith road. In fact, seven battalions, twenty-two guns, and three hundred horses under Lyttelton were to mark the Potgieter position; twelve battalions, thirty-six guns and sixteen hundred horses were to cross five miles to the westward, and then to make a turn and move against the Boer's right. The Boer army was to be pushed back on Ladysmith by a powerful force, the pivot of which was at Potgieter's, a point at Trichardt's Drift, and the cavalry under Lord Dundonald would stretch out toward Acton Homes, in the direction of the Ladysmith Road.

That was the plan. The execution of it had modifications. Wonderful deliberation was the main feature of the whole thing. There was to be no haste or hurry in any wise whatsoever. If the Boers entrenched and fortified, then the troops must be prepared to carry the positions thus prepared. But at that time, no one could tell if this wonderfully prepared plan would carry or not. At all events, the army was moving.

After a couple of hours of easy marching the cavalry reached the hills opposite Trichardt's Drift, which was to be the place of rendezvous. Here they halted in the black night and waited. Slowly the minutes passed till an hour was gone. Then Sir Charles Warren and his staff arrived. The order was to move the cavalry out of the way, for

fifteen thousand men were marching along the road and would soon be there.

And then the army began to come, and it was pouring rain, and there were miles of men, artillery, ammunition, baggage, slaughter cattle, pontoons, Red Cross wagons, all coming out of the darkness of night, like mysterious ghosts which war had turned into agents of destruction. The night passed in discomfort. The morning broke and showed the whole force on the hills that overlooked the drift, and not a sound hinted at the beginning of an action.

The soldiers could not understand the delay. It was about eight o'clock that a patrol of the Imperial Light Horse, under Captain Bridges, found that only a few Boer scouts were moving within range on the opposite bank, and then the passage of the river began. Some of the brigades moved toward the drift and began to entrench themselves in the fields, batteries came from the heights and went into action, two pontoons were launched and a regiment began to cross in them, and the sappers started in to build bridges.

Then some Boers fired, and a soldier was killed. At that the batteries opened on the woods and kopjes across the river, shelling them rapidly, though not a Boer was in sight, and their smokeless powder hiding the direction from which the shots had come.

An hour later another brigade made its way to the water. The bridge was going up as if by magic, span after span of pontoons sprang out to support it, and in a little while it might be towed in position across the river.

Some of the infantry had been ferried across and were already scouring the woods on the opposite side. About eleven o'clock the bridge was finished and one of the brigades moved forward. When it was time for the cavalry to cross there was no room for them on the pontoon bridge. But some distance down the stream was a deep ford called the

Wagon Drift. The mounted men began to cross this, and because of its unevenness and the strong current of the river many went overboard and had a flounder in the wet, but there was no use taking such things into account, even though one man was drowned, for there was pressure behind, and they must get across. In the afternoon the sappers built another bridge across the river, and the artillery and other wheeled transports got along.

The rest of the day and through the night the night march across the river kept up, miles and miles of it.

There was little shelter, tents having been left behind, so the cavalry bivouacked within the infantry picket lines. The whole army waited to begin action. Morning came, but no firing, except that the front force at Potgieter's began its ordinary bombardment.

The artillery had not all crossed over, so there need be no hurry. But the infantry that day crept on about two miles nearer the Boers at Spion Kop. Then the mounted brigade was told to guard the infantry.

There were a good many halts and every one took his time. At two o'clock the cavalry formed lines of observation along the river.

Major Graham took a regiment and they went off like the wind toward the west—two hundred Boers had been reported as moving in that direction. After awhile came the sound of musketry a good way off. Far away, soon Boers could be seen behind a hill trying to get away from the firing. All at once one of them galloped away, the bullets of Graham's men kicking up the dust after him. Then straggling Boers could be seen crossing the plain to get back to their main position.

Then up rode an English adjutant to the British force and told that Graham's men had seen Boers moving toward the distant hills in order to guard the way of retreat by the Acton Homer road into the Free State. Graham's men galloped to cut them off and reached the hills before the Boers by five minutes, and got off their horses and waited. The Boer



CLEARING THE KOPES.

scouts came up and then the English let drive. The Boer column stopped short, then broke and made for cover, though some were on the ground dead or wounded. Others of the Boers hid among the kopjes and seemed to have an idea of holding out till dark. So the Adjutant had come for reinforcements to root out the hiders.

Lord Dundonald had come up. He said, "Go!" The mounted Infantry went along with a squadron of the South African Light Horse, then some of Thorneycroft's men, and then Dundonald himself.

The Boers continued to hold to the kopje. Round them curved the British riflemen firing all the time at the kopje. Many of the Boers ran out and fell. But the surrender was not then. A white flag went slowly up over the kopje, but neither party stopped firing, so there was evidently a quarrel among the Boers as to stopping or continuing the fight. Then the English riflemen proposed to try what bayonets would do. A section fell down on their faces and crawled toward the kopje. Then a terrific fire broke out from the kopje. Then the riflemen retired, on their faces, then rose to their feet and ran for shelter in a donga, or hollow place, which is often filled with water. They had been within fifty yards of the Boers when the fire became too hot for them, and they had lost two men. Then Dundonald appeared. A white flag was over the kopje. He ordered an immediate cessation of firing. In a few minutes three dark figures came from among the rocks holding up their hands as a sign of surrender. The English took twenty-four prisoners. Then they searched the ground and the result was the finding ten dead or dying men and some loose horses. The soldiers crowded around the wounded, and made them pillows out of saddles and gave them water and food. Then Captain Gough came up. He reported a Boer, a mere boy, dying, and very cold, and asked who had a blanket. And they tried to make the boy comfortable, and he looked at them with sick eyes, and turned his head away.

The Boer dead were collected and a flag of truce was sent to the 'Africanders' line to invite a burial of their dead. Under a rock, dead, lay the Field Cornet of Heilbron, M. de Mentz, a gray haired man. The Boer prisoners said de Mentz would not listen to a surrender, and when his leg was smashed by an English bullet he kept on loading and firing till he bled to death. Near him was an Africander boy shot through the heart. Not far away lay two dead English soldiers, their souls going up with those of the Africanders' to say, perhaps, that each side felt that their cause was just.

The English cavalry had had a brilliant success. They had captured twenty-four, killed ten and wounded eight. Besides, the Boers had retreated, taking the wounded near at hand with them. The face of the Boer boy who was covered with a blanket was directed toward his retreating people. His face was white and stern, his eyes wide open, as those he had been helping to defend went away with their crippled comrades. His hands were clasped together over the blanket, as though he prayed his people might get safely away from the English that had for many more years than he had lived harassed and despoiled them. But no prayer issued from between his lips, his eyes saw nothing of the figures growing smaller and smaller as they faded away in the distance. He was dead.

But Sir Redvers Buller met with another check in his efforts to relieve Ladysmith. His men had approached and attacked the Boer positions beyond the Tugela, and after fighting continuously for five days, it was found that those positions could not be pierced from the direction of Trichardt's Drift any easier than at Colenso. With a great loss of men, estimated at over 2000, it was deemed necessary to recross the river and try to find some other mode of attack.

When the Boers went into the war their force was 61,000, and it had dwindled considerably by this time. The English had 100,000, and

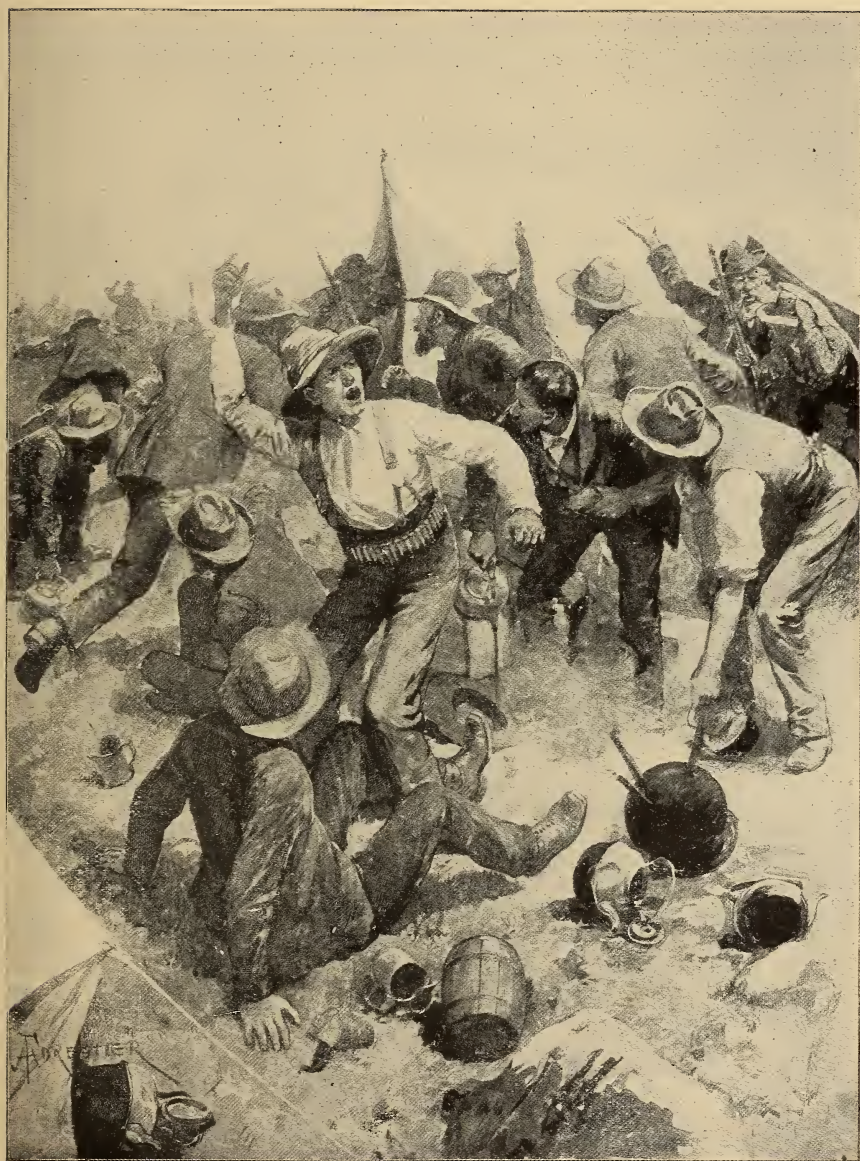
an equal number was about to be added, and their loss had been something over 6000. And still Ladysmith was besieged by the Boers, and the English could not dislodge them.

When General Buller had arrived at Potgieter's he found the Boers entrenched in a horse shoe shaped position, closing round and shutting the debouches from the ford where Buller secured a bridge head. Thereupon he masked Potgieter's with seven battalions and twenty-four guns and sent Warren and twelve battalions with thirty-six guns to turn the Boers' right which rested on the hill of Spion Kop. The Boers met this movement by extending their line along the heights of the valley of Tugela. By the 18th of January little had been done for the besieged town, though many brilliant successes had attended the English.

Warren, on the 20th of January, began his attack. General Woodgate and General Hart with their brigades pushed forward on the right, while the Lancashire and Irish regiments in spite of a heavy fire of artillery and rifles succeeded in effecting lodgments all along the edge of the plateau and captured some portions of the Boers' outer line of entrenchments. On the extreme left Dundonald's cavalry demonstrated successfully, calling off some of the Boers, while the South African Light Horse, under Colonel Byney took without artillery support a high hill, afterward called Bastian Hill, which lay between the Boers' right and centre. Major Childe, whose squadron performed this exploit, was killed by the shell fire of the Boers. In the evening, Hildyard's Brigade of infantry arrived and the cavalry handed over the hill to their charge in the morning. The losses that day were three hundred and fifty men and officers, with only a few killed. The action was renewed on the 21st, with Hart and Woodgate's brigades on the right making good and extending their lodgments. They captured all the Boer trenches on their first line of defence all along the edge of the plateau.

To the east of Bastion Hill there was a cut or opening between the right and centre of the Boers' position. The result of General Hildyard's action this day on the British left was to drive a wedge of infantry into this cleft and thus split the Boer position in two. But the great strength of the Boers' second line of defence disclosed itself. This line ran along the top of the plateau, which rose two thousand yards in grassy concave slopes which were like so much glass, indeed, to the musketry that tried to sweep it. It was tactfully arranged so as to command every approach.

All through January 21st the English artillery bombarded the Boer position without stopping, firing, as on the day before, nearly three thousand shells. They failed to put a stop to the Boer musketry or to clear the trenches. While to reach and conquer the Boer artillery which numbered seven or eight guns and two Maxim guns—the British had six field batteries and four Howitzers of tremendous power—was impossible. The losses in the action of the 20th were a hundred and thirty men and officers killed and wounded, and no contact took place. The troops held the positions they had gained through the 22d and 23d, and the infantry had to put up with a harrassing shell fire from the Boer guns which, while it caused a loss of only forty men on the 22d and twenty-five on the 23d, yet made their position anything but comfortable. There was no protection against this fire, and it was plain to be seen the troops could not endure it for too long. Nor was any good to be got by waiting and losing men, while the Boers could go on contentedly popping their guns without exposing themselves in the least. If their ammunition held out they might in this way annihilate the whole force of the English, and there was no reason to think their ammunition would fail. To the English council of war held on the 22d, three alternatives presented themselves. First, they might attack the second Boer position fronting along the crest, the attack to be made by moonlight. Of



"TO ARMS! THE BRITISH ARE COMING!"

course, this would mean great risk and equally great slaughter. Secondly, the English might again withdraw beyond the Tugela, and search in another place for a passage. Thirdly, they might make a night attack on Spion Kop, and enfilade and command the Boer entrenchments. Sir Redvers Buller disliked theatrical effects in warfare, and while it was not to the taste of a brave man, and miserable as it was to call off the infantry a second time after they had won positions, was in favor of the second course—to withdraw and look for some other mode of effecting a passage.

No votes were taken on the matter, and the discussion was informal, but the General yielded to pressure, and it was decided to attack Spion Kop by night, rush the Boer trenches with bayonets, take possession of the entrenchments while it was still dark, drag up guns and so control the Boer lines. The men cheered when they heard what was to be done—better go up to the cannon mouth fighting than stay below the entrenchments and be riddled by the musketry. Terrible danger was at hand, letters, perhaps last letters, were to be written home with the chances of those they were intended for some time getting them, but the men cheered and were happy.

General Woodgate had the command given to him, and Colonel Thorneycroft was entrusted with much of the arrangement of this night attack. But on the night of the 22d Thorneycroft declined to make the attack as the ground had not been reconnoitered and he felt that he was not sure of his way unless reconnoitering was had. So there was another day's shelling for the infantry on the 23d when good reconnoissances were made and all was ready.

The night was good, not too bright, and the men were in good condition and spirits. They were quiet, too, with the quietness of men with a great undertaking before them.

At one o'clock on the morning of January 21st, General Woodgate

started from camp with the Lancashire Fusiliers, the Royal Lancaster Regiment, two companies of the South Lancashires, and Thorneycroft's mounted infantry. It was dark, and the road uneven. Guided by Colonel Thorneycroft, the force successfully made its way up the southern spur of the mountain. They surprised the Boers guarding the entrenchments on the summit. Those on the plain below waited and listened. You remember in Custer's famous charge during our own Civil War how those below the mountain waited and listened, how the clouds obscured the top of the mountain, how they heard fighting going on up there, and saw the powder smoke, and how they knew nothing of how matters were going till suddenly out from the clouds and the powder smoke the flag that is now one for north and south alike rose up and spread out its folds in the rift that came in the greyness. So now these troops down in the plain of Tugela, in far off Africa, their friends up on Spion Kop, the dark night blinding the one from the other, waited and listened for a sign.

At three o'clock they heard a sudden loud burst of musketry. Then how the troops cheered, for they knew that the position had been carried. And carried it was, with little fighting, though ten soldiers were killed and wounded in the firing, and there were six Boers less through the instrumentality of British bayonets. Then the force set about fortifying itself. But the surface of the hill was badly suited for defence. It was impossible to dig owing to the rocks. So such cover as had been made by the Boers was taken into use and improved.

Morning broke, and with the morning came the attack. The Boers understood perfectly the importance of the position and they now concentrated every man and gun at their disposal in the trial for the recapture of their citadel on the mountain. They at once opened a terrible fire which was kept up and did sad work. General Woodgate was wounded. The command then devolved on a regimental officer, who

applied for reinforcements at half past six. Sir Redvers Buller knew the extremity of the situation and appointed Major Thorneycroft local Brigadier-General commanding on the summit of Spion Kop. The Imperial Light Infantry, the Middlesex Regiment and the Somersets were ordered to reinforce the defence, the Somersets being from General Talbot Coke's Brigade. General Coke was directed to stay below the summit of the hill. The Boers were equal to the reinforcements and used not only their shells but brought a rifle attack into play, and the firing was continuous, till at half-past eight the English were in a critical position. The English by that time had been driven almost completely from the main plateau and the Boers were in possession and re-occupied some of their trenches.

Then about twenty of the British in one of the trenches gave up hope, and threw up their hands and called aloud that they would surrender. But Colonel Thorneycroft, who was a very tall man, and whose figure made him conspicuous from early morning till dusk in the firing line, rushed up and protected the men. The Boers came up to take the prisoners. They were only thirty yards away, when Thorneycroft cried out, "I command here, and I allow no surrender. Go on with your firing."

And then a hell broke out—fusillade upon fusillade, bursting shells, thundering reports, white flashes of light, and shrieks of balls. Many Englishmen died under this terrible fire. The survivors with the rest of the firing line fled. They went a couple of hundred yards, when they were brought up by their brave commander, and then two companies of the Middlesex Regiment reinforcing them, they charged back and recovered their lost ground, routing the Boers. They kept their regained position till night.

A great stream of wounded soldiers went to the rear, the ambulance wagons in throngs drew up at the foot of the mountain. The killed and

wounded strewed the ground that was red with their spilled blood. The soldiers were wild with thirst, they had not had time to drink, every moment had been taken up with fighting.

And yet the Boer defence was stubborn and magnificent, nothing could weaken it, and bravely they stood their ground and as bravely were they combatted. Give in? It was not in them to give in. They were there to fight, they had given their word for it, President Kruger expected them to fight, and fight they would, on their own ground, for their own possessions. President Steyn was all very well, but Kruger was Kruger; after all, Free States or Transvaal, Kruger was the man.

Lyttelton sent the 3d King's Royal Rifles from Potgieter's to the assistance of the English. And they made a fine attack, but they did not help the main action, and the artillery could not find or reach the Boers' guns. The shelling and rifle fire never stopped, but kept up without a moment's cessation. And in spite of it all, in spite of weariness and thirst and wounds, the night came down in sombre shadows, and the British infantry still held possession of the hill.

But it was clear that something else must be done—unless the troops could have protection through the night, and the guns taken to the top of the hill to oppose those of the Boers, the infantry would not be able to hold out another day. And could the guns be brought up the hill? And if they were there, could the troops maintain their position? Some of the officers said no, that even were they to get to the top of the hill they would be shot out of action. Two guns much heavier than the fieldguns had arrived; they were long range, naval twelve-pounders. They were in charge of a naval lieutenant who said he could go anywhere, at least he could try. He also said that once he got on the top of that hill he would knock out the Boer guns or else be knocked out by them, and he was quite willing to find out which way it would be. The two incidents are mentioned by the correspondent, now army offi-

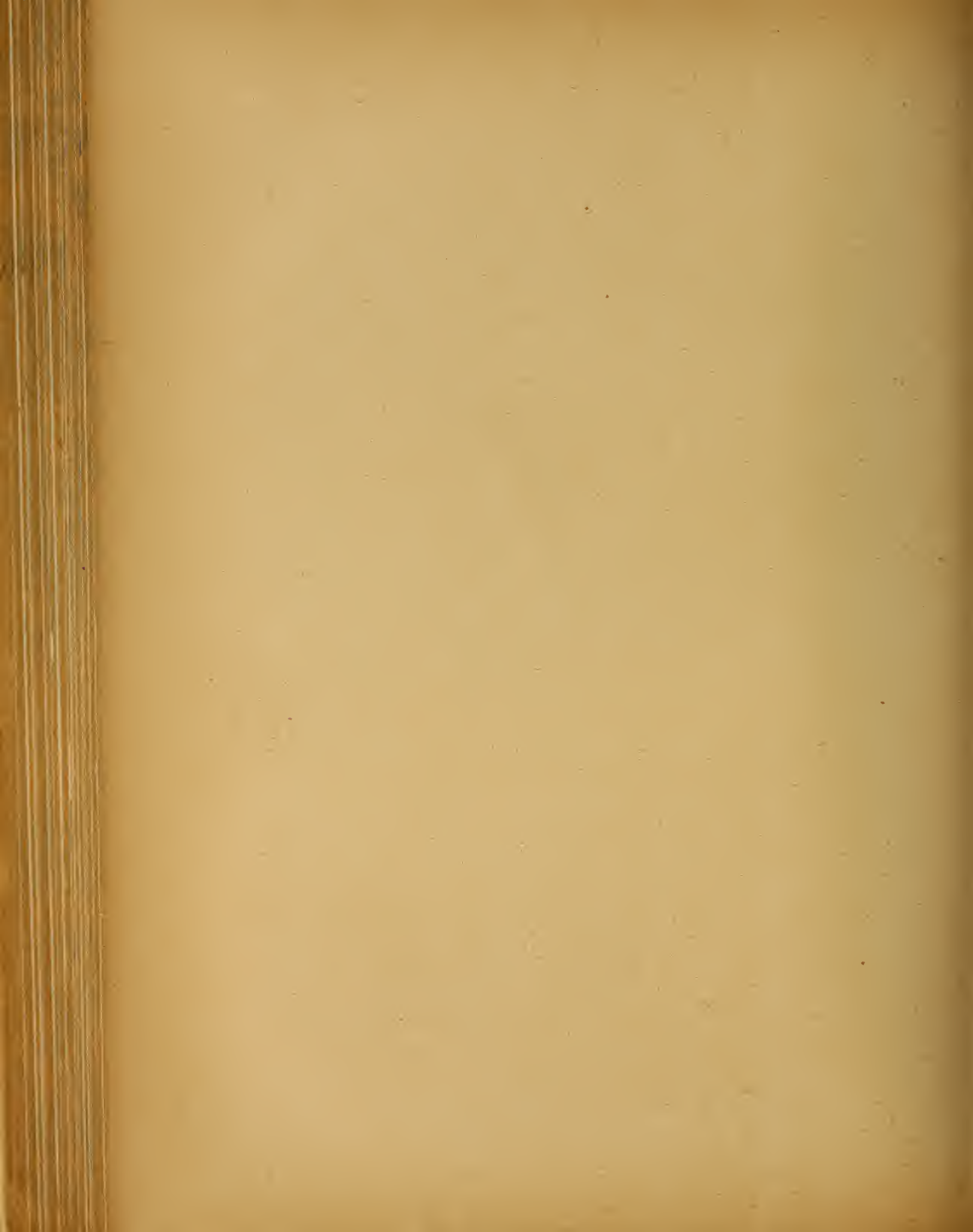
cer, Winston Churchill, in his book, to show the contrast in spirit between the officers who deprecated the trying for the hill top, and the naval lieutenant who was willing to try.

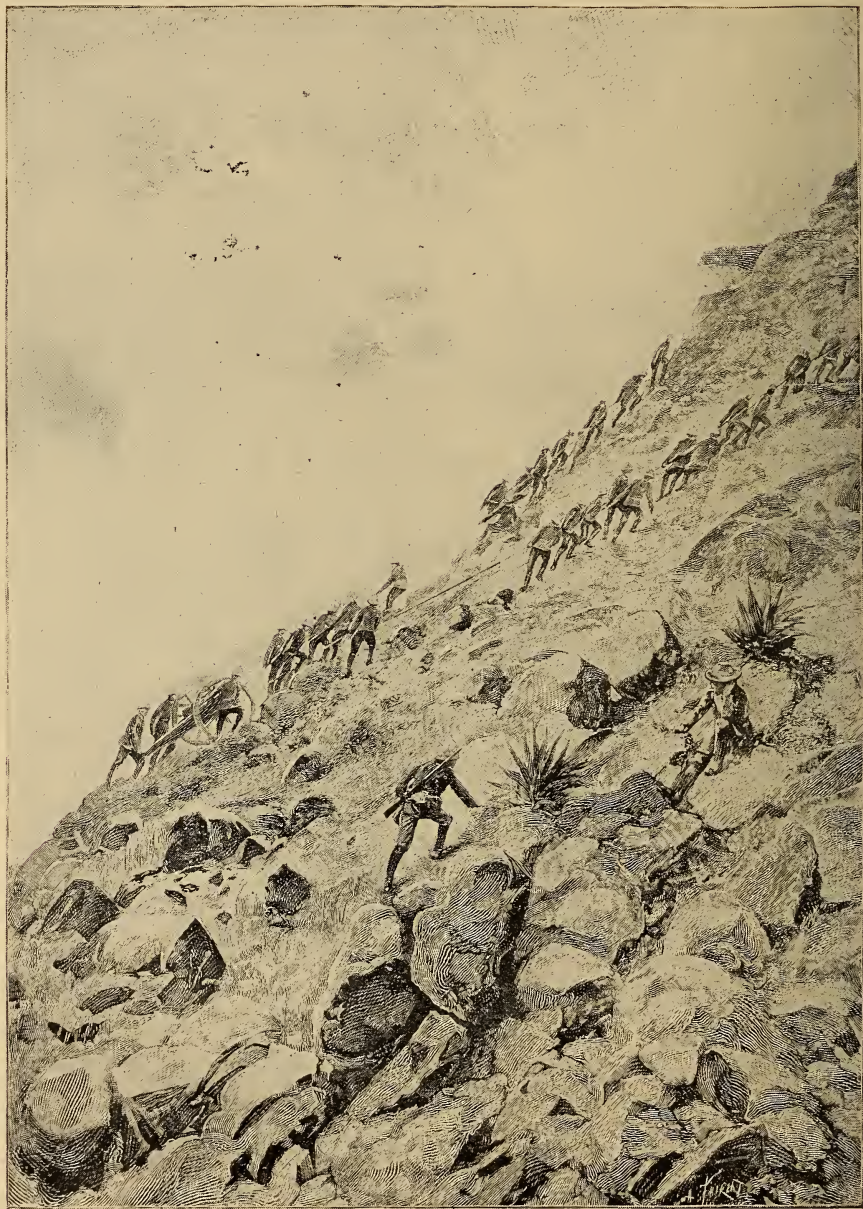
Other informal councils of war was held, but little came from them, and the fifth of the series of actions called the Battle of Spion Kop came to an end. In London bitter comments were made on the failure, as they called it. In times of war every success is hailed as an evidence of good generalship and tact, while so-called failures are said to be the outcome of stupidity and faulty regulations and blindness. People engaged in a war expect impossibilities, and one defeat often depreciates valiant and tired officers in the minds of the general public, while a chance victory will make him who achieved it an idol in the popular eye. It was so in the case of Spion Kop. The generals engaged in it were brave, capable men, and they tried their best to carry through a plan which was one of the most difficult, and Ladysmith was not yet relieved.

These actions for the liberation of the plucky people in the beleaguered town were carefully watched in all parts of the world. There had rarely been seen such obduracy and stubborn tenacity as was exhibited by the Boers, who as a people, are unused to obeying orders, because of their free life, but who now were heeding Cronje and the other commanders with the utmost attention to the smallest detail; though in all likelihood, so little used were they to giving up an undertaking which they had begun, they would have held together in this determination to keep the English off if there had been no commanders at all. Opposed to them was an English force who had made up their minds that Ladysmith should be opened to those hemmed within while a victorious army was to take possession of it and end a war that had held out only too long and been accountable for losses which might never be made up. It was irritating to think how small the Boer force was, and that in spite of its smallness one of the greatest armies ever gathered

together could not annihilate or dislodge it. The Boers were not a military people, their standing army was a farce, their parliamentary councils were childish in their simplicity. And yet this army of farmers and peasants could withstand assaults conceived by the most strategic minds and conducted by military officers famed for their ability. Of course the Boers had the advantage of position, which was a good deal, but this position must in time give way, though the failure to effect this up to now caused many a frown in proud and valiant faces. For while it was no shame or evidence of lack of ability for the English to be repulsed in so many attempts to reach the town they had in their eyes, yet the fact of the ignorant Boers holding out against intelligence and knowledge was not pleasant to think of. The Boers were brave, though, and it was something to fight a brave foe. The youngest stripling in their army was as firm in his resolution to hold out as was Kruger, the indomitable one, the crafty, strong old man who held his people by some magnetic influence he possessed, some hypnotism he exercised. The magnetic influence and hypnotism might have been that the old man was one of the people, a rich man, a very rich man, but a peasant for all that, a king and a president, but a man of the people all the same, and selected by that people as chief representative of a country he had helped by his ability to raise till it had become a nation known and respected, and whose trade was solicited by the strongest governments of the world. And the Boers believed that Ladysmith gone and the English in possession, their country would be theirs no longer. For they knew the English, they had experienced their methods before this, and while British rule seemed impossible to keep out, yet they would resist till the last, "down to the last man," for it was better to die in a righteous cause than to live as a slave, seeing their great country in the possession of a foreign power, and that power as unfriendly to their ways and methods as it well could be. Mafeking, too, must go away from them, and with

that and Ladysmith relieved the South African Republic would exist no longer; there would be no President Kruger, no simple form of government; all that would be changed. There would be English rule, the strange mixed up ways of politics, with its Chamberlains and Rhodeses, its veiled intentions, its polite phrases which had insults back of them, and all the other paraphernalia that went to make up the arrogant, deceitful thing known as English management. So the Boers would hold out, and when the end came they would at least have the satisfaction of feeling that they had done all they could to make the English pay dearly for their bargain.





HAULING GUNS UP COLE'S KOP.

CHAPTER XIII.

Censorship of news—English newspaper opinions—Dissatisfaction of army—General Buller encourages the men—Church in camp—A poor sermon—Boer talk of Boers—Reinforcements for Buller—Move to be made—Plan of attack.



N England the news was scarce enough; what with censorships and interrupted telegraphic communications the people felt that they did not know. As in our war with Spain, much of our news from Manila and other points had to reach us by first going to China, the English people realized that the intelligence they received had first passed through other hands, and was delayed, often deceptive and false. Enough was known to make the delayed possession of Mafeking and Ladysmith a subject of conjecture. Why were they not taken? Enough troops had been sent, the best and bravest of the land had gone to Africa, the officers most learned in strategy and resource were there—officers who had earned laurels in India, and the like—and yet nothing was done. Newspapers began to sneer, then grow bitter; the war had cost much, both in lives and money; over in the States a lesson had been taught to Spain and the war brought to a speedy termination. Spain was surely stronger than South Africa, and yet the Yankees had dealt roundly with it with a land and sea force in no way to be compared with the strength of the forces of Great Britain. Something was wrong, the English had gone pell-mell into engagements, they had relied on force of numbers alone, they were so used to being a terror to wrong doers that they imagined their mere presence would quell disturbers of their peace; if

Joe Chamberlain wanted a war let him fight it in another way and not by coercing Cecil Rhodes in his nefarious plans. Cecil Rhodes had brought about the standing disgrace of Majuba Hill, the preposterous raid of Jameson also lay at his door. Old President Kruger knew what he was about, he was no fool, he bided his time as usual and would not come out second best. How he and Steyn must be laughing at the English, as Cecil Rhodes laughed at the Boers when he declared that Kimberley was as safe to live in as the most crowded street of Pall Mall. And where was Cecil Rhodes now?

There were papers in the United States that spoke like this when we went out against the Spanish. There will be papers to speak like this till the last war has been fought, and then they will criticise universal peace and condemn as cowardly the love of man for man.

But those who had lost most perhaps said least. In many a home a vacant chair told of the absence of one who would never return again, and doubtless those who remembered and mourned a hero did not call the army repulsed time and again at Ladysmith an army of bunglers and raw recruits, nor did they see in the commanders a parcel of old or vain men fighting on obsolete lines or making a picnic of the war.

The women, many of them in new black and with eyes in which were shadows of new grief, did their part. If the Boer women said they were ready to go to war if it were necessary, the English women far away did what they could. What a woman can do is to make comfortable things for the absent soldiers, to hold bazaars in aid of some scheme for the amelioration of the condition of the troops, get up concerts for the Red Cross Society, and all that. And above all, they could pray for them. In times of war the churches are crowded with worshippers, the god of battles must be invoked in aid of the loved ones in the fray. In London the churches saw women crowding into them, in South Africa the plain farmer's wife and daughters were also kneeling. And while

they knelt and while they prayed, maybe in some far off field lay those they prayed for with sightless eyes turned up to the burning African skies.

But the army was up and doing. After the failure of the five days of Spion Kop, worn out and not any too happy, the soldiers crept under the wagons to get out of the rain that was falling, and slept.

Gloomily they awoke on the morning of January 25th. The evacuation of Spion Kop had taken place the night before, and very likely all efforts would be abandoned as to turning the Boer left from the Tugela passage at Trichardt's Drift. When the order came that baggage was to be sent immediately and east of Venter's Spruit, the troops knew that their forebodings had been correct, they were to leave the Boers in possession. The troops were to turn out in half an hour. Of course this meant a general retreat.

General Buller meant to withdraw the men as a preliminary to trying to disengage the fighting brigades, and retiring across the river.

So it was Buller! In the hour of misfortune the Commander-in-Chief had come to take the responsibility for what had happened, and to try to extricate the army from its position of peril, and to encourage the soldiers who had been defeated, though not beaten.

The army was as dissatisfied as much as some of the onlookers at home. The men felt that many of their numbers had been sacrificed for nothing. Failure had puzzled and disappointed them, they could not understand. Not a thousand yards apart were some of the opposing lines. If the English retired, the Boers would be in command of the place and could assail them at every point. Back of them flowed the Tugela, a river that was deep and rapid, and which could be forded only in a few places—a stream eight-five yards wide, with steep precipitous banks. And now everything was to be changed, everything given up, and a general retreat to take place!

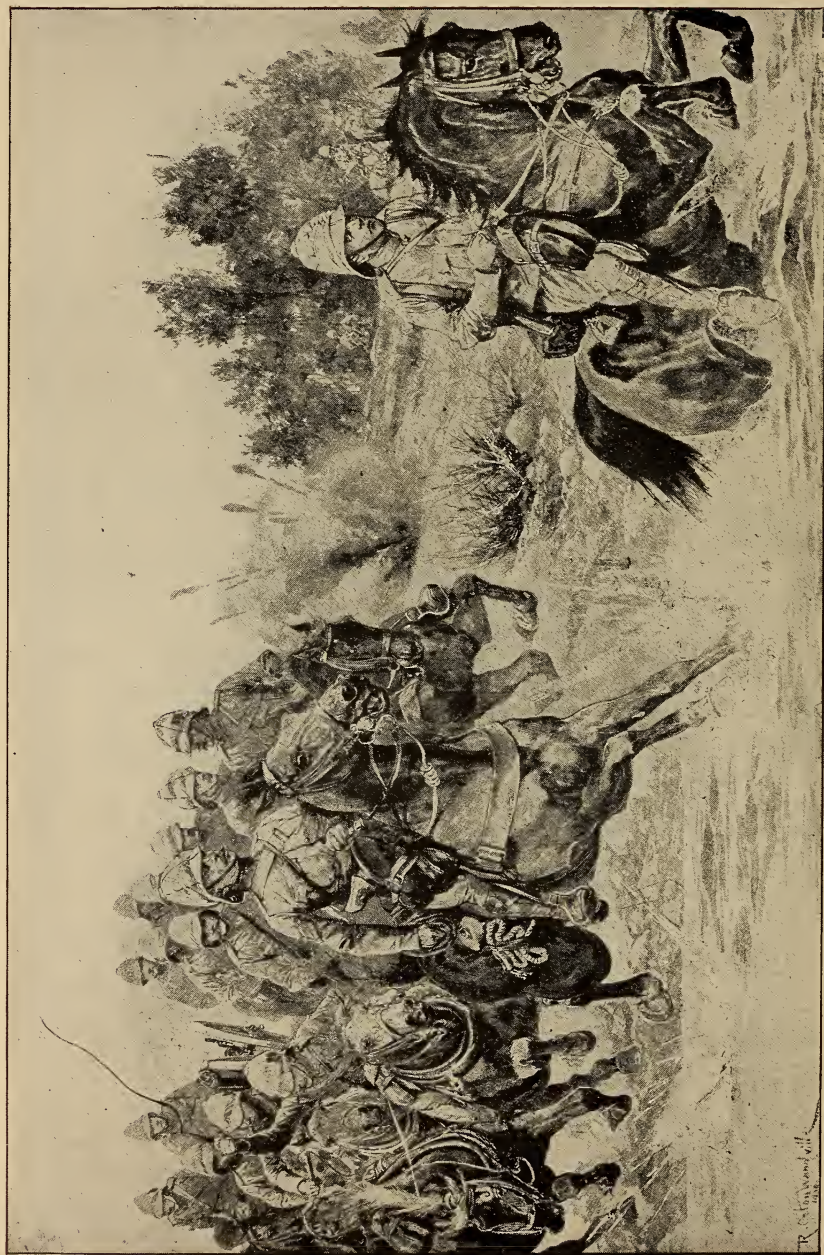
General Buller arrived on the field calm and cheerful. He rode about with his tired staff, and gave orders right and left, and the troops crossed the river safely and in good order, firing going on by the Boers, and not an English soldier lost. The troops waited for two days while the immense line of wagons trailed back over the bridges.

On the night of the 26th the retreat began. The rain was coming down, it was pitch dark, the ground was in ruts, and the enemy was close at hand. But the retreat was finely managed, and performed with ease. At 10 o'clock the cavalry and guns had crossed, by daylight the army was on the southern bank. The sappers set about taking the pontoon bridges apart. The Boers were firing shell, they must have been astonished at the quickness of every thing and may have smiled. But they fired shell all the same.

The English force made a camp behind Spearman's Hill. Here they waited a week, none too happily. The General was sorry for the men, and he had much to think of besides. He addressed the troops. He told them that they would soon be in Ladysmith. The men cheered and brightened considerably; they all believed in Buller.

There had been sixteen hundred killed and wounded in the late actions. Twenty-four hundred men arrived to replace them. In this way the army was a thousand stronger than it had been when it attacked the Boers, while the Boers were at least five hundred weaker than they had been before the engagements. The troops were in good condition, rations were plentiful. Besides, they had been re-inforced. And now they were ready for the great effort when they must reach Ladysmith, or else be flung back beaten indeed, and with a loss of thousands of men—for it was now to do or die. And so they waited.

Winston Spencer Churchill, son of Lady Randolph Churchill, was of this force, and did good service in the various engagements as he did before that as correspondent for a great English paper. Let him speak



FORWARD TO PRETORIA! HORSE ARTILLERY OF FRENCH'S DIVISION.

of the Sunday after the retreat: "It is a solemn Sunday, and the camp with its white tents looking snug and peaceful in the sunlight, holds its breath that the beating of its heart may not be heard. On such a day as this the services of religion would appeal with a passionate force to thousands. I attended a church parade this morning. What a chance this was for a man of great soul who feared God! On every side were drawn up deep masses of soldiery, rank behind rank—perhaps, in all, five thousand. In the hollow square stood the General, the man on whom everything depended. All around were men who within the week had been face to face with death, and were going to face him again in a few hours." (The army expected to go forward the next day). "Life seemed very precious, in spite of the sunlit landscape. What was it all for? What was the good of human effort? How should it befall a man who died in a quarrel he did not understand? All the anxious questionings of weak spirits. It was one of those occasions when a fine preacher might have given comfort and strength where both were sorely needed, and have printed on many minds a permanent impression. The bridegroom opportunity had come. But the church had her lamp untrimmed. A chaplain with a raucous voice discoursed on the details of 'The siege and surrender of Jericho.' The soldiers froze into apathy, and after awhile the formal perfunctory service reached its welcome conclusion. As I marched home an officer said to me: 'Why is it, when the church spends so much on missionary work among the heathens, she does not take the trouble to send good men to preach in time of war? The medical profession is represented by some of its greatest exponents. Why are men's wounded souls left to the care of a village practitioner?' Nor could I answer; but I remembered the venerable figure and noble character of Father Brindle in the River War, and wondered whether Rome was after seizing the opportunity which Canterbury disdained—the opportunity of telling the glad tidings to soldiers

about to die." But there were other ministers preaching at that same moment and they seized the opportunity of "telling the glad tidings to men about to die."

And in London and throughout England the pulpits were eloquent with enthusiasm, and extolled the brave officers and the equally brave "Tommy Atkins" over there in South Africa. And when this praise and laudation had expended itself and other feeling came, many an earnest man looking down at his congregation and seeing the up-raised eyes there, the mute questionings and askings, forgot all about the glories of war and turned to the God of Peace, telling nothing about "the siege and surrender of Jericho," with all the tiresome details of horns that blew and walls that fell, and feeling his heart beating under his robe he spoke in pity and compassion of the soldiers, and asked that heaven would turn the hearts of the troops to a thought of the greatest of Commanders, the One who had His battles and His defeats, to gain at last a triumph when He stood with outspread hands that bore the mark of nails and said, "Come unto me!" And in the camps of the Boers, that same Sunday, rugged men, without too much learning by book, took out their Bibles—the same book of the Englishman—and there, too, read the story of the great Commander in whose army they had enlisted, a greater Ruler than Kruger, a greater General than Cronje, and they, too, read the story of Life. Then their hoarse voices took up the burden, and they sang their hymns that pleaded for mercy, while in the kingdom of England, the voices of those in sympathy with the English army sang of the same mercy.

But they were sons of thunder while a foreign foe opposed them. Their strength as a fighting force had been proved before this. In the face of recent deeds the world knew if they were soldiers or not. They had little of the training such as the English enjoyed, and which training should have made a British regiment equal to ten times that number of

Boer regiments, if the opinion of military experts was worth anything. But had such been the case? The Boer was called stubborn and cunning, while his skill with the rifle was acknowledged by his foe. But that same foe said it was little short of miraculous that with his military weaknesses the Boer should have done as he had done in the war. The weakness of the Boer was said to be lack of discipline. Yes, that was it, lack of discipline. What was discipline worth, when it took ten disciplined Englishmen to conquer one Boer? Then, too, the English said the Boer's political life and his social life were a puzzle. If the Boer in private life be a puzzle, what was he in war? The Boer hates war, detests it, loathes it; he is for peace, for farming, for care of his herds and flocks; he has to be driven to fight. He will endure anything rather than fight, as the English knew very well. That is, anything up to a certain point—the tampering with his independence. The Boer had never once commenced hostilities in this war, let the liars say what they would. There was not one of them that did not daily pray for peace, the Commandant-General, the President, every one. Every one of them was heartily sick of laager—fortified camp—life. He longed for the simple enjoyment of his home, but, also, to enjoy that peace in liberty. Every Boer had a sort of contempt for himself as a fightingman—fighting is wrong when it can be prevented. When it can't, then go ahead; only, the Bible says there shall not be any useless killing, and so they had no organized military, as the term is used by the English, who were beautiful in their tactics and the way they held themselves, and their straightness and dressy looks. Dress? Bah, dress did not make the soldier, though the English were brave, too, which was a puzzle of another kind—how could men all spick and span, holding themselves all alike, attending to every petty detail of organized movement, fight so well? Give it up. Every five years the Boers elected a Commandant-General, who was selected for social reasons as well as for reasons military. Each

district has a field cornet, who was magistrate during peace, military man in war. But the commandants could not control their men; the men could do pretty much as they pleased, and thanks to nobody. For the Boer did not like people over him, he had as much right as anybody else; let him alone and things will come out all right. Again, superior officers must not order them to fight; if the Boers feel like fighting, they will fight; if they don't, they won't—you must not bully. The generals must be careful how they order Boers around, or there won't be too much certainty that the generals will be obeyed. Court martial? Laughable idea—why the man who suggested such a thing would be shot, not the other man. The Boer fought to accommodate the Republic, but you musn't tell him to fight your way; he will fight his own way, or else he will go home. Can't run an army that way? Well, the army has been run that way, and the English haven't done much to hurt it. Every Boer was a soldier when it was necessary to be a soldier, and he did not cost this government too much; he took his own horse and provisions for a week. Of course if he did not go to war when it was necessary to have men for fighting purposes he could be held to account. When Bloemfontein fell into the hands of the English were new men scarce? At Pretoria the field cornet requested two hundred and odd men to come to his office on a certain day. A number of them came, fifty. The field cornet said very little, he went around among the farmers, and as he was a pleasant man, other of the two hundred and odd came to his office, he was so pleasant about it. But the Boer did not care about fighting, he was not one to pick a quarrel; his religion forbade it; his Dutch blood told him it was not good to be quick in anger. In war there was sure to be loss of life, and to take life is sinful. If you attacked soldiers on the other side, that led to fighting, loss of life, sin; so an attack by the Boers would be wrong. But cowardice? That was not cowardice. There may be cowards, cowards all over the world, even

among the English. And how about the fighting around Ladysmith and along the Tugela? Was the Boer a coward there? Why, General Joubert never had more than seven thousand men, and how many had the English? Only a few hundred men were on Spion Kop. More men called for would have destroyed all the English. Were there more than six hundred Boers to take the English trenches and get a foothold on the Kop? And a third of them were lost, killed, wounded, taken prisoners. Others had been ordered to move with these, but they refused. At Nicholson's Nek, General Botha saw that the rout of the English left open the way to Ladysmith, and Botha wanted to follow up his success. But he could not get a big force to pursue the English, so General Joubert ordered a retirement when he might have had a victory. Too bad, wasn't it? Another puzzle. But Joubert knew his men, and he did not dare go too far in ordering them about. All through the war there had been times when the British force was upset and retreated, and instead of following them, the Boers only retired. At the first battle of Colenso was General Botha in fault? By no means. He wanted a strong division to cross the Tugela and fall upon the rear of the English, but the burghers did not feel like going, so they did not go. Yes, the Boers were way behind in numbers as compared with the English; they had not much artillery, there was no commissary department—the English have all the Boers have not, but what then? General Botha tore his hair and swore like a young sinner that day he wanted to defend ten miles of river front and the burghers would not go. And yet the English Sir Charles Warren got it bad at Spion Kop. The few Boers who did this were tired out and could not go after the enemy. But General Botha had ordered a new thousand men to take the flank of the retiring English and posted five Krupp guns to shell the pontoons. This would have played the mischief with the English, but at the last moment General Joubert ordered that the guns should not fire and held

back the thousand men, for General Joubert was a peaceful man, he was a lovely man, a patriot. The English will say his heart ought to have been harder. Would he have been a better Christian for that? If General Joubert takes care of the life of every soldier under him, he also thinks of the lives of his enemies. Did you ever hear how sorry he was to hear of the heavy losses of the British? Yes, that was General Joubert, as we Boers know him. That is like all the Boers, they don't like to see loss of life. But the Boers can fight, can't they? Why, never once, except at Paardeberg, have there been more than two thousand in any one engagement; more often there have been a few hundred. And what was that story the Boers heard about their operations being directed by European and American officers? Bosh! A few European officers, and one American were with them, and others would come if wanted, but how would their directions be carried out? The Boers obey their own officers only when they feel like it, and how much less they would obey foreigners. The Boers were not soldiers, they did not pretend to be; the excitement of battle did not attract them, and if they gain a victory there was not much to be proud about. The Boer lazy? Yes, that may be it—the Boer was lazy, maybe too lazy to fight, maybe so lazy he will sleep on sentry duty. Maybe it was the climate. And yet—well, look at the Boer generals if you want to see men that are not lazy. Paul Kruger, for instance, or General Joubert, or General Cronje. General Botha? Yes, he is one of the not lazy ones, but he is only thirty-six, a boy. No, it was not the Boer of the veldt that had done the best fighting in the war. It was the young men, the boys, from the towns where they had mixed so much with foreigners they had grown like them and liked excitement more and maybe their Bibles not so much. They were rash, and were being killed off at a great rate in consequence. After awhile all the youngsters would die of their rashness, and only we prudent burghers would be left. That was the lookout of

the youngsters; they refused to take advice like their elders—as it was the lookout of the foreigners in the towns so feverish and active that the youngsters caught their ideas like a disease. And the military experts say it is queer that the Boers did not occupy Kimberley and Mafeking by assault when it would have been easy for them to do so and with scarcely any loss. Not the fault of the generals. Lots of orders came from Pretoria to assault Kimberley and Mafeking, but the Boers did not feel like doing it. And now you know more about the Boers than you did when you first came, don't you? Thus speaks a Boer in Pretoria about the time of the retreat of the British from Spion Kop, the first week in February, 1900.

The British had all crossed the river. That Sunday came when they attended divine service and expected that next day they would make another move. That next day came, and no move was made. Nor the next day. Ten days passed peacefully after the retreat from the positions beyond Trichardt's Drift, and the question asked by the troops was, "When?"

Then there arrived to strengthen Sir Redvers Buller's force a battery of Horse Artillery, two powerful seige guns, two squadrons of the 14th Hussars and drafts for the Infantry battalions, in all, 2,400 men. In this way the loss of the 1,600 men in the five days of fighting around Spion Kop was made good, but a thousand men strengthened the army till it was that much more than it had been before the repulse. The commissariat was attended to, and there were now plenty of meat and vegetables for the troops. And then came the declaration that General Buller had discovered the key to the enemy's position, and he promised that within a week Ladysmith should be relieved. At last, at last poor Ladysmith would be rescued. Nobody doubted it now; something seemed to tell them the time for doubting was past. There would be no repulse any more, they were going on to the rescue of the garrison.

Report said that the garrison in the beleaguered town was reduced to famine, and disease was there to an alarming degree. Surely the enemy's line must be broken and that gallant garrison relieved. In spite of all that had gone before, the men had full confidence in General Buller, and the thought that he would direct the operations in person gave the greatest satisfaction. With Buller at the head, with knowledge gained by former defeat, what was to stop them? Surely not those few Boers, those straggled, bearded, lazy farmers, those strips of boys from the towns who knew nothing about military manoeuvres and were deceived by the feeblest demonstration. Though it were as well to be careful, too, for those burghers and boys seemed remarkably able to take care of themselves, and in spite of lack of discipline came out ahead in many of the games of war that had been played. But all that was now to be changed and the "Tommies" would show that they could do something after all. On the afternoon of February 4th, the principal officers were informed of the outlines of the plans General Buller had decided should be followed. The scheme in general was to take possession of the hills forming the left of the Boers' position and turn the enemy over from the left to the right. The Boers, as usual, careless, were massed in their central camp behind Spion Kop. As no demonstration was to be made against the position to the front of Trichardt's Drift their entire force would be occupying the curve of the horseshoe and taking care of the right flank. The officers voted that the details of the plan were admirable. The men knew nothing of the details, but many of them had his own ideas, though, unlike the Boers, their own ideas counted for nothing with them when their officers commanded, and they only hoped that such command might soon be exacted from them, for they were now in good condition and anxious to go into the fray. They knew, though, that there was to be a demonstration.

This demonstration was to be made by Wynne's (formerly Wood-

gate's) Brigade. It was to be supported by six batteries of artillery, the Howitzer battery, and the two naval guns. These troops, using the poonton bridge at Potgieter's crossed over on the 3d and 4th, and relieved Lyttelton's Brigade which had been occupying the advanced position on the low Kopjes.

At the angle of the river a mile below Potgieter's a new pontoon bridge had been thrown over the river, the purpose being to use it in support of the frontal attack.

While Wynne's advance and the artillery advance against Brakfontein were going on, Clery's Division (which consisted of Hildyard's and Hart's Brigades), and Lyttelton's Brigade were to mass close to the new pontoon bridge, as though for the purpose of supporting the frontal movement.

When the bombardment should have progressed for two hours, these three brigades were to move. There were not to go towards the Brakfontein position, however, but eastward, there to throw over a pontoon bridge covered by a battery of field artillery taken from the demonstration for that purpose, and secondly by the guns which had been hauled to the top of Swart Kop, a battery of fourteen pieces—six 12-pounder, long range naval guns, two 15-pounder guns, six 9-pounder mountain guns, and two 50-pounder seige guns.

As soon as the new bridge was built, Lyttelton's Brigade was to cross and then attack the Vaal Krantz bridge, forming the left of the horse shoe curve around Potgieter's.

The attack at this point was to be protected by the guns already spoken of on the top of Swart Kop, and six artillery batteries which were to withdraw from the demonstration one by one, ten minutes between each withdrawal, cross pontoon bridge number two and take up new positions opposite the Vaal Krantz ridge.

If the Vaal Krantz was captured, the six batteries were to cross the

number three pontoon bridge and take up positions on the hill from which positions they could make preparation and support the further advance of Clery's Division, which when it had crossed was to move past Vaal Krantz, round to the left, and attack the Brakfontein position from its left flank. Other batteries would also cross, guarding or held in reserve. In fact scope was given to the whole force, and to all who heard it, the plan seemed good and clear. Everything was preparation now, orderly preparation and effective. While the Boers on the mountain seemed to be doing nothing, knowing they had done all they intended to do and ten chances to one nothing of any importance to them would happen from all that pother of the British. Their scouts reported the immense force of the English. They smiled, the English always required an immense force to do any thing, forever getting into one another's way. The English always had to have a lot of help, some of those young dandies in the army having men servants to comb their hair and shave them and to brush their uniforms. The Boers had no men servants to comb their hair and shave them for the simple reason that their hair was not combed and their beards never shaved. As for having a paid man to brush your coat, your coat did very well without brushing, for it was for protection, not beauty. And so these English were going to try it again? Well, let them come; things were as they had found them before and very likely as they should find them at some future trials. But the younger Boers, those from the towns, who combed their hair and admired a coat that was brushed, looked at the stolid burghers and wondered if now and then they might not be mistaken.

CHAPTER XIV.

Troops moving—Boer gunning—"Long Tom"—In Ladysmith—Prices of commodities and things used for food—Hopes set on Buller—Orders to retire—Opinions as to defense and assault—Another trial—Another hope—Hussar Hill—Orders for a general advance—A gain—Americans with the troops—Monte Cristo in the possession of the English—Ladysmith eight miles away.



ON Sunday afternoon the infantry brigades began to move to their positions. The cavalry division broke camp behind Spearman's Hill at daybreak on the 5th. About 7 o'clock the bombardment of the Brakfontein position began and a few minutes later all the artillery guns with the exception of the guns on Swartkop were firing at the Boer redoubts and entrenchments in a cool and leisurely manner. At the same time Wynne's Brigade moved forward, and the cavalry massed close to the infantry brigades near the second pontoon bridge. The firing went on steadily.

The Boers made no reply at first, but after about three hours of the British fire they took a hand. They opened with their Vickers-Maxim gun and had the batteries on the Potgieter's plain for a target. Then the firing increased, until soon a duel was on hand, sharp, fierce.

The Boer guns sent shells all along the line of advanced English batteries. The shells burst between the guns and threw up great fountains of dust and smoke. The gunners could not be seen for the grimy clouds that sprang from the earth and covered them. Shrapnel shells also took part in the matter and the dusty plain was torn and ripped by their missiles.

The Englishmen kept up their work bravely. They apparently made little impression on the Boer guns, but they did not suffer very badly, the loss in officers and men being small. Every ten minutes the batteries withdrew and filed in fine order across the second pontoon bridge. Wynne's brigade had advanced and were within twelve hundred yards of the Brakfontein position. This drew on them the Boer fire. The three brigades under Clery were to the right. The cavalry were in the hollows down at the foot of Swartkop. The third pontoon bridge was finished, the engineers while at their work being the mark of Boer skirmishers, while a Maxim gun also took them into consideration.

And now opposite Vaal Krantz the six English batteries and the howitzers and seventy guns began shelling. Boer guns opened from Doomkloop, on the right, and took an active part. There came thundering crashes of cannonading and the garrison in Ladysmith wondered what it all meant, and if anything unusual were happening.

At noon a part of Lyttelton's brigade crossed the third pontoon bridge to the opposite bank of Vaal Krantz, supported by the Royal Rifles, while two other battalions of the brigade strengthened the attack. The troops kept moving across the plain, paying no attention to the Boer fire from Doomkloof, which stormed them and kept up a continual charge. Not more than an hour more, and the leading companies reached the foot of the ridge and riflemen could be seen climbing up. The advance continued steadily, slowly, determinedly. One of the Boer Vickers-Maxim guns retired and got off, though the English fired a tremendous volley after it. Slowly, steadily, foot by foot, the English gained an advantage amid the blinding dust and the deafening roar and rattle. At last the Durham Light Infantry sprang up the hill and carried it at the point of the bayonet. They lost seven officers and sixty or seventy men, and captured five Boers, ten horses and some wounded men.

Most of the Boer force had retired, the terrible, concentrated fire of the English being too much for them. The day went on with firing and carnage, the English never giving out and taking the Boer fire beautifully. Little by little they got a footing, and by nightfall the whole of Vaal Krantz was in their possession and they had entrenched themselves there. There was now a breathing space, and they looked about them and reckoned up the results of the day.

The losses had not been great, maybe not more than a hundred and fifty men. So a part of General Buller's plan had been carried out in a good manner. But Clery's Division must get across the third bridge and plant batteries on the hill and so set free the cavalry brigade in the plain beyond, and begin the principal attack on Brakfontein. All this was yet to be accomplished in further carrying out of the plan.

But the entrenched ones might rest awhile. Had they heard how things were going on in Ladysmith? Why in there the Boer gun on Bulwana, "Long Tom," was watched, for it was the greatest terror to the people. They could see the smoke of it half a minute before the shell struck the town. Sentinels were out looking for the smoke and gave the alarm when they saw it. At one of the hotels, Indian coolies beat iron bars together, and the regiments had their buglers to give the warning when the white smoke told that "Long Tom" would land a shell and the people would better get under cover. But "Long Tom" was not the only alarming thing in the prison of a town over which the shells burst all the time for so many weary weeks. There was little food, the water was bad, and disease was everywhere. The whole town was on fixed rations, which the people went every day to draw at places appointed for the purpose. It is said that what was most missed was milk, then tea, for women and children. The men's greatest loss was tobacco. A can of condensed milk was worth two dollars and fifty cents; a pound of tobacco, fifteen dollars. Corn was seventy-five cents the ear, a dozen

matches brought the same price. In course of time horses were killed, over two thousand of them, and used instead of beef. Starch, blue with indigo, intended in the first place for laundry purposes, was eagerly taken and made into bread, as was canary seed which was beaten into a powder and kneaded into cakes. The people waited and waited for the relief that did not come. Early in December they were sure that relief was at hand, for Buller was trying to get to them, and they believed so much in Buller. They must find out all they could, so they would engage a Kaffir boy for a hundred dollars to carry messages to Chieveley, until the heliograph after various encounters with Boer flash lights at last got into working order and signals and messages sent up to the clouds told about the army and what progress it was making, and also told its defeats. But Buller's men were fighting for them, the troops had forsaken their tents and were lying on the ground, Buller along with them, faring no better than the men. And defeat came of it. And defeat after defeat. - But now, here in February, Buller was again trying to reach them. And the poor garrison! Worn to skeletons, skins like brown paper, their hands weak and nerveless, and still the men held out. But get under cover, the booming to-day is terrible, "Long Tom" is doing his best, and Buller is coming—don't the heliograph tell you so?

By the night of February 5th, Lyttelton's Brigade occupied Vaal Krantz. During the night the men made shelters of stone. Then it was said that field guns could not occupy the ridge, it was too steep and rocky. Then how about the Boers having guns on top of the highest hills? And so the hill which had been so difficult to take was of no use, especially as the Boers' long range rifle work would do much damage. But over there was another position of strength, though if it were ever taken the infantry must do it without artillery support. This was impossible, too dangerous to attempt.

And now was there to be another defeat, after all? The men frowned

and ground their teeth together and wondered if they were to be turned back again by the Boers, who were bombarding the captured ridge for all they were worth.

And all the next day this bombardment kept up, accompanied by an irritating long range rifle fire. Then a big gun firing a hundred-pound six-inch shell went into operation from the top of Doonkloof, and its awful projectiles reached Vaal Krantz and the bivouacs, one of them exploding within a few yards of General Buller. Again, two of the Boers' Vickers-Maxims took up the firing, while other guns burst shrapnel. And all aimed against the solitary brigade which held Vaal Krantz.

But the English answered back. Seventy-two guns, big and little, though they stopped none of the work of the Boers.

The Brigade on the hill did not move, though, in spite of severe losses; they had taken the hill; it was theirs, and they meant to stay.

But about 4 o'clock in the afternoon there was a sudden attack by the Boers who crept up to within short range and then began firing, supported by their Vickers-Maxims. Driven back with loss, the pickets at the western end of the hill ran, and it appeared for awhile as though the Boers would retake the hill. Then General Lyttelton ordered a half battalion of the Durham Light Infantry and the King's Royal Rifles to clear the hill. Colonel Fitzgerald was to lead. These brave men rose from their shelters and gave three loud cheers, their faces glistening with excitement. They charged with a rush and swept back the Boers at the point of the bayonet, and Colonel Fitzgerald was badly wounded. So the Boers were routed from that point, they and their short range rifle shots which were so splendidly effective. But all the rifle shots in the world are nothing if the bayonets can get in their plunges.

While these operations were going on, a new pontoon bridge was springing across the Tugela at a bend directly under the Vaal Krantz ridge. By five o'clock it was finished, and ready for next day's proceed-

ings, for nothing else was done that evening. The English losses in the two days' operations were two hundred and twenty-five officers and men.

General Hildyard spent the night in improving the defences of the hill and built new traverses and head cover. Though the Boers were not going to give the English too much time for rest. At midnight they made a fresh attempt to regain their lost position. The English camp was sleeping. A sudden roar of musketry waked it. The men sprang to their feet and made for the defensive. The Boers retired, repulsed. All night long from that time on there was desultory firing which told the English its story. At day break real shelling began as though that which had gone before were mere child's play. Several new guns were added to those already in play and the bombardment was heavy and fast. The English had made excellent covers, however, and were well protected, so that the losses that day were not more than forty. The cavalry and transport were also shelled. They were sheltered in the hollows beneath Swart Kop, and when the shelling began they were moved back to a safer position.

In the evening General Buller who, during these two days had been waiting under a tree in an exposed position, and who had experienced all the discomforts of his troops, held a consultation with his generals. A great many plans were suggested as to what move to make next, but the common opinion was that it was not possible to make a further advance along this line. At eleven o'clock that night Hildyard's Brigade was withdrawn from Vaal Krantz, carrying with them the wounded, who had had to wait till dark to be taken in charge of by their friends, and orders came for the general retirement of the army to Springfield and Shearman's.

In Ladysmith the people knew of these orders, the heliograph told it to them, and it seemed to them that relief would never come. How



THE ATTACK ON SPION KOP.

long could they hold out now? Where was food to come from, and where the money to buy it if it came? And there were the sick, diseased by privation and want and keeping so long in the holes under ground where they had to retreat to try and protect themselves from the Boer shells flying over the city. Was it indeed a "doomed city" as so many said? Were they to experience horrors such as they had read about, starvation, death from foul diseases, extermination from the terrible bursting shells that never stopped night nor day?

And what were the feelings of disappointment experienced by the English soldiery at not having been permitted to fight the matter out? But the orders for retreat had come, the venture had fizzled out into another failure. And why? There was an explanation. It was this:

"The Boer covering army numbered at least 12,000 men with a dozen guns. They held along the line of the Tugela what is practically a position of vast strength. Their superior mobility, and the fact that they occupied the chord, while the English would have had to move along the arc of the circle, enabled them to forefront the English with nearly their whole force whenever an attack was aimed. Therefore there was no way of avoiding a direct assault. According to continental experience the attacking force should outnumber the defence by three to one. Therefore Sir Redvers Buller should have had 36,000 men. Instead he had only 22,000. Moreover, behind the first row of positions, which practically ran along the edge of an unbroken line of steep flat-topped hills, there was a second row standing back from the edge at no great distance. Any attack on this second row the artillery could not support, because from the plain below they were too far off to find the Boer guns, and from the edge they were too close to the enemy's riflemen. The ground was too broken, in the opinion of many generals, for night operations. Therefore, the attacking infantry of insufficient strength would have had to face unaided the fire of cool en-

trenched riflemen, armed with magazine weapons and using smokeless powder. Nevertheless, so excellent was the quality of the infantry that if the whole force had been launched in attack it is not impossible that they would have carried everything before them. But after this first victory it was necessary to push on and attack the Boers investing Ladysmith." Thus writes an officer of the force in correspondence with a London journal. An American writer from the seat of war says that to the man who read of Buller's slow advance the delay seemed incomprehensible. But the men who saw the incomprehensible in the long delay in reaching Ladysmith should have seen the country through which the General had to march, the vast country for attack, the best for defence in all South Africa. The English correspondent was conservative in saying that it requires three men to one in attacking and defending. Block, the authority on modern war, says that with the new weapons a force that is entrenched and on the defensive will need but one man for eight when hostilities come. In that case, General Buller should have had close on to two hundred thousand men. You know how many he had.

The soldiers, though, did not take all this into consideration. Nor did they consider the fact that the General was loath to waste human life. They only saw that he was slow to follow up an advantage, and with all his ability he hesitated to move quickly. No wonder dissatisfaction broke out in camp; the men felt certain that everything would have gone well if the officers had let them alone. In Ladysmith, hopes on Buller were also saddened; those who are suffering rarely lay the pros and cons of a case together. They knew that a big force had started out to release them, a force far outnumbering the Boers, and they were not released, and if the Boers get into the town what awfulnesses might not be expected! On the other hand, the Boers in their regained entrenchments smiled grimly as they smoked their pipes. The English had

got it again; there was no use for the English to think they could conquer the Boers. That was it, the young fellows from the towns said; there was no use for the English to think they could conquer the Boers, and if only the old burghers had some push in them, the matter would be settled in no time and Ladysmith be taken. The old burghers smoked and smiled; this young fry thought the Africanders had it all their own way. They hadn't, though, and in time very likely the English would win, for it had been reported that the English could command 300,000 men if it were necessary, and men were pouring in from England every day, and with such a force the Boers had no chance at all. However, the Boers should do what they could, harrass the enemy, keep them from relieving Ladysmith till the garrison there were worn out and the people starved. Even mule flesh had its limits, and if there are no mules, where will the mule flesh come from? What was the good of the Boers, they could eat anything and not complain; they did not need the dainties required by the English. "Bully" beef was good enough for them; an ox killed a half hour ago was good eating, and there was no use to be squeamish. But there were the farms going to ruin, crops gone, herds running wild. Surely it were better to have the war over as soon as possible in order to avert ruin. But haste was nonsense; you can wear an enemy out, if his superior numbers make it impossible to conquer him in fighting, and the English were wearing out and would eventually come to terms. Those terms? President Kruger would take care of that part of the bargain, and President Kruger knew how to drive a good bargain. Of course the main terms of the bargain would be freedom from British rule, when the burghers might go on leisurely to their neglected farms and spend the rest of their days in telling tales of adventures concerning the war to their children and their children's children, while the whipper snappers would go back to their towns and say they had done it all, and copy English coats

and when they could afford it would hire men to comb their hair and shave their chins.

It was clearly understood when Sir Redvers Buller broke off the combat at Vaal Krantz and for the third time ordered his still unbeaten troops to retreat that without delay there would be another attempt to penetrate the Boer lines. The army moved from Shearman's and Springfield to Chieveley. General Lyttelton succeeded General Clery in command of Clery's Division and Brigade, and marched by way of Pretorius's Farm, Sir Charles Warren covering the withdrawal of the transport and supplies and following on the 10th and 11th. The regular cavalry brigade with two battalions to guard the bridge at Springfield, for the Boers had crossed the Tugela with considerable strength and were reported as being active in the neighborhood. The left flank of the marching infantry was covered by Dundonald's Brigade of Light Horse. There was no interruption from the Boers. Orders were issued to reconnoitre Hussar's Hill on the 12th. It was a wooded hill four miles from Chieveley, on the east, and the direction of the next attack became known.

We are familiar with the Colenso position and realize its great strength. The left of this position rests on the hill of Hlangwani, which was on the British side of the Tugela. If this hill could be captured, and secured from cross fire, why all the trenches of Fort Wylie and along the river bank would be secure, and the Colenso position would be untenable, so in this way Hlangwani was the key of the Colenso position. The Boers, however, were guarding this key and had constructed a line of defence. The long delays of the British had given the Boers time to make fortifications, while their trenches were so well constructed that they were more like forts than field works, and had overhead covers as a protection against shells, and numbers of loopholes. In front stretched a bare slope, on each side of which rose high steep hills from



BULLER'S TRANSPORT WAGONS.

which the guns could make a cross fire. But the English were now hoping to make a supreme effort to relieve Ladysmith. And the same army must defend South Natal. Men would be lost in the new effort and Buller hated to lose men. But victory could not be won without the loss of men. Therefore men must be lost. If he won in this case he would have done a wonderful feat of arms. If he were beaten he would deserve respect and sympathy, for he would have tried to the best of his ability.

Hussar Hill was so called because six weeks before a small party of Hussars had been surprised there and lost two men. It was the high ground opposite Hlangwani and the mountain ridges called Monte Cristo and Cingolo.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 12th, Dundonald started with the Light Horse, the Composite Regiment, Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, Colt's Battery, a battalion of infantry and a battery of field artillery. Hussar Hill was soon in possession of the English, a Boer patrol which had been watching it being driven back. A picket line was soon surrounding the captured ground and a musketry fire began with the Boers that lay concealed in the surrounding dongas.

At noon General Buller arrived and made a reconnoissance of the ground by means of his telescope. The next hour the troops were ordered to withdraw and the bringing in of the advanced pickets was accomplished under a Boer fire, and without the loss of a man.

After they left Hussar Hill on the way back to Chieveley there was a sudden fire from the Boers. The English went along in order for a few yards, and then broke into a canter. But the English reached the ridge two thousand yards away, and then they let drive. The Light Horse lined the ridge and opened fire with their rifles. Thorneycroft's men opened on the Boers with two Maxims. Dundonald sent word for the battery to fire over the heads of the still oncoming English force. Then

Gough's Regiment and the Royal Welsh Fusiliers who had nearly reached cover, turned round without any orders and hurried toward the firing. Four hundred men on each side were firing as fast as modern rifles will fire. The Boers on Hussar Hill had a couple of sheds and some trees there, and they were invisible, and their use of smokeless powder kept their position hidden. The English were also hidden. But the English did not come out for this sort of warfare, and a stop was put to it. They lost several men. For three months General Buller had been trying to pierce the Boer lines and the barrier of mountain and river which separated Ladysmith from friends and the much needed food supplies. During the 15th and 16th there was an intermittent artillery duel between the Briton and the Boer with small loss on either side.

To the English, determined to go ahead this time or die, the question of a water supply was a difficulty to overcome, for the Blue Krantz river was several miles from Hussar Hill and the hill itself was dry and barren. This question was satisfactorily answered by bringing into requisition a system of iron tanks which were mounted on ox wagons, and thus a sufficient, if small, supply of water was maintained. Also, the heavy artillery was brought into action and entrenched. The enemy's position was a formidable one to attack and the great care with which the Boers had fortified it gave cause for serious reflection.

On the afternoon of the 16th, General Buller made up his mind to make a plunge. Orders were given at dawn. Two hours before dawn the army was on the move. By daylight all were on the way. And then was heard the boom of the first gun.

The English cavalry marched ten miles eastward through a most difficult country made up of rocks, high tough grass and thickets. The men had to go single file, hearing the sound of guns, but far off. Then they began to turn towards the sounds. The ground, if possible, was worse than ever. They dismounted and led their horses that were

scrambling over boulders and among trees. No Boers put in an appearance, apparently they thought no force would try to get along that road. At last the troops reached the foot of the hill. They waited half an hour, and nothing could be seen. Then they went on, up the side of a precipice, through a thick confusing jungle. It was a long time before they reached the top of the ridge and reached an opening, stony and with patches of trees on it. Two squadrons formed on top to cover the others that were coming on. The troopers of the other seven squadrons worked their way up. It would take two hours before everybody was on top.

All at once there came a rifle shot. Then another; and then a rain of bullets. The Boers had seen the troops. A retreat down the precipice was impossible if there had been a thousand Boers firing. There were only about a hundred and the troops got into a skirmish with the enemy and they fell back, and all the English got on top of the hill.

The Imperial Light Horse squadron and the Natal Carabineers came slowly along the ridge and cleared it of the Boers, while Hildyard's right battalion moved to the top and came to the support of the dismounted cavalry. The rest of the cavalry descended into the plain on the other side of the ridge, outflanking the Boers who defended it, and cutting off their retreat, so that the Boers who were weak in numbers were hunted off entirely, and Cingolo belonged to the English.

A neck of ground joins Cingolo and Monte Cristo. The Boer lines turned off from Cingolo were out along the spurs of Monte Cristo, and the British had placed themselves diagonally across the left of the Boer position. The cavalry threw out a line of outposts and prepared to rest for the night, after engaging in several long range rifle duels with a few of their enemy, while the infantry sprang out a line standing across the valley to Hussar Hill. Many Americans were with the South African Light Horse, and they and the Colonial troops took a hand in the

duels. The English had gained a good deal by nightfall, and they were not going back. This was the great chance, their blood was at fever pitch, and they meant to go on. The night was restless and unquiet; the morning was eagerly looked for.

Scarcely waiting for the dawn of light, the artillery on both sides began, and shells began to burst. The Boers chiefly aimed at the English on top of Cingolo, but the rocks there made good cover and hindered any great loss of men, though several men were wounded. Then Hildyard's Brigade came up against the peak of the Monte Cristo ridge, and the musketry grew into a roar. More than a hundred English fell, but that did not hinder the advance of their comrades; the advance was not checked for an instant, and in the space of a couple of hours there came the glitter and flash of the bayonets of the infantrymen on top of the hill.

The Boers in a hastily scooped out-trench began to fall back. In another hour the Boers became degenerated. It has been said that a Boer obeys only when he wants to obey, comes when he wants to come, goes when he is so inclined. When they saw the immense force of the enveloping army, these Boers chose to go, and they turned and made as good an exit as it was possible to make.

At noon the summit of the ridge of Monte Cristo belonged to the English. The spurs of the mountain were now attacked, and the Boers evacuated in haste. The cavalry under Dundonald galloped up and seized the eastern spur and fired into the line of retreat. The Boers' fire back was faint, and the English were victors, with only two men wounded.

General Buller, judging that the entrenchments on the western spur on the Colenso side were empty of Boers, ordered a general advance against it. In a disorderly mass the Boers fled across the river, and the English, besides a few prisoners, captured several cart loads of ammuni-

tion and stores, five camps with their outfits; and above all they had the Monte Cristo ridge that stretched to within an easy spring of Bulwana Hill. The soldiers were wild with victory. They could have slept in the Boer camps that night, only that those camps were not very inviting, being unclean to a degree, the Boer soldier being anything but a neat fellow, and not caring much for ordinary sanitary arrangements. Instead, the Englishmen preferred to bivouac on the captured ridge, from which they could look down into Ladysmith, the persecuted. Only eight miles away it stood, the poor little town of suffering, the brave little town of heroes—a small area of tin-roofed houses, gum trees on its sidewalks here and there, its yellow dust rising in the gusts of wind that made haloes of it. There could be no mistake this time, the “doomed city” was to be saved. But not just yet.

The capture of Monte Carlo, however, had opened a practicable road to the town, and over that road the English troops must march to save the honor of their kingdom.

It was only eight miles away, that little town, but the eight miles that separated it from its friends bristled with difficulties. Heavy opposition was yet to be met, and that opposition must be conquered. Impossible! Impossible was an ugly word and not lightly to be used. The Englishmen, grimy with dirt, wearied with much fighting, ragged and worn, who looked down upon the town from the summit of Monte Cristo, felt that the word “impossible” should be wiped forever from the vocabulary of a soldier.

CHAPTER XV.

Ladysmith eight miles away—Difficulties in reaching the town—Newspaper criticisms—Buller's plan and works—Taking of Colenso—Boers in retreat—Characteristics of Buller—"On to Ladysmith"—Meeting the Boers—Splendid fighting of English and Boers—Losses of English—Suffering of English wounded—Buller's change of plan—Soldiers disappointed—Soldiers encouraged—The last attempt to save Ladysmith.



ADYSMITIH! It was a word of magic; the world knew it and wondered what would come of all the efforts towards relief. The army under General Buller was only eight miles from it, the troops on Monte Carlo looking down into the town, where there had been suffering for many weary days and weeks and even months. The papers spoke of the splendid efforts of Lord Roberts towards the relief of Kimberley; they reported General Cronje as captured by the force of Lord Roberts. Besides, the *Maine*, the hospital ship fitted out by English women, had arrived in South African waters and was giving needful assistance to sick and wounded. From all over the African continent came reports more or less truthful detailing happenings in connection with the war—how Mafeking was still holding out, how the savage tribes were rising, how Kruger's sons and grandsons were in the war and more than one of them wounded unto death. But interest was centered on Ladysmith, by one consent that was the point towards which all eyes were directed. The garrison there had so long kept the Boers away, the Boers had so long persisted in shelling the place insisting upon capitulation, and the English forces back of the Boers had so often been re-

pulsed in their efforts to relieve the worn out garrison. And now that the English were only eight miles away, would the relief come soon? No one could tell; those eight miles must be fought first; the troops had been too often defeated to surmise how the matter would go. Men in London clubs betted on Buller, newspapers twitted Buller for so often going to the Tugela river and failing to get across that they called him "The Ferryman." And now he had crossed the river, would he turn back and recross it again, as he had done before? These wise newspapers, these critics did not know the difficulties the General had encountered, nor the miserable roads that beset him on every side, the hidden lines of defence of the Boers making it a physical impossibility for the troops to face a fire coming from ambushed enemies above their heads. The critics only knew that Buller had more men than Joubert, and that numbers ought to count. Joubert was a great general and outflanked Buller's effort every time.

And Roberts, what was Roberts doing? Wasn't there a lot of bluster and bluff in this war? Every country had generals except this England—look at the American-Spanish war, the Japan-China war. But then the English are so sure of themselves.

So the critics and certain of the newspapers went on, and eight miles away from Ladysmith General Buller was busy with his plans. Monte Carlo had given him Hlangwani, which made the holding of the western section of Colenso in the hands of the Boers impossible, and the eastern section was already in the hands of the English. Thus the Boers evacuated the western section speedily. On the day after the capture of the Monte Cristo ridge, the 19th of February, General Buller strengthened his position on Green Hill, ordered Barton's Brigade to occupy Hlangwani, built roads or improved those already in use, completed communications between Husser Hill and the Gomba Valley and across, and brought up his heavy guns. The Boers on the other side of



LOSS OF BRITISH GUNS: TUGELA RIVER.

the river understood what was going on and prepared to resist. They opened their artillery, their Vickers-Maxim guns bellowing and roaring, and their skirmishers began a sharp fusillade. The English suffered some loss, but returned the fire exceedingly well. For the next day the south side of the Tugela was clear of the Boers who had retired across the bridge they had built.

The English forthwith established a heavy battery on the spur of the Hlangwani to drive the Boers out of Colenso, and set it in operation effectively. In the afternoon Hart's Brigade arrived from Chieveley, and Major Stuart Wortley commanding the leading battalion occupied Colenso without any resistance, the Boer troops having retired, and the farmers in the village looking on and saying nothing, perhaps wishing that Ladysmith were at Jericho if it took all this nonsense to settle matters and which nonsense robbed honest farmers of their eggs and poultry, first by the one side, then by the other, and made the women refuse to attend to the cows if all the milk was to be wasted on soldiers.

The question now put to the English was, where should the river be crossed? General Buller had the entire Hlangwani plateau which filled up the angle opposite Pieters, made by the Tugela after it recedes from Colenso. By way of this Hlangwani plateau the General could get across the river where it ran north and south or where it ran east and west, he might decide on any point of the compass and be sure he could cross in that direction from his own holding. He decided to cross opposite Colenso village. To do this, though, he had to resign his hold on the ridge of Monte Cristo and give up all the advantages he had gained by its possession. And then he had to go down to the low ground where his forces would be cramped and huddled between the river on one hand and the high hills on the other.

Sir Charles Warren's plan, too, was worthy of attention—or, rather, the plan advocated by that General. It was urged that the crossing was

perfectly safe, it was commanded by the English guns on all sides, and all the Boers could do in the defensive was to put their artillery into execution. Besides, in adopting this plan the army could reach the railroad tracks and make its "advance along the railroad" in cars. Of course, this was imaginative, for there were no cars and the track had been broken by the destruction of the Tugela bridge. What was the most important of all was the report that the Boers were in full retreat; the evidence and intelligence received all pointed to that retreat—the Boers had gone off in all directions, dragging their heavy wagons and trucks north and south, and the camp between Monte Carlo and Lady-smith was breaking up. Everybody said this must be caused by the advance of Lord Roberts, that the Boers found themselves too weak to hold on any longer, and had raised a siege. Three cheers for Roberts, "Old Bobs!" He was one of 'em, was "Bobs," and he was not too old, in spite of his sixty odd years, to make Kimberley safe and do a few other odd jobs on the way.

But the Boers had not raised the siege. Their strength had been reduced until they numbered not more than a few thousand men, and these had been sent into the Free State for defence against the English there. They thought themselves quite strong enough to maintain a siege until they lost the Monte Carlo ridge, and then they saw that the situation had become completely changed. The English had found the advantage, the English appreciated to its full extent the value of the long high wedge of ground cutting across the left and reaching almost to Bulwana mountain. If the Boers advanced on the right of their enemy, by the line of the ridge, the English would turn their Pieters' position, the same way they had turned the Colenso entrenchments. So it was not the advance of Lord Roberts that caused them to retire, nor was it the result of the English victory over Monte Cristo. The English were yet to learn this after the loss of much blood. Believing that the

enemy were retreating, the General decided to cross the river, easterly, by a pontoon bridge and follow the line of the railway.

Therefore, on the 21st he moved his army across the plateau of the Hlangwani, threw out a bridge, and during the afternoon two of his leading brigades passed over.

The Boers had been watching; when they perceived this line of advance they were cheered up. So they turned back, hurrying, on the part of the younger ones, leisurely, as to the older who had much belief in calmness. They numbered about nine thousand. They manned the trenches of the Pieters position.

Thus when Wynne's Lancashire Brigade, which was the first to cross, got to shore, they found the Boers on the ground. There was a sharp fight, in which the English casualty list was swelled by about a hundred and fifty, including the general of the brigade. Night fell while the fighting was under way, and the musketry kept up banging the whole night long.

The first cavalry had been brought from Springfield on the 20th, as on the 22d both irregular and regular cavalry intended to cross the river. So they now marched to the river. They heard the cracking going on over there and their eyes brightened, but a staff officer galloped up with orders for the men to camp near Hlangwani Hill, as crossing was not to be effected that day. There were more Boers than had been expected, but General Buller thinking of it determined to persevere. General Buller had a good share of English obstinacy in his composition, and he took advice only when it appealed to his reasoning powers. He had a horror of bloodshed, yet unless he was convinced that a thing was impracticable, he persevered. He cared very little for the opinion of the world at large. While a retreat might be humiliating, that retreat should be made when the time for making it arrived. Only, in spite of retreats he would get to Ladysmith.

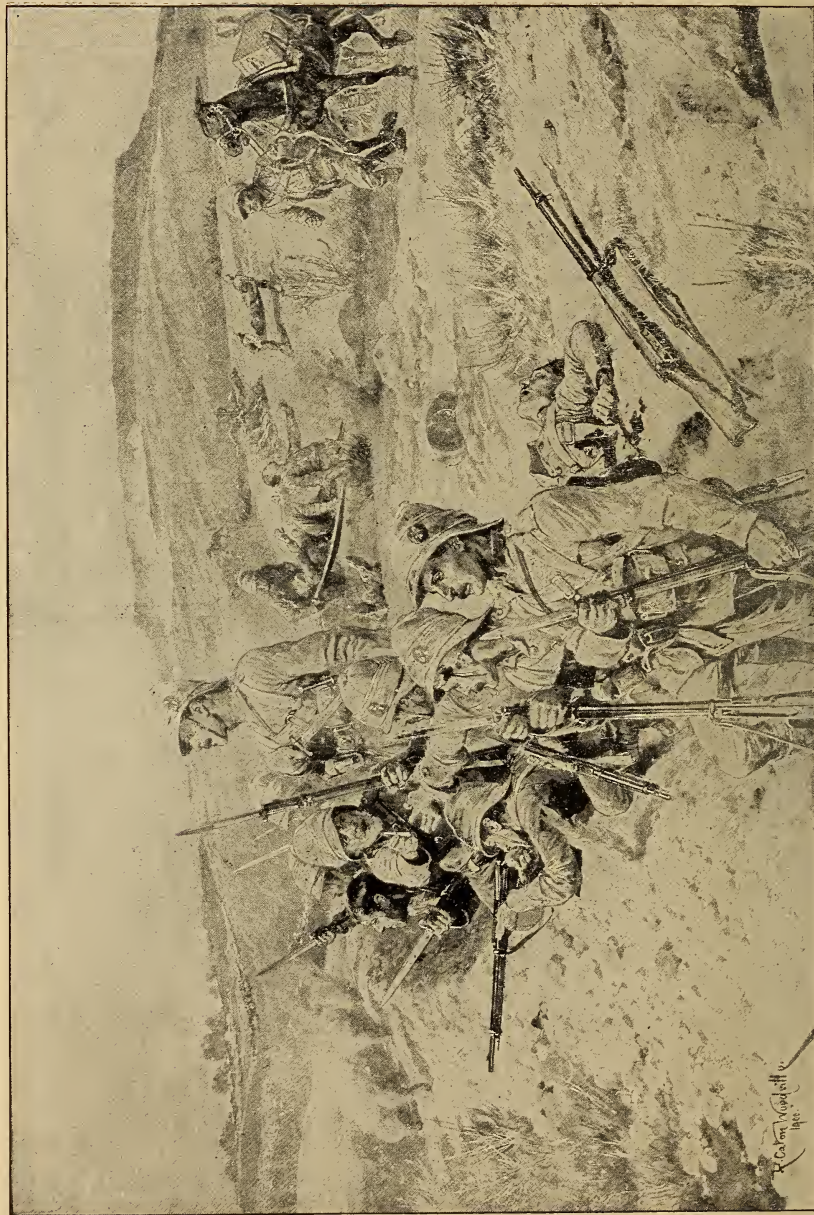
General Buller was not convinced that more than the rear guard of the Boers was in front of him, not believing that nine thousand were there, moved all the infantry with the exception of Barton's Brigade, and most of the artillery, and crossed the river. In the afternoon he sent two battalions from Norcott's Brigade and the Lancashire Brigade (Lord Kitchener had been appointed to this vacant command) to fight against the low kopjes. There was loss in men, but before night a good deal of this ground was in the possession of the English.

Then the Boers made a counter attack.

Then came a tremendous firing, and this lasted for hours. The Howitzer Battery sent out his destructive lyddite shells, the cannon roared, the shells burst and filled the night with deadly light, and this was the English against the Boer positions. The Boers were equally on the alert, and added their bursting shells to the confusion. All night long this kept up, and there was still steady firing in the early morning of the 23d. The English not engaged in the fight on the other side of the river went about for news. It all seemed favorable to the English. Then came the order, "Horse, foot and artillery, push on for Ladysmith to-day."

Surely there never was more glow in soldiers' hearts than when that order was given. At last! At last!

Everything seemed to be going the way of the English now. The tide had turned; there were to be no more defeats. In the long run the English get pretty much what they want. It is their stubbornness, their determination, that makes them rise superior to failure. Look at the General, had he not had enough to discourage him? And yet he had never given up, but, sorry for his men, even grieving for his losses, taking all the disadvantages of the common "Tommies," accepting their danger, not thinking of his own safety, passing sleepless nights in thought, and he had never given up. He had come to relieve Lady-



"FIX BAYONETS!"—IN THE TRENCHES AT LADYSMITH.

From sketch by special artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

smith, and Ladysmith should be relieved. And now everything was going as he would have it, and the troops were going on to Ladysmith to-day! There was orderly hurry and bustle, always orderly, for the General would have it so, and this orderliness on the part of the troops the Boers could not understand. Breakfast? Surely, for much was to be done before dinner time, and we must not be faint for food. Have you written home that now we are on the road, and only eight miles away from the town? Maybe you could get your letter through to-night—after we get into Ladysmith. Tell the home people about the sharp firing across the river, a brigade or so in a lively tiff with the Boers' rear guard; tell them funny stories of camp life, for we are in mood this morning to see the humor of happenings we usually pass over as stupid—we are on to Ladysmith to-day. Everything all right? Good! Say, how they must be watching in the town, very likely they were hurrahing and would keep it up all day—till we are in Ladysmith. How will they receive us there? How will they receive Buller? Who will be the first to enter the town? Nobody would know who would be first for—we are all to be to Ladysmith to-day. Listen! They are keeping it up bravely across the river. Odd that it takes so long to get even with old Joubert. Joubert is pretty good, after all, though he is a Boer. No flunking there, no laziness; he is a soldier. So is Cronje. By the way, is Cronje a prisoner, or has he escaped? Lord! to think of Cronje escaping from "Bobs!" And we are on to Ladysmith, will be there to-day, after a few hours. On to Ladysmith—on to Ladysmith—it is like a line in a song, that song about Mandalay by Kipling. By the way, Kipling is in the war isn't he? These writing fellows are all right. A lot of them are in the war; Churchill, you know, and the rest of them. Lots of Americans, too. We are not less than brothers, we and America. The Stars and Stripes are next to the Union Jack. And we will be in Ladysmith to-day. And Cronje will be sent to St. Helena if he is

captured, won't he? But sad things were to happen that day, the 23d, and the fighting troops across the river who knew that more than the Boers' rear guard was engaged, were to pay dearly.

On the 23d, at half-past twelve, General Hart ordered his brigade to advance. One by one, forming in rank as they rose from among the sheltering stone walls and hastily constructed cover, the battalions rose and in single file moved off along the railroad. The Durham Light Infantry and the 2d Rifle Brigade began to march at the same time in order to take the place of the assaulting brigade on the advanced kopje. Along the railway came a long line of men bearing stretchers on which lay the forms of wounded men. This line of stretchers had been moving along for three days, and was still moving.

The soldiers went on, shielded by the brigades who were in command of the low kopjes, and not yet under fire. Thus for a mile, when the river was reached and the railway gave a sharp turn to the right. Here was a deep gorge where the river rushed in, while the railroad was lost in a cutting in the hill. In this way shelter was assured. But before reaching the cutting the troops had to cross the bridge that spanned the Onderbrook Spruit, and this was likely commanded by Boer riflemen.

Along the left of the army came the rattle of musketry, and with it rose the sullen boom of the guns across the river and the pinging shots of the Field Artillery getting into preparation. The infantry moved nearer and nearer to the hill and the open ground close to the railway bridge. The head of the column barely reached the ground that was exposed, and the soldiers set their feet upon it, when there came the rattle of Mauser bullets like heavy rain on a tin roof.

The Boers on defence were not deserted; the ruins of their trenches had on them rows of slouch-hatted men.

Two thousand yards below, the infantry of the English were still

moving across the bridge, running now, running for their lives. Here came the men from the river, from the sheltered railroad, across the open ground, into that rain of tearing, scarifying, beastly Mauser bullets—here they came, running into that destructive rain, and through it, to roll down the embankment on the further side of the bridge into safety once more. The Boer automatic gun joined in with the Mauser and puffs of white smoke on the bridge told where the shells dropped. But the infantry went on, never pausing or hesitating, and gained the far embankment and dropped down. More than sixty men were shot.

The afternoon wore away. The infantry had filed across the front steadily, effectually, and the two battalions that led were on the east spur of Inniskilling Hill. Four o'clock came; then General Hart ordered the attack. The troops were soon climbing the slopes, but the ground was so badly broken that it was close to sunset when they reached the farthest position that could be gained without exposing themselves to the ceaseless action of the Boers' guns. Four hundred yards away were the Boer entrenchments, dark, ugly, forbidding, with rows of burghers in them exposed from the waist upward. The way by which the Inniskillings had come was open to a terrific fire from the Boers above, and a still worse fire from the enemy on the other hills, and the opening was so narrow that when only four companies were placed in the firing line hardly any room was left to deploy. But that was nothing to the men; whole companies would rise up together and make a dash forward on the enemy's works.

The defence was equally brave. The Boers were fighting magnificently. The artillery doubled their efforts, the air was thick with shells, shrapnels leaped up, bullets sprang aloft. Time and again entire sections of the entrenchments disappeared in clouds of uprooted earth and black smoke, and the bright blaze of the lyddite guns was like flash after flash of electric disturbance. Thunder, gigantic noise of sixty guns

firing at once on the Boer trenches. The Boers kept up their musketry always, continuously; firm and fearless the burghers stood and used their rifles with awful effect, and before the storm from the Mauser rifles the charging Englishmen were swept away like chaff before the wind. Officers and men fell in groups. But their companions that were left kept moving forward and onward to meet the deadly fire of the Boers. Then as the Inniskillings almost touched their goal it was found there were not enough of them to reach it, and the Boers shot all the straighter, leaping out of their entrenchments and running to meet the soldiers and dealing out death at close range.

The Inniskillings died, but they did not retreat. A few men turned and made for cover, where they then turned again and were at bay, but most of them fell in the front line. Then Colonel Sitwell with other companies advanced, and as the shadows of night gathered there was another assault, with a bloody repulse. Still the brave Irishmen would not leave the hill—aye, the Irish fought bravely that day and thought little of home rule in their own dear green island. When they saw that they could advance no further they lay down on the ground they had won and made walls from behind which they opened a galling fire on the Boers. In the two attacks both colonels, three majors, twenty officers and six hundred men fell out of a force of one thousand, two hundred.

Then night fell and there was no more advantage gained by the English. Both sides kept up a heavy rifle fire all night long. Bullets that had gone astray leaped about the tired heads that sank on mother earth to get a little sleep. The stars came out and were but faintly seen for the heavy masses of dust-charged smoke that rose from earth toward heaven, and rested there like a pall. Through the noise of it all many slept, those who were awake banging away without fear of intruding upon the dull dead slumber of the exhausted men.

At earliest dawn the infantry crowded the hollows and slopes of the

hill. Shrapnel shells burst over head, killing and wounding. The top of Inniskilling Hill was still occupied by the Boers, though you couldn't see them as on the day before. The infantry of the English clustered behind the stone walls built by the attacking brigade in the night. The Boers had made new trenches in advance of the trenches on the top of the hill. The firing lines of the English and the Boers were now barely three hundred yards apart, and the men inside must either lie still or be prepared to take the chances.

The opposing forces kept like this all day, all the while firing at each other. And outside on the uprooted piece of ground between them were the dead and wounded, the dead at rest, the wounded suffering with no one to attend to them, suffering the agonies of feverish thirst and the torture of their wounds, the fire of their friends as well as that from their foes going over them.

The reason why there was no care for the suffering men was that at daybreak the Boers with a Red Cross flag came from their trenches; the English stopped firing, but they had no Red Cross flag at hand; so the Boers got their own wounded, which were few, and gave water to some of the English wounded. But the Boers began to turn out the pockets of the English dead and helpless, taking their boots and rifles. This so angered the watching soldiers that they fired on the Boers, though the Red Cross flag should have protected them—they were human and they could not stand the outrage of the action of the Boers. Of course after the English fired, fighting began again, and the wounded on the English side had to lie there and wait in misery or die. During the next day there was heavy firing again on both sides, and some damage done. The casualties were principally in Hildyard's English and Kitchener's Brigades. The infantry made no movement.

General Buller now perceived that his plan of taking his men across the enemy's point and round the angle of the river would be very

costly in men, and might be impossible. His decision now was to get back to the Hlangwani plateau and from there try to force the Boers' extreme left. He was able to move his troops from one flank to the other, being on the interior lines. His thought was to have the brigades of his left and centre cross the pontoon bridge from the left to the right. In this way Hart, who had been extreme right, would then be almost extreme left. Having thus extended his right arm, he might cross the river where it flowed east and west and make an extremely wide attack on the enemy's flank. The first thing to do was to move the heavy guns. This took the whole day to do. Batteries were established on the slopes of the Monte Cristo ridge and the spurs of Hlangwani. All went on well, the big guns were going back to positions on the hills. Towards night the firing, which had kept up all day, became a roar as the Boers made strong efforts to drive away Hart's Brigade. In this, however, they were unsuccessful. The battalions lay down with fixed bayonets and hoped the Boers would make an assault. But the Boers were aware that the soldiers desired a personal collision, and they did not come near.

The wounded were still lying unaided and thirsty on the bare ground outside. In consequence, much against his inclination, General Buller on the 25th, at break of day, sent a flag of truce to the Boer commander asking for an armistice. Joubert refused, but agreed that if the English would not fire on the Boers' position during the day, they (the Boers) would not hinder the bearers, the "body snatchers," from gathering the wounded together and taking them off, and giving burial to the dead. The English consented.

During this work the Boers were kind enough to the English medical officers, even assisting them, and by noon all the wounded had been brought in and all the dead buried. The wounded had been neglected and suffered from exposure for forty-eight hours and they were weak

and in a bad plight, many poor fellows torn by Mauser bullets being in a precarious condition for want of proper attention. No regular armistice had been agreed upon, and this was of advantage to the English, as they were not hindered from making military movements. At the same time the Boers strengthened their entrenchments.

That day General Buller withdrew his train across the river. Whereupon the soldiers again lost heart, for they feared that they were on the eve of another retreat, and they were sure they could go forward if they were let alone, for they were determined and willing to brave anything. They were assured by the promise of a general attack from the other flank in a short time.

It was Sunday; the armistice for the bringing in the wounded and burying the dead caused a cessation of hostilities. It was the first day since the 14th of the month that left the air unbroken by the din of musketry and cannon. At nine o'clock that night the unusual quiet was upset.

The Boers who had seen the wagons going back over the bridge wished to find out whether the infantry were also going, and if their position on the low kopje's were empty. To get the desired information they began a fierce magazine fire on the brigades that held the line from Colenso village to the angle of the river. The fire was returned at once, and for some little time the musketry was louder than it had been on the previous days. There was very little loss, though, and in a short time the Boers, apparently satisfied that the English were still holding their positions, stopped firing, as did the English and silence reigned again, except for the sound of rifles now and then.

But at dawn the next day fire was opened on both sides and a continual bombardment was kept up in which the guns of the English being superior in numbers did the most firing, while the Boers hit the most men. Movements of troops were made, a new line of communication

was opened around the foot of Hlangwani. The position of the second pontoon bridge was changed to a point below the falls of the river.

At last everything was ready, and the fate of Ladysmith was to be determined again. The men were spirited, their courage unbroken, though they had suffered acutely from disappointment and exposure. They were no longer the smart looking soldiers that had caused the bearded burghers to smile, but bronzed, haggard men, their uniforms pretty well tattered, but they were men, men to the back bone, and going to relieve Ladysmith. For more than six weeks the troops had been fighting without cessation, they had camped on the ground without tents. They had started on their journey toward the little town with twenty thousand men all told, sometimes a few more, and of these three thousand, five hundred had been killed and wounded. They had not had the first success, their battles had been fought as though behind obscuring veils, for they had scarcely seen the Boers face to face, had shot at space, and been hit in return by foes in entrenchments who saw them, but could not be seen. Colenso had not put much joy in them, Spion Kop had done no better, Vaal Krantz and the third day at Pieters did not add to their sensations of victory, and though they had heard of the work of Lord Roberts and how Cronje's army was all tangled up, Cronje himself a prisoner, yet they felt that to-morrow it was win or lose forever. For to-morrow would be the last attempt they would be allowed to make, and if they failed others must come and take their place for the relief of the town whose plight was the central event of the war. Would they succeed, or would they fail?

Ladysmith was only a little way off. Would the glory of relieving it be theirs, or would it be left for others to hear the praises of a grateful country? And Buller? Was Buller the man, after all? Maybe in doubt of the general for the first time, they tried to snatch a little sleep to prepare them for the supreme effort of the next day.

CHAPTER XVI.

Majuba Day—Firing at dawn—Preparations—Dundonald—Description of firing—
—The battle—Capture of Barton's Hill—Railway Hill—In front of fire of Mausers—English in possession of Railway Hill—Innis Killing Hill—Battle of Pieter's won—Would capture of Ladysmith end the war?—Bravery of Boers—Would fight "till the last man"—English in possession—Victory!



THE next day arose cloudy. It was Majuba Day, the anniversary of the great defeat. Was to-day to see an equal defeat? Worse, if to-day went against the English. Listen! Early as it was, dawn, a gun was firing. Great events were on hand, and already the men were astir, they had slept in their boots, no need to waste time in dressing, so after drinking some coffee they were ready.

There went another gun! Good! And the day was cool, which was an excellent thing for the infantry, and everything depended on the infantry.

Five o'clock and line was formed. The shots were becoming more plentiful. Surely a great day was at hand. Would there come orders for retreat to-day? Not to-day, not to-day, those eight miles must be fought only inch by inch, and without orders for falling back.

Here came Dundonald's Brigade. A fine fellow, Dundonald, with his chin in the air, a look in his eye that said no "retreat!" Good for Dundonald! And remember this is Majuba Day, that ought to put something in your aim—fight as you never fought before, for this is Majuba Day.

At half past six Dundonald's Brigade marched toward the Hlang-

wani plateau, the northern end. They were to take up positions on the spurs of Monte Cristo and all along the bluffs on the south bank of the Tugela. In this way they would assist the attack of the infantry. As they marched the guns firing grew lively, battery after battery joining in the thing, until there was a crisp bombardment going on, rapid, regular. Was the memory of Majuba Hill having anything to do with it? Was the General also thinking of Majuba and determining that to-day's work should wipe out the disgrace of that other day? On we go, on we go, to Monte Cristo to take up our position and defend the infantry, especially Barton's Brigade, by long range rifle fire and by the colt battery and Maxim guns.

And Dundonald was brave—three cheers for Dundonald!—and maybe Dundonald would not be among the last to enter the town.

When the brigade reached the high wooded ridge which they were ordered to line, the excited men could see the English shells bursting over the Boer trenches scattering the dust and raising regular volcanoes of debris. Down in the gorge below followed the Tugela, the new pontoon bridge to the left, near the waterfall. The brigade took its position. Behind them, on a spur of Monte Cristo, one of the long range batteries was firing. Below, across the river, there rose from the water edge, a low, yellow strip of land, and after it brown slopes ending in three hills. In succession these hills must be carried. And they were crowned by Boer forts and trenches. Carried? Of course they were to be carried. No gainsaying such a determination as that.

Dundonald's men found it quite comfortable in their assigned position. They were among rocks which were conveniently at hand to get behind in case of bullets, and there were small trees such as South Africa breeds, and these gave some shade from the sun. And over there opposite was a valley, thickly wooded, and the men would have pleasure in raining bullets that way and keeping it clear of the enemy. But why

did they not get to work? What was the use of delay, everything was ready, and the men remembered it was Majuba Day. Though the battle came on very slowly, the English were making haste that way, with deliberation and surety. At last the guns got excited and gave expression to the excitement in bullet language, the Border Regiment, the Composites, having the same duty as Dundonald's Brigade, that of assisting the infantry attack. The machine guns puffed with anger, and away went their fire.

But what ailed the Boers? They were quiet to a strange degree, even their sharp shooters not living up to their reputations. Maybe they had trouble in entertaining the random bullets making flying visits, and were puzzled how to look after their guests. Good hosts they were in giving up everything to their guests, but lacking in courtesy, too, when they did not attempt a return of compliments. Were two thousand Englishmen to fire half a day at nothing? Come on, you Boers, you straggle bearded burghers, you Khaki youngsters from the towns, you Kruger rascallions, come on, for the absent minded beggars are pleading for alms at your hands, alms of bullet and shrapnel and explosive shell—two thousand Tommies are taunting you and trying to aggravate you into reply, dandy dressed Britishers—only their dandiness is a lost article—are defying you with all your dirt and laziness to come out and give them nip and tuck. Why should there be such waste as this—good cartridges thrown away, all the men aiming at nothing and letting fly, and not a Boer in sight, only staying in their trenches, waiting. Come on, the English are in a hurry; they have a little engagement to keep in a little town a few miles up the road and they want to be on the way. Can't you be taunted, valiant Boers, mean Boers, honest burghers, thieving burghers, contemptible Africanders, praying Africanders? We are firing into the places where you should be, and your places know you not. Rip, bang! Boom! Boom!

There we go, and not a reply! While Dundonald's men were sending out great volumes of unaimed rifle fire, the infantry of Barton's Brigade were coming across the pontoon bridge, turning to the right and along the sandy shore.

General Buller's plan of attack was this:

"Hildyard's Brigade to hold its position on the low kopjes; Barton's Brigade to cross the new pontoon bridge opposite to the left of the enemy's position, and assault the first hill. Next, Kitchener's Brigade was to cross, covered by Barton's fire, to assault the centre hill, called Railway Hill. Lastly, Norcott's two untouched battalions were to join the rest of their brigade and, supported by General Hart's Brigade, to attack Inniskilling Hill."

The army was thus to stretch out and reach round the Boers' flank. It was precisely the same plan as had been adopted before, with what results we know. Only, now the English had their hand on the Monte Cristo ridge and kept it there. From the ridge the English long range guns could enfilade and even take in reverse some of the trenches of the enemy. And the enemy would not make a sign. Eight o'clock, and no sign. Dundonald's men were firing and waking the echoes,—but not the echoes of the guns of the Boers. Half-past eight and no sign. Nine o'clock, and the same thing. By this time the leading brigade was across the river safe and sound. By ten o'clock the leading brigade had reached its position ready to attack Barton's Hill. And now why not go on? Why wait longer? Couldn't the officers see how impatient we were? Cheers for the leading brigade! Cheers in the way of more rapid fire at nothing. The sun was getting warmer; so were the men. Such delay, it was like going early to the pantomime at Drury Lane and waiting for the curtain to go up, or at Epsom waiting for the races to begin. Ring up the curtain there, aren't we tired of playing the overture all this time? Some of the men who knew

called it a Wagner overture, the guns made so much noise in many keys and kept it up till you wondered why it had been begun. Ring up the curtain, Mr. Manager Buller, and trot out the puppets Mr. Sub-manager Joubert.

Good! Manager Buller had looked at his watch and seen that it was time for the performance to begin.

Advance! Forward! En avant! Vorwärts! Oorlog! The infantry swarmed up the steep sides of the river gorge. The Boers gave a rattle of musketry to stop the advance, then held themselves in check. The Boers knew their weakness, but weakness had rarely stopped them from gaining the advantage, only they meant to be careful. The Boers knew their left would be turned, so they extended a sort of false left beyond the end of the Monte Cristo ridge and brought a gun into action. Did the English mind that? The Americans among them said it "cut no ice." Ice! said the Englishmen, that was humorous—a gun to cut no ice. These American cousins were always ready for fun; they would have their joke if they were on the way to execution. A gun to cut ice! It must be humorous, that expression, but only the Americans knew where the humor lay, and that might be because they knew more about ice than the English—put it in their drink every day. But the enemy was beginning, with only one gun, to be sure, though a half loaf is better than no bread at all. Halloo, Yankees in the line! Remember this is Majuba Day. That "enthuse" you, as you say? Then "Remember the Maine!" That's a watchword with you, eh? Remember the Maine! Our ladies in London remembered that doughty craft when they named their hospital ship after it. Britishers, "Remember Majuba Hill!" Americans, "Remember the Maine!" Whoop la! and at her once again!

Bang! Now we are in for it! Musketry, shrapnels, lyddites, Mausers. Explosions, dust, carnage. Wheel about, rush, advance. Is it

day? Is it night? Is it sunshiny? Is it cloudy? Hot? Cold? At it, at it, rifles! At it, musketry! Inch by inch, onward. Men down; others in their place. Push the wounded aside; never mind the dead—they're out of it. Once more! Now all together! Deafness, blindness—but on, on, inch by inch onward. Eleven o'clock! It is going well; not so much opposition as was expected. Twelve o'clock! Three cheers! Barton's Brigade has full possession of Barton's Hill. And now for something else. Here to west the Boers have more strength than at the other side. Come artillery, can't you see what is going on on the hill? Barton is attacked there, heavily attacked from a whole net work of dongas on the east. Ah, the artillery are busy looking after what is yet to happen on Railway Hill. Then, Scot's Fusiliers, Irish Fusiliers, come on. "The Irish fought bravely." Who said that? A Yankee infantryman. Help Barton, don't let the blank, blanker, blankest Boers drive him from his position. There! Went down! Never mind, poor fellows, the Red Cross must look after them. More down. This is splendid. Now for it; now for it!

Look at the artillery! The Boers are thinking of Railway Hill and Inniskilling Hill. Bring on the infantry that will go for the flank of the Boers. On! Double!

Bring on the little nine-pounder mountain battery, the lumbering five-inch siege guns. Now we are in for it again. Let her drive! Let her drive! Where did we first hear that expression? Oh, yes; in camp Sunday the Chaplain preached about Saint Paul—the shipwreck—Saint Paul said, "Let her drive!" And how was Polly getting on at home with the kids? Wasn't her shiny face shinier than ever when she got good news of us; and how she sighed when no news came, and gathered the kiddies around her knees and told them to pray for daddy far away at the war. And with our pay we can open a little public after we get together again; Polly minding in the day, and her man in the

evening after he has come back from his work in the city. Almost the scent of the roses around the cottage door can be smelt away off here in Africa. Roses? That's sulphur, dynamite! Polly, remember your man; kiddies, think of daddy! There go a dozen chappies! Most of them had their Pollies and their kiddies, too. Again! Thunder, lightning, gasp of heat, rush of noise. The Boers are at us indeed, everywhere at once, and we are at the Boers—Railway Hill, Inniskilling Hill and the neck between the two.

Railway Hill! Long lines of battalions on the sides of the river gorge, the ground covered with men. Up, up, gradually, slowly, every little shelter sought, every little patch of scrub used for cover against the hail from above, the hot, blinding, tearing hail of Mausers. There behind the railway embankment, among the rocks are some houses, wrecks of houses, mere tottering skeletons of former abodes turned into woody crutches by the war. But there is shelter there, and men wait there, wait for the great movement that is to come soon. How many guns directed against the entrenchments? Surely, seventy. They send the stones and earth high into the air. The English don't like that, of course. Brave beggars they are, though, for they hold out so finely. And that Joubert, that stubborn man, he knows a thing or two—he hasn't much military education, but he has what Americans call sand, pluck, nerve.

Four o'clock! The English find that all further advance under cover must be abandoned. They must face the concealed enemy in the open. Then advance in the open it is.

Proudly into the open ground and upon the enemy's works advance the Lancashire Brigade. They are right in front of the fire, nothing to shield them, not an inch of rock or scrub, nothing but luck, Providence. A rush of Mausers, cruel instruments unworthy the use of men who are not savages. But we are all savages in war—think of our bay-

onets going through men who fight for a principle, not a personal wrong. The bayonet is more manly though, a man has some sort of chance to defend himself against it; but a Mauser, a ploughing, ripping, tearing bullet coming from hundreds, thousands of yards away and nipping a man who cannot see the fire, who does not hear the snap of the gun! Only, he hears the little humming sound of the screw like messenger that is in search of him, and thousands of these screw like messengers hurried through the air as though they had a belated duty to perform. Through it all advanced the Lancashire Brigade, steadily on, unflinching, unafraid, stepping over comrades that fell, never swerving, ever keeping the enemy to the front.

The Lancashire Brigade in front, Norcott's Riflement to the right. The Boer fire took them all in. But they could not, those splendid aiming Boers, keep back the advancing men, who gained on them, fronted them, came on all sides towards them—they could not keep back the men who remembered Majuba Hill, who remembered their comrades, and their homes, their general and their country. Nearer and nearer, through fire, dust, scatter of stone and mud; through deafening world-shaking noise and jar and tremble, through earthquakes and blur of sky and land. Excitement? Yes, afterward; not so much then. Then, only a numbing sensation of determination, only an unbending desire to get on, to reach the place they must, to conquer. Nearer, and nearer, firing close but not too effectual. Close at hand, within reach. Out with the bayonets. The sun was bright, the bayonets flashed in it as they came out, flashed in it as they charged. No slowness now, but haste, double quick, with rush and whirl and any way, in line, out of line, to get to the human palpitating targets.

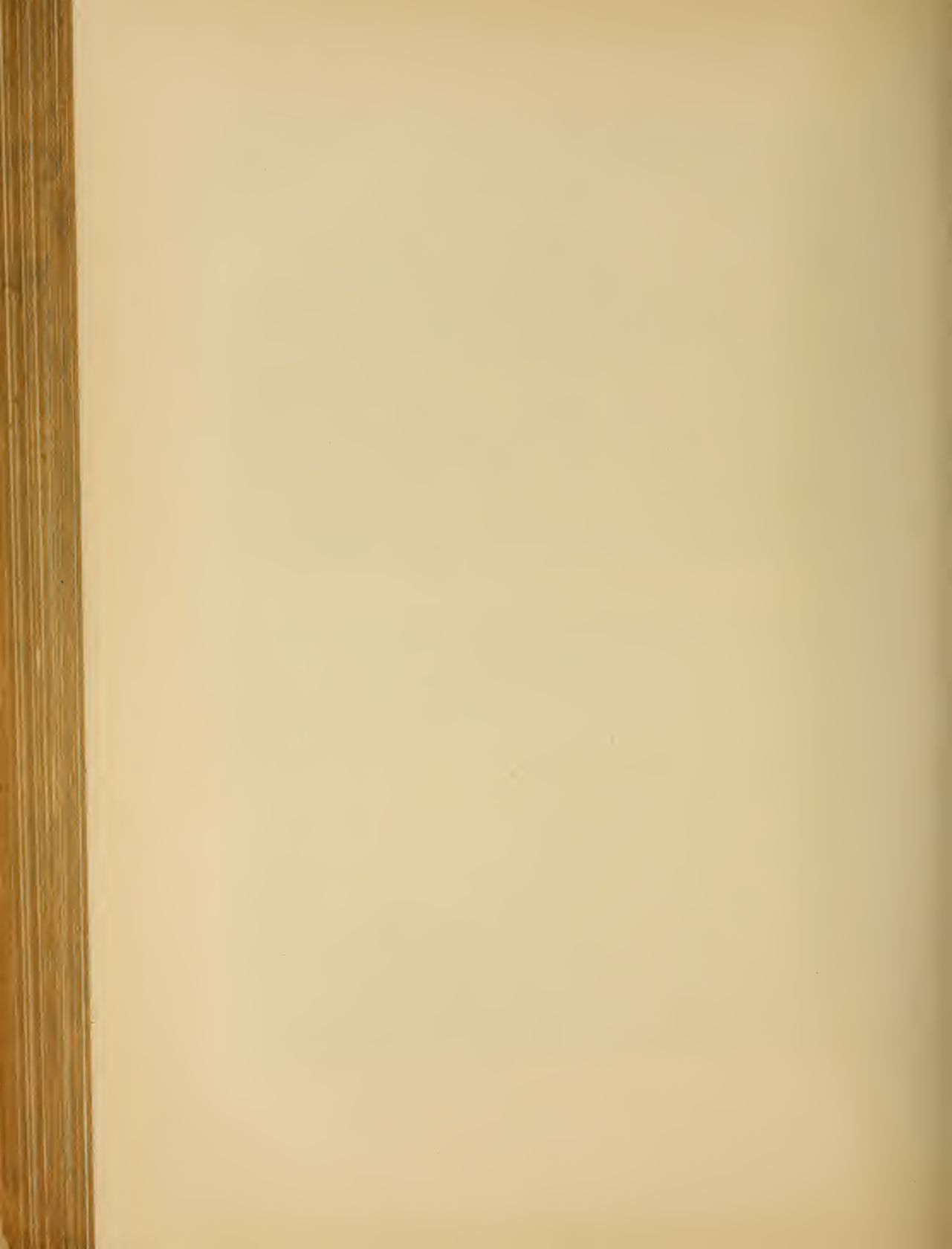
The moving lines increased their pace, at a trot, on the run, their steels of death blinking as though they knew what was coming. Charge! Yells of men opposed to other men, firing always hitherto accurate now



FIELD MARSHAL, LORD ROBERTS.



GEN. SIR REDVERS H. BULLER.



going wide of the mark, for the bayonet thrust swerves the arms that hold the rifles. The soft crush of blades through cloth, cotton, flesh, and the Boers in their trenches become fewer and fewer. Still they must fire, and fire they do, at closest range, muzzle or rifle against the breasts of the men with the drawn and reeking bayonets. Almost, not quite, for the bayonets are long, longer than the rifles, though some bayonets fly upward and describe a flashing somersault in the air as those who held them fell forward or backward with lead burning its way through their bone and tissue. Then some of the Boers throw down their arms and make a run of it, there are too many Englishmen, the tide runs too strongly, and better flight with a chance of life than to add more red gouts to those sharp steels in the hands of the Englishmen. But must they give up the vantage ground they have held all this time? Joubert expected them to keep their posts; when it came to absolute necessity they must obey, especially the young men from the towns who had learned many things after they left the home farms and consorted with other men, with other manners. The young men had been under mercantile service, even service professional, they had been taught that one's duty lies not only in duty to one's self, or, rather, that one's duty to self is most nobly conserved when we perform the duty we agree to perform. The young men, then, must rally, also some of the old burghers who, lazy though they might be called, and opposed to war, were yet men, and men object to other men taking from them their advantage. The Republic of South Africa! Where was it? It was in their hearts; so long as one member of the Transvaal lived, so long did the republic exist—freedom from the rule of the British that had always taken advantage of them.

But look! The sky line of Railway Hill is black with Englishmen, like flies on the lip of a saucer in which is sweetness. These men are on their knees and firing at something that is disappearing down the other

side—Boers. There is cheering, vast and mighty; cheer upon cheer rising above the musketry, the infernal din made by men who in times of peace rack their brains to discover intricate means for annihilating other men in times of war; men who get down on their knees in churches, in their homes, and ask for mercy from Him who will some day come to judge them, who arise from their knees and go into the workshop or the study and plan and contrive deadly things which shall murder as many men as possible in the shortest possible time. Cheering and cheering goes up to heaven from the flies grouped around the saucer, running of mites down the sides of the saucer—Railway Hill belongs to the English.

But all the Boers have not disappeared. The neck of land between the two hills is lined with deep trenches. In those trenches are burghers and young men from the towns. They know how to fire. They pin to the ground the South Lancashire Regiment, hurting it, thinning it out. The Boer fire increases, the Englishmen drop faster and faster. Were the English going to lose the day they had begun to think was theirs? It was so often, the English cheering too soon, their usual mode as they made their way through the world—as they had done years ago when they thought the colonies in North America were conquered and punished for rising up against ill treatment, and yet those colonies were now the United States of America, and called themselves the greatest country in the world. Look, the English were losing!

No!

For in an instant, springing forward in leaps and bounds, were a dozen Englishmen toward the Boers' entrenchment, violent, stormy, their long shining steels thrust out, their faces black with grime, the faces of death-dealers.

And then went away the burghers in all directions, they could stand no more. Some held out their rifles, surrendering. Not always were

they allowed to surrender, the Englishmen had suffered too much to be always merciful. and their bayonets were not in their hands for nothing. Then added to the dozen were other Englishmen, charging for the trenches, a few, say half a dozen, and in a little while some two score Boer prisoners wound down the hill amid cheering of the conquerors. The slouched hats were pulled further over the faces of the burghers, the young men from the towns looked sullenly into the eyes of their captors. And the cheering men raised their voices and were satisfied.

Everything was conquered except Inniskilling Hill. Those on the opposite side could see over. They saw the slopes of the hill on three sides alive with figures of men. They were the Light Brigade. What had the poet said? "Into the jaws of death rode the five hundred." Not these three hundred, or whatever their name. This was another sort of charge of the Light Brigade, and in it no one had blundered. There they were, bayonets out and sparkling. The hill ran up to a peak. Many of the Boer trenches were deserted, but the stone breast-works at the summit had defenders still. It was now evening, and standing out against the darkening sky were slouch hats and restless rifles belonging to the Boers. They would hold out till the last. They might obey or not when they were told to obey orders, but they always obeyed themselves; each man for himself, each man his own master. And now they obeyed themselves. Each man for himself, each his own master. The English were on them, might defeat them, but conquer them, never! Shells were exploding among them, scores, hundreds, over head, in their faces, behind, before and around, showers of rock and splinters deluged them. Still their slouch hats were outlined on the evening sky, their restless rifles, except where some suddenly went down, never to rise any more till that day when an account must be rendered and we shall know beyond any doubt, whatsoever, who was right and who was wrong. But the remainder stayed where

they were, stern, grim, upright, dirty, unpleasant to look at, their pulses at tension in as deadly peril as ever confronted men.

And the infantry drew nearer. Then, why remain when the cause was hopeless? Who could stay the force of such a foe at this moment? Might there not be better work in saving their lives for another effort somewhere else? They ran. One man stayed long enough to spring up on the parapet and aiming his rifle, fired. At the same moment a fifty pound lyddite shell burst against him, and he was shattered away. Others who were running, paused and looked back for an instant, their rifles going mechanically to their shoulders. But the English bayonets were near, and resistance was useless, so they went on and vanished in the shadows. Then the victorious ones put up their sights and the artillery threw shells across the crest of the hill and ridge so as to overtake the fugitives, and some were thus destroyed.

The valleys were stewing in the fire; dust and smoke came up in whirls and blinding wreaths. The infantry crowned the trenches all along the line in which Boers were still crouched. They beckoned the backward ones to come out and be prisoners. The Boers in the nearer trenches obeyed, not those in the farther trenches, and the troops cheered and their cheers rolled down the mountain to the valleys below, and the troops waiting there took up the sound and it was carried out into the night and became one of the noises folded away in the awful vastnesses of space. And the battle of Pieters was won.

Then came the orders for the cavalry to cross the river, and the men were filled with high expectation, for they knew that behind the captured hill stretched an open plain reaching almost to the foot of Bulwana. Down to the pontoon bridge went the men, galloping for all they were worth, the horses seeming to take in the situation and anxious as their riders to speed on to complete the glory of the day.

The cavalry was about to cross the bridge, but they halted. Gen-



SALUTING FIRST WOUNDED CARRIED FROM FIELD.
(A traditional custom of the British Army.)

eral Buller had come up. He had ridden to the other bank to look how things were from that point of view. The Boer artillery were sending a heavy firing to cover the retreat of the riflemen. The General thought it was better that the men should not cross that night, as they might lose many horses. The men were disappointed, they were at fever pitch and would have attempted anything, everything. But the General had issued an order. So the brigade turned back to its former position. The men watered the horses, and stood about in groups. They would have gone on at once, horses or no horses; they were positive they could have entered Ladysmith that night. But the General had ordered otherwise.

The darkness was coming down. The men near the spur of Monte Cristo could see the flashes of the Boer artillery. Shells sailed through the purple air from the direction of Doom Kloof, flame points like so many stars shooting out from them. Two more guns were firing towards the left. Another was on the right. The cackle made was nothing compared to the roar and rush of the earlier part of the day. The English were doing their part, but not so much was needed now.

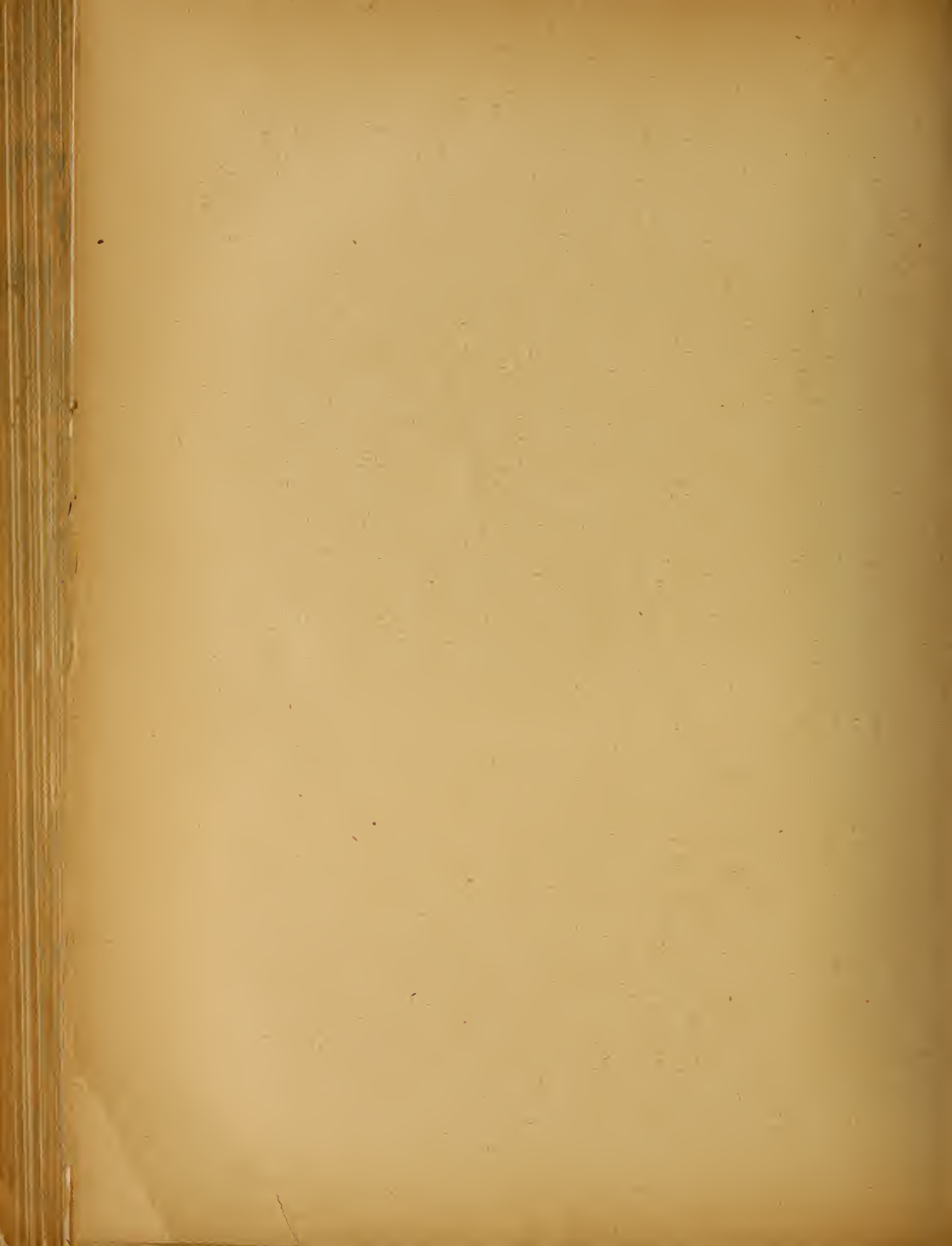
The wounded were gathered in, and there were many; the surgeons were there and the "body snatchers" were there. The wounded, unless they were in mortal case, were cheerful, many of them bandied jokes as they were carried along; even the Boer wounded were not uncheerful and they eagerly took the tobacco the Englishmen offered them. The Englishmen sometimes patted the wounded burghers on the back and told them they had done well, they knew how to hold out. They bore no malice; success can bear no malice towards failure. The Boers could not love the Englishmen, but they had fought together, they and the Englishmen, each for the sake of their country, and now they met as man to man, not foe to foe, and they took the result of the day composedly, as soldiers must. Only, they could not help a little contempt

for the English and their dependence on large numbers. It was all well to say that in a war of defence only one man is required for four who assault; the Boer was the better man. He despised war and its tactics, he was called lazy and inapt, he disdained authority. And yet he had led a pretty chase these English who largely came from military schools and were versed in the arts of war, or else as volunteers had the advantage of drill and regulations. The Boers were mostly raw squads, many of them coming from their fields and at once arraying themselves against the learned English and putting a good many of them under the sod. Surely, the Boer was the better man of the two. And now they would hope for a quick release; then they would go back to their farms and their beasts which must be in a pretty pickle by this time. Though the younger men, the men from the towns, the men who had fought best, wondered if they might not have done better had they had the much despised military training—having the advantage in so many instances, might they not have seized and used those advantages to better purpose, and so gained victories at the last as they had gained them at first, before the English got to using their vast and unopposed resourcefulness?

They wondered, too, if General Joubert was not to blame in more than one instance because of his soft-heartedness. He had several times, when they were on the point of success, turned the tide by some order that pointed to the kindness of his heart rather than to the hardness of his head. If Kruger knew as much of military matters as Joubert—oh, if Kruger had been a younger man and in Joubert's place, what different results there might have been. Still, the war was not over yet, by any means. Kruger would hold out till the end, "till the last man," and who knew what might yet come to pass? The whole idea of the English was Ladysmith; they considered that if Ladysmith were taken, that ended the war. Would it? Not so long as the in-

sults of the English were remembered would the war between Briton and Boer be ended—insults which had lasted for a hundred and forty years, never lessening as the time went on, and which would always be heaped upon the Africanders as long as British rule was exercised in any portion of South Africa. No, the English must be swept out of South Africa, the Africanders must rule undisturbed, and unlimited as to their rights. Their fathers and forefathers had left them this heritage, and they would claim it as theirs in spite of the English, in spite of other foreign nations who were threatening to arbitrate, in spite of the whole world.

But that night after the battle of Pieters the British troops could not have agreed with Boer reasoning. The troops had neither food nor blankets that night, but they did not mind. At last they had got what was more than food or shelter, that which they had hungered and fought for through many weeks, that which had been wrested from them time and again, that which was splendid and more satisfying to the soldier than anything this world had in its power to give—victory!



CHAPTER XVII.

Preparations—The Ladysmith balloon—"Buller is coming"—Ladysmith six miles away—"Dundonald, on!"—The Ladysmith picket—Ladysmith relieved—Condition of garrison—Pepworth's Hill—Bulwana Hill—Kimberley—Rhodes' regiment—General Roberts—Relief of Kimberley—Hatred of Rhodes—Letter from envoy extraordinary of Orange Free State—Retreat of Cronje—Colesberg—Roberts pushing on—Bloemfontein entered.



AFTER the action of Majuba Day, General Buller had possession of the whole left and center of the Pieters' position. In this way large sections of the Boer entrenchments fell into the hands of the English, the Boers hastily left the others and retreated towards Bulwana mountain. But neither the General nor his men looked for the ease with which Ladysmith was now to be entered.

A smooth plain and apparently without obstruction ran to the foot of Bulwana, but the mountain had on it a long line of ridges and kopjes leading to the hills of Doomkloof and these were still in possession of the Boers. While it was true that this position lay within range of Sir George White's guns which placed its defenders between two fires, yet White's garrison at Ladysmith was feeble and weak for want of food and from exposure and other causes, and little might be expected from them. So General Buller decided that the army should rest on the 28th and attack Bulwana March 1st.

The heliograph was brought into requisition and a message was flashed into Ladysmith telling of the success of the army, that the Boers were beaten, and that Buller was sending on his cavalry to reconnoitre.

But Ladysmith was already posted about matters. The balloon had gone up on the 28th and Captain Tilney in the basket found out all that passed in the Boers' lines. He heard no artillery fire at first, and he feared the relieving party had once more retreated. But it was only break of dawn and he must wait to ascertain more till the light increased. The people down in the town waited, watching the balloon to know the news. Up came the sun, and it was full day. Then the watcher in the balloon saw that the English infantry were occupying the Boer position while mounted patrols rode forward into the plain. Then he saw the Boers rounding up their cattle and driving them off to the north. Next the watcher saw the Boers catching and saddling their horses, and in a little while great white wagons rumbled down the road around the eastern end of Bulwana, while "Long Tom" stopped firing.

"They're coming, our men are coming!"

Down went the balloon into the town.

"The army is coming, Buller is coming!"

The people did not hail the news rapturously; they had been fooled before—and yet there was no fire from the Boers, no tooting of the cornets, no beating of iron rods together to say that "Long Tom" had puffed and a shell was on the way.

The army was moving on, all the same, crossing the bridge, where somebody had hurriedly put up a finger post on which was painted, "To Ladysmith." The men laughed, the joke was pleasant. On and on they came, men, mules, horses, guns. Ladysmith could not yet be seen, ridges hid it, but the men thought they might enter by night. Under Bulwana the Boers could be seen, though, hundreds of horsemen and wagons hurrying away. Cut them off, intercept them! Patrols started out in every direction, and went as far as Pieters Station, where they found a made-up train of trucks ready to start, but now abandoned by the Boers. A squadron went to the station. They were fired on from

a low hill to the west. So it was necessary to push on carefully, the cavalry reconnoitre and retire, infantry and guns to push forward. Then that little hill got a shelling for an hour. This delayed progress, and it was three o'clock when the patrols went forward again and the way seemed clear. And Ladysmith was only six miles away.

The Boer ambulances had been invited to come for their wounded. The Boers were inclined to talk. Yes, it was reported that Cronje had surrendered, and another report said he had escaped. But no need to talk about such matters, even if Lord Roberts was a stronger man than Cronje; the ambulances had come for the wounded struck by Buller's men, let Roberts' men alone. Hark! The Boers were shelling a party of English who had ridden on to Bulwana. Onward, to the rescue! Then the Boer guns were silent, and the South African Light Horse and the irregular brigade advanced again. The Boers with the ambulances looked after them. "They will never get into Ladysmith," their eyes said.

But Dundonald moved his whole command to the top of Bulwana and looked down. No, Ladysmith could not be seen even then; two or three ridges obscured it from view. And three hours more had gone and it was six o'clock. But Ladysmith was taken, wasn't it? Or almost? And with Ladysmith taken by Buller, and Kimberley by Roberts, the war would be over? Or almost?

But now halt! The Boer artillery was firing; there was no use to reconnoitre any farther; the ground was horribly rocky and night was coming.

So the order was given to retire. And the men moved. So we are not to enter Ladysmith to-night? Hard luck! But here is a messenger riding back from Gough. What? Why, the last ridge separating Ladysmith from the Boers had been evacuated by the enemy—the road is clear!

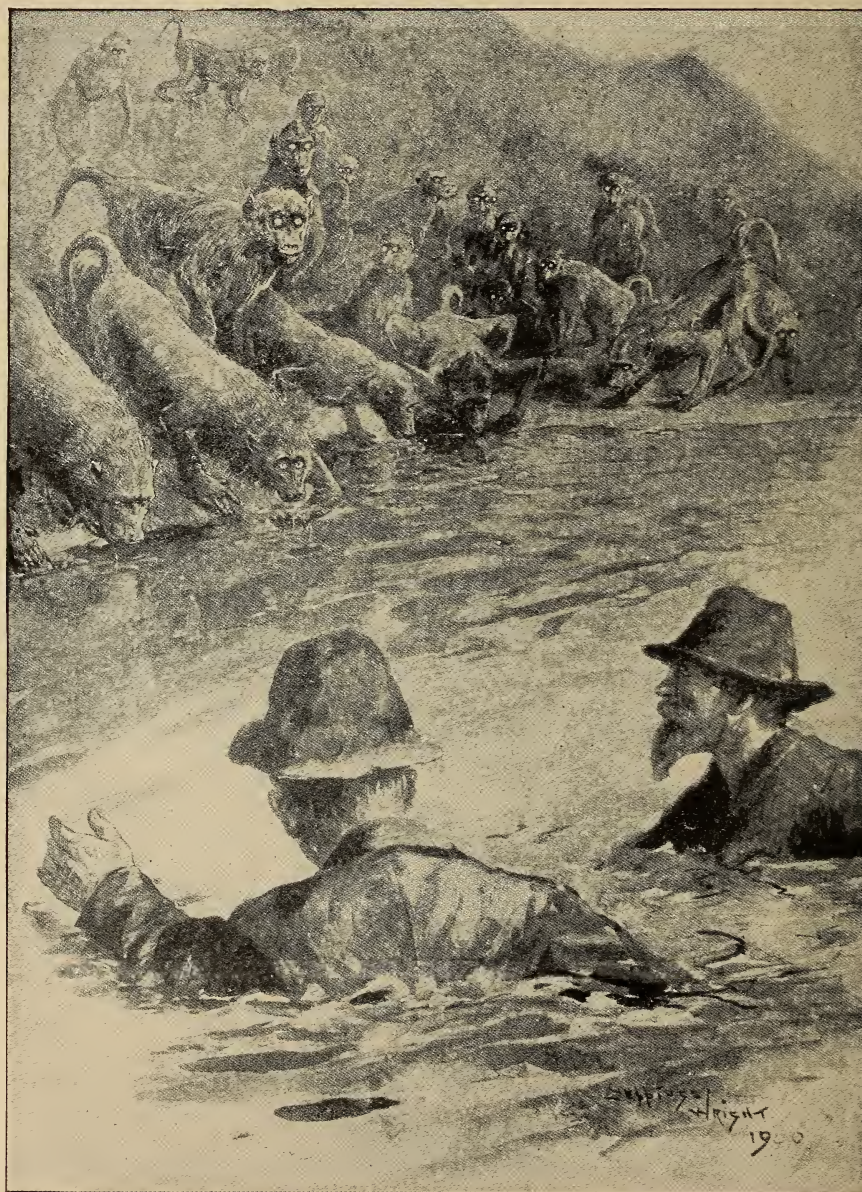
Dundonald! Dundonald, on! It is the slogan—Dundonald on!

It was evening, the road was rough, but what of that? On! Faster, faster! The very horses caught the infection and rushed along with wide spread pink nostrils. Away! To the next ridge, stumbling, clambering, but going on. Beyond the ridge, or beyond the hills beyond that, or around the corner, somewhere close at hand was Ladysmith, the little town the whole world was heeding, Europe, Asia, Africa, America—"and New York and Chicago." The men laughed at that, it was a joke; New York and Chicago making the additional continents. They would have laughed at anything, for they were going on to Ladysmith, the town they had been fighting for continuously for weeks, they would be inside the town in an hour. The excitement of it, the exhilaration of it, wildness, recklessness, up hill, down hill, over rocks, through scrub. Blow bugles, blow! The splendor of it, the joy of it. Sound up cornets, give us a tune! And on, and on. The horses foam, their white foam flies through the air, their heads raise to catch the cool evening breeze. The British guns on Caesar's camp are firing. What does that mean? Never mind, that could be found out afterward. And look—look! There is Ladysmith, there is Ladysmith! There are the tin roofs and the dark trees it has taken so many weeks to reach. A challenge:

"Who goes there?"

"The Ladysmith relief column."

Out from the rifle pits concealed in the scrub rush, worn and tattered men, feebly cheering, their arms waving. Some of them cried, some of them laughed foolishly. They were the Ladysmith picket line. Some of the troopers laughed with them, some cried. Then there was a cheer—such a cheer! Then a scramble and giving out of tobacco, biscuits. There was talk about White in the town—don't call him Sir George; call him plain White, a man, a brave man, a white man.



ESCAPING BOERS TO MEET BABOONS.

That was a brilliant joke, which was made more brilliant by a "Tommy" who knew London music halls, saying, White was a white man and we would treat him white.

But now military order, enough of fooling. So there is arrangement, Natal Carbineers, Imperial Light Horse riding two and two abreast, and on to Klip river. And were they obeying orders? Buller's orders were to reconnoitre, to avoid action. To enter the town without orders would be a breach of etiquette. Etiquette? Bah!

Look! the people are in the town waiting. That is their cheer you hear—that is the cornet that gave warning when "Long Tom" smoked and a shell might be expected in half a minute. And what a song was heard, an anthem, "God save the Queen." The people singing or cheering, Dundonald rode into Ladysmith. Sir George White rode down to greet the arriving troopers, he raised his helmet and gave the order, "Three cheers for the Queen!" The relief of Ladysmith was an accomplished fact.

General White attempts a speech of welcome to the two hundred troopers who had ridden forward to the relief of the town, and he breaks down on the speech—could he have done otherwise? Before him are the gallant two hundred, stained by battle, stained by earth; behind him are the town people worn and impoverished and hungry. So he broke down in his speech of welcome to the two hundred who rise in their stirrups and cheer again.

"Three cheers for General Sir George White! Hip, hip, hip!" And here was the army crowding in, thousands of them. But that was later, in the day-time, the sun shining, the yellow dust rising like a golden veil under the feet of the soldiers, 22,000 of them, shouting, dancing, the sweat running down their faces. For hours they came, music with them, cornets, drums, bag-pipes, crowding on, laughing, joking; men, horses, guns, ambulances, stretcherbearers, who are

cheered not as "body snatchers" but as brave and valiant men who have done glorious service. And the army sees the little garrison that held out so long and refused to give up the town. They have put the garrison into new uniforms, thrown their old tattered rags away, but their clothes hang on them like clothes on bean poles, for the men inside them are mere skeletons, the skin on their faces tight and yellow, their teeth sticking out from cracked dry lips, fever in their blood, hungry and nerveless. Many of them could not stand and fell to the sidewalks after they tried to make a brave showing before the arriving troops, others leaned on their muskets for support. Compared to them the army looks as though made up of giants as they come on in dirty uniforms, faces blistered by the sun and black with grime.

The giants were not unmoved by the contrast. Some of them took off their hats to the garrison; all cheered the garrison. And White? Where was White? People, don't you know that although Buller has come and freed you, it was White that kept you from being taken till he came? Of course the people know, and they go for White, and they grab him, and they put him into a carriage which they surge around, after taking out the horses, and with their hands in the poles and the ropes that extend the poles, they drag White through the glaring streets of Ladysmith, singing, making merry. And the gaunt-eyed garrison looked on, and cheered with the rest.

Though picnicking and merry-making must take a rest, serious business must be considered.

After extravagance of action and food, the garrison went back to rations of biscuit and horseflesh, while efforts were made (March 1st) to harass the Boers who were retreating in the direction of the Biggarsberg.

General White asked for men who would go afoot five miles and fight at the end of the journey. Many volunteered, but they were

so reduced by want of food that only two thousand men were pronounced fit for the undertaking.

These two thousand were formed into a column under Colonel Knox and left Ladysmith to attack the Boers on Pepworth's Hill so as to try to hinder them from reaching their trains at Modderspruit Station. The Boers, though, had left a rear guard, and they held the English in check for several hours. But at last they were scattered, and the troops occupied Pepworth's Hill. The batteries shelled Modderspruit Station, where three crowded trains managed to pull out beyond gun range. By this time the English could hardly carry their rifles, so exhausted were they.

The same morning General Buller advanced on Bulwana Hill. The infantry marched down from the positions they had carried, and by two o'clock the plain of Pieters was full of them, with long columns of guns and transports in the rear. The Bulwana Hill was seen to be abandoned by the Boers and the army went into camp. There was another town, too, that besieged, was relieved in time—Kimberley.

The people in the town were not to suffer as did those in Ladysmith. It had its hardships, terrible hardships. Shells shrieked overhead, people made for cover, food was scarce. Rhodes was there; many people thought that fact would make the Afrianders all the more anxious to wipe out the town. His friends said he meant to stand by the town that made him and where his interests lay. He had a regiment of his own, the Kimberley Light Horse, and he paid for everything connected with it out of his own pocket. There were assaults and repulses, ground gained one day and lost the next, till General Roberts, on whom so many hopes were based, one day scattered the Afrianders and the relief of the town came. But the joy with which the news of the relief was received was tempered with anxiety. For Cronje's army was not fully accounted for, the relief of Kimberley had been too easy, and

the British army might be falling into one of those traps where the Boers had so frequently enticed them. It was not certain that Cronje was put to flight, only that the Boers had drawn off and let the English enter Kimberley, and until it was assured that Cronje had been driven out of harm's way the army was not safe. For Cronje was a good general, had proven himself a good soldier, and certainly a stubbornly brave man. The despatch that reached England was not very definite, and the censorship was blamed. It was stated that the Boers had been defeated and were being pursued all the way to Bloemfontein by General French. Again, it was stated that Cronje's army had been very little damaged except as to losing stores and ammunition which were captured by Lord Roberts' army. Conservative papers had editorials in them accusing Cecil Rhodes of making a convenience of the nation for his own pockets; he was made rich by Kimberley, he "cornered" diamonds whenever he pleased, and insisted that all the disasters that had overtaken the country and its soldiery were due to the ambitious schemes of this man. It has been stated that when the news of the relief of Kimberley was officially announced people while rejoicing at the safety of their countrymen said, "What a pity it is the Boers did not get Rhodes." At the same time Lord Roseberry in the House of Lords delivered a speech in which he said that the crisis in South Africa was urgent, and that should Great Britain lose South Africa, as she might yet do, she would lose the support of her colonies which had associated themselves with her in the belief that they were assisting a very powerful empire. With the colonies once gone, Lord Roseberry feared that the British empire would also cease to be, so that the present struggle was a struggle of life and death.

With such gloomy forebodings in their minds, the English people might be excused if they permitted the relief of Kimberley to be more than an incident to them, and if they thought more of the reports that



BIVOUAC NEAR COLESBURG.

England intended to use the natives if the supply of soldiers at home was less than the demand. It was said, also, that the trenches around Mafeking were deserted by the Boers and the English could have them for the taking; again, that the Boers were enticing the British to enter the Free State, knowing that this being the hot season the British would lose more men from heat and sickness in the arid plains of the Free State than the Boers could hope to bring about in battle. A great part of the Free State being a sandy, unwatered desert, the Boers with a few men could capture the supplies sent into the Free State and so harrass the English forces that they would be compelled to give up the campaign. Kimberley? The people in that besieged town had not suffered so greatly, if reports could be believed; they might be on short commons now and then, and provisions might be high in price, but the people, Cecil Rhodes with them, seemed to be enjoying themselves, having sports and pastimes even, not like Ladysmith where there was absolute suffering and privation.

Then came a letter received by the American Treasurer of the Boers' Widows' and Orphans' Fund from the Orange Free State's Envoy Extraordinary at the Hague:

"The Free State has done its very utmost to avert war by its inward policy, by its policy towards Great Britain now and in the past, and by its policy with regard to our sister republic (the Transvaal). We have not made war, nor even taken up a spiteful attitude after the Basutos had been armed against us, in spite of the treaties; nor after the British took their country, when we at last, after fourteen years of struggle against the never ceasing raids, had subdued them; no more after the appropriation by England of our diamond fields, nor when arbitration about the rightful ownership of them was refused by England; nor on account of our little grievances against England. For we desired peace. We desired to co-operate with England to the benefit of South

Africa. But it has all proved of no avail. Independence has been forced upon us, when the Basutos proved too powerful for the British Colonial Government, who first had made them strong, and now that we have made out of a wilderness a flourishing, civilized, progressing state, our independence is at stake. For our republican treaties are only being considered of any value as far as they give rights to England, and a new institution of international law is being invented, that of paramountcy, which applied to Europe would make Russia paramount over Great Britain.

"The policy of the present British administration has exasperated my people, the most peaceful in the world. There was and is no choice; my people have to fight, or to die; for our independence is dearer to us than our life.

"How could we separate from our Transvaal brothers, now that all told, men, women and children, both states together have not more souls than a small British town, who now have been forced to war by the largest empire the world has ever seen?

"We could not separate, and we do not want to. God would not continue his visible protection of our just cause. The Transvaal people are our brothers and kinsmen, not only figuratively speaking, but also in reality. And we have availed ourselves of the experience of past months and put right whatever was not in perfect shape in the beginning of the war.

"This war is doing just the reverse of what the British intended to attain; instead of crushing the Africanders, it is building up out of two states one federated Transvaal Free State or Orange Republic, strong by its unity and strong by the common suffering so terrible and so undeserved."

And yet in a little while, with Lord Roberts to add to the victories, Great Britain was to change the very name of the Orange Free State

to the Orange River State! A few days later came word that General Cronje's whereabouts had been learned, for the Africander commander was now fighting what might be the decisive battle of the war.

His retreat toward Bloemfontein had been conducted in a masterly manner, he nearly succeeded in bringing his men in safety to the goal. In General Roberts he had a man opposed to him who was very well acquainted with the Boer style of fighting, and who was a most brilliant leader and one who was capable of inspiring his men with full confidence.

Cronje had sent for reinforcements. Having ascertained that the Boer positions were very strong and any attempt to dislodge the Africanders would mean a terrible sacrifice of life, Lord Roberts determined to turn his attention to the reinforcements. He made his calculations so accurately that he was able to intercept the arriving troops and scatter them, thus hindering the Boers from strengthening their forces and making the end a certain gain to the British. But the end was not yet. The Boers seemed to know nothing about giving up, their leaders lost no time in complaining about the inevitable, but as soon as the relief of Kimberley seemed an assured fact they began to make preparations for other things. General Buller had crossed the Tugela, had taken positions, was on Spion Kop, was on the way to Ladysmith. Would Cronje end the war in the Free State? Hardly; he would fight to the last man, as Joubert would.

Then a report was circulated that Cronje wished to surrender, then that Cronje had sent a messenger in haste to inform the English that this was a mistake—he was determined to fight to the death.

To the death! Why in the first four short months of the war the British had lost fourteen thousand men! And would Buller get to Ladysmith? No, said Cronje's men; Joubert would never allow that. And had they heard that the English were running short of men?

Why, the Queen had issued a call to the old soldiers who had served her in former wars, bidding them come forward and defend her? And the old men had come. That England was loyal, at any rate, no skulking, no pleading there were farms to look after. Oh, and after all Kimberley was relieved, and so was Ladysmith!

The relief of Ladysmith was a great gain, but there were indications that in a little while the British army would have another enjoyment. In Cape Colony there had been heavy fighting with forward movements in more than one direction. Cronje's force had surrendered at Paardeesberg and the prisoners had been sent to Cape Town. Then Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener paid a hasty visit to Kimberley where they were received with tremendous enthusiasm. On their return the headquarters of the forces in South Africa were established at Osfontein and careful reconnoissances were made with a view of locating the enemy, who, it was known, were concentrating with a view to blocking the English advances on Bloemfontein. The Boer position was soon found, it being of a position that could hardly be missed. It lay about four miles to the front of the British force at Osfontein, and was only ten miles long, with a river in the middle. The right of the position rested on a long high backed mountain north of the river, the space between the mountain and the river being entrenched. South of the river there were kopjes, and a central ridge covered the English and rendered it impossible to estimate with any exactness the number of the Boer forces. General French was operating against the north of the Boers' position, while Kelly-Kenny, Tucker and Colville were attending to the southern portion. Bloemfontein was said to be undefended, and if Lord Roberts could break up the force opposed to him it was probable that a serious loss to the Boer army could be brought about. An important point in favor of the British was the recent rains, which had produced a fine crop of young grass, destined to be of the

greatest value in bringing the tired horse back to a good condition. Again, in Cape Colony important successes had been achieved by General Clements, Brabant and Gatacre. Clements learned that the Boer force was being weakened by the withdrawal of men who hoped to rescue Cronje. Clements rushed forward and occupied Rensburg and then Colesberg. Then he was reported to be at Joubert's Siding, which is one station further north, and a very short distance from Orange River. General Brabant's Colonial Division distinguished itself. After a night march they attacked the Boers at Dordrecht and Jamestown, and were successful, when the General attacked and captured a fort the Boers were holding. The Boers retreated, the English in hot pursuit.

The skill and quickness of Lord Roberts' operations, combined with his careful organization, filled England with enthusiasm, for though Ladysmith had not ended the war, proceedings were going on which must lead to a speedy termination of the struggle. Lord Roberts was continually taking the retreating Boers by surprise and outflanking them, with the help of French and other generals. Cronje had surrendered, he was a prisoner, and the world prophetically decided that little more was to be done. There was a great deal yet to be done.

Roberts leaving the scene of Cronje's surrender sped on to Poplar Grove (March 7th). The fighting was practically confined to the cavalry. Generals DeWet and Delarey were in command of the Boer forces, who were so securely entrenched in a strong position that a direct attack would have caused terrific losses on the English side. The cavalry made a wide turn and came upon the Boers. The Boers retreated, leaving their cooked dinners behind them. A Krupp gun, and tents and wagons were taken by the English. President Kruger and President Steyn, who were present, did all they could to stop the flight of the Boers, but at last had to join in the retreat to avoid being cap-

tured. Wasting no time General Roberts continued his march and reached Dreifontein. There two battalions of General Kelly-Kenny's division turned the Boers out of two strong positions at the point of the bayonet. The Boers lost a hundred and two dead and twenty prisoners. The English loss was not stated. During this action there was said to be abuse of the white flag on the part of the Boers on a Kopje east of Dreifontein farm when several British were wounded. The commander-in-chief, Roberts, remonstrated with President Kruger and President Steyn, and said that if such occurrences were repeated, he would be compelled to order his troops to disregard the white flag entirely.

The Boers trekked in the night after the battle of Dreifontein, but General Roberts early on the following morning marched some miles south of Bloemfontein to keep near them, while General French charged the Boers out of the hills commanding Bloemfontein railway station, and a brother of President Steyn was made prisoner.

At dawn next day General Roberts started to reinforce General French, and Bloemfontein was entered by General Roberts at the head of the British troops, March 13th. The tide had turned in favor of the English indeed. There was little of those repulses so well known earlier in the war; advances were made and the ground entered upon was retained. The Boer was learning his lesson; the Briton could not always be beaten, and the British army was something to wonder at as to its size and the orderliness of its manoeuvres. Maybe there was something in military discipline after all. When the war was over and the Boer had it his own way, maybe the young men from the towns would make up a standing army with all the accuracy characterizing that of the Briton. When the war was over and the Boer had it his own way!

CHAPTER XVIII.

Kitchener—Gatacre—Mafeking holding out—Capture of Cronje—Death of Joubert—Estimate of his character—March towards Pretoria—Baden-Powell relieved at Mafeking—Character of Baden-Powell—Annexation of Orange Free State—Flight of President Kruger—Johannesburg entered—Fight for Pretoria—Entrance of Pretoria—Mortality of British army—Losses of Boers.



GENERAL KITCHENER had been as active as General Roberts. He paid a flying visit to Kimberley March 9th, and next day undertook a railway journey to Victoria Road to put down a rising of the Dutch on the frontier of Cape Colony.

In the meanwhile General Gatacre pushed on from Burghersdorp toward Bethulie where the Boers destroyed the railroad bridge over the Orange River, the report said.

The same day General Clements shelled the Boers, and General Brabant repulsed them near Aliwal North. Ladysmith had been quiet since General Buller's army had entered it, there was no excitement there, the apathy of suffering which had waked for a few hours on the entrance of the troops had disappeared, it is true, but enthusiasm also had gone, and only the true state of affairs appealed to the people. They had been liberated, but that was all, war was on all around them and supplies were scarce, little business done. The enfeebled garrison would never be the men they had been, even though they were rapidly recovering from the pitiable plight in which the saving army had found them. Ladysmith was free inasmuch that the Boers no longer harassed it, but it was not free from war.

The entrance of Lord Roberts into Bloemfontein found the residents not angry with the English troops, though the army was not welcomed, and the people feared they would have to pay the penalty for having tried so long to keep the British out. But Lord Roberts let it be known that submission would excuse punishment, and the Africans submitted, though they resented the coming of the men and saw in it the beginning of the end of South African freedom, for already in the air were rumors that the English commander intended to alter the very name of the republic—it was no longer to be the Orange Free State, but the Orange River State.

British rule was to be established for all time, for it was scarcely likely that South Africa would ever again loose the yoke. In a few days Bloemfontein opened its shops and the burghers who had been guarding the town went back to their farms filled with apprehension of new taxes, new aggressions, and even if they repeated the great trek of so many years ago, in what part of Africa could they go and feel safe from the Briton, who was ever in the wake of the Boer to lay his hand on the result of the Boers' industry and thrift.

Gatacre advanced from Stormburg, occupied Burghersdorp and pressed on to Bethulie where he succeeded in partly saving the railroad bridge, which first reports said had been totally destroyed by the Boers.

March 15th, Clements crossed at Norval's Pont by a pontoon bridge, Gatacre at Bethulie by the road bridge. In a few days Gatacre was established at Springfontein and the country was being pacified, though the resident Africans were sullen, if quiet.

Within a month the whole aspect of affairs had changed in both Cape Colony and the western border, and the English now held the southern portion of the Free State in the hollow of their hand. And now General Roberts had time to give his men a much needed rest before the final and great advance toward Pretoria.

In Natal, General Dundonald had been reconnoitering with his mounted brigade in the direction of Drakensburg which was reported to be strongly held by the Boers.

Mafeking was holding out against investment but it seemed certain that it would be relieved in a few hours. General Methuen had advanced from Kimberley and seized the crossing of the Vaal. And then came the siege where Briton and Boer were alike brave and stubborn. And Lord Roberts had really captured Cronje as had been reported, and drove off Joubert, and so commanded the southern part of the Free State. The carnage had been considerable, the Boers fighting with great energy, but theirs was indeed a forlorn hope in the eyes of the British who were well acquainted with victory by this time and fought with the strength of certain success. President Kruger would never give in to the English; of that the Boers felt certain. If report said that he was ready to fly, taking along with him riches to the amount of fifteen million dollars, why let him go. He would return again, by and by; he was not the man even at his age to let South Africa slip out of his hands. He would never give in to Cecil Rhodes, for that was what it amounted to. Cecil Rhodes thought he owned South Africa when he could twist round his finger the London statesmen who sanctioned everything he did and permitted him to make the war. Never mind; the day would come when England would know Mr. Rhodes as South Africa knew him; would see the selfishness of all that he did. That raising of a regiment and paying all the expenses attached to it was a blind to hoodwink the English and make them cry out about the man's sincerity and loyalty. Some day the same people would stop to think, and when that day came Mr. Rhodes would not king it over the people as he had so long done. In March an irretrievable loss came to the Boers in the death of General Joubert at Pretoria. The bravery of General Joubert was recognized by Boer and Briton alike. He had

been stern and he had been merciful, always caring for his men and pitiful toward his enemies. He hated to see men killed, and many a time he had let success slip by him rather than seize it on men's graves. He had commanded his men not to fire on the retreating English, he had hesitated to give severe punishment. He was a brave man and a good man. Above the smoke and din of battle he saw the cross and he heard the voice from it saying: "They know not what they do." Inflexible in his love for his country he had led the charge at Majuba Hill where General Colley was killed and his further gallantry was seen at the siege of Ladysmith where he had done all in his power to keep back the English, and had succeeded for months in so doing. And he died, and the Boers lost a great and good man, the English an honest enemy. He was mourned throughout South Africa, and there was small hope of replacing him.

The Boers were now busy entrenching Kronstadt, though Lord Roberts was certain of rendering such entrenchments in vain.

And staunch as the Transvaalers were they surely viewed with alarm the continued submission of the Free States, the steady advance from the south of Gatacre, Clements and Brabant, and the ease with which Kitchener dealt with an outbreak in the Carnarvan district. Already there appeared to be talk among them of a final stand at Pretoria, and when mention is made of a retirement to the citadel a defending force is generally on the down grade. But there in Pretoria they would make a stand, they would fight to the death, they would give Roberts all he wanted, and a little more. The burghers would not tamely submit; they would be lazy no more now that the last chance had come, while the young men from the towns gritted their teeth and said better a death on the soil of South Africa while it was still free, than a life on that soil made into English territory.

Now at Bloemfontein there had been a fault, caused partly by the

outbreak in the Carnarvan district. General Roberts, while promised the aid of the other generals, was practically alone, and he might have to work for all the commanders in the coming fight at Kronstadt. He wanted to see the railway communication fully restored between Bloemfontein, Cape Town, Port Elizabeth and East London before starting eastward. A powerful argument for a stay at Bloemfontein lay in the fact that Lord Roberts' success in the north of the Free State depended upon secure lines of communications. There were indications that scattered parties of Boers in the absence of Roberts would slip around to the rear and cause trouble. The advance from the south continued steadily, but with studied slowness, the object being to impress the Free States and put an end to subsequent rising. Commandant Oliver being defeated by General Brabant at Aliwal North, fled in the direction of Sand River.

Meanwhile all was quiet at Springfontein and General Clements occupied Philipopolis and received the submission of a number of burghers who were said to be beginning to feel that the old government of the Free State was at an end, and that further resistance was at an end. They may have thought thus, or they may have laid down their arms only temporarily, waiting for a chance to turn on the English once the Boers had a success and the forces of England were less lofty in their attitude than they now were. For they would never believe that freedom from the English rule might not be accomplished by some supreme stroke which would make that freedom unassailable ever afterward.

In Natal there appeared, as time went on, to be no appreciable move either on the part of the Boers or the English. Each seemed to be playing a waiting game.

And alas, poor Mafeking! The few hours in the course of which the English had hoped to see the tribulations of the garrison brought to an end stretched into days, and still no news of relief came.

General Plumer, after coming within a short distance of the beleagured town, was forced to retire. The situation of the town was very grave, and it was hoped that a great effort would be made by General Methuen to relieve gallant Baden-Powell and his brave garrison hemmed in there.

March 29th, Lord Roberts' protracted halt at Bloemfontein was relieved by an engagement, but the Boers were successful.

On the 31st there was another engagement where once more the English were worsted. But at last the long looked for advance of Lord Roberts' army began from Bloemfontein and was followed by some striking results. All of April there had been skirmishings, and the English stubbornly resisted, and at last moved on.

May 3d, the first important stage on the march to Pretoria began, and Brandfort was carried in a masterly fashion. The Boers who had intended a stout resistance were taken by surprise and retired hurriedly.

May 5th, two English divisions with mounted infantry marched twenty miles to the Vet river, which Lord Roberts attempted to cross and was foiled by a heavy fire of Boer guns on the opposite bank. Three hours of brisk artillery dueling was kept up, but the English guns could not silence those of the Boers, and the bulk of the English troops bivouacked for the night three miles from the river. Shortly after dusk, however, General Hutton's Mounted Infantry turned the Boers' right, and in a very dashing manner crossed the river under a heavy shell and musketry fire.

The next morning it was discovered that the Boers had evacuated their position and had fled towards Sand river and Kroonstadt. Lord Roberts' force crossed the Vet and proceeded seven miles and occupied the junction of the branch line to the important town of Winberg. A quantity of military stores fell into the hands of the English.

So a substantial portion of the distance between Bloemfontein and

Kroonstadt was covered, while at the latter place the Boers had a strong stand.

But Mafeking was not yet relieved, the Boer investment growing closer.

There were now two hundred thousand men in the English force, shipped from time to time, and all anxious to assist in the settlement of matters. All at once the good news was flashed across the wires in the middle of May that Colonel Baden-Powell, who had so finely held Mafeking against its besiegers for over six months, was at last relieved. Mafeking was not Ladysmith, but the men who held it were brave as lions. The rapidity of Lord Roberts' advance will be realized when it is stated that it was May 1st when the veteran commander inspected a division as it marched from Bloemfontein north under General Pole-Carew. Brandfort was captured by Pole-Carew and General Tucker and Hutton, and on May 3d was entered by Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener. Fresh fighting ensued on the Vet river which was crossed May 6th, Winberg and Smaldeel falling into the hands of the British. Then Generals Pole-Carew, Tucker, Hutton, Ian Hamilton and Bruce Hamilton cleared the Boers from the north bank of the Sand river May 10th. President Steyn had fled from Bloemfontein, and on the 12th of May Lord Roberts' army entered Kroonstadt without opposition and the Union Jack was hoisted by an English woman. The occupation of Kroonstadt added to the differences of the Free Staters and the Boers of the South African Republic, the former accusing the latter of making use of them and deserting them, the Transvaalers saying they would no longer fight in the Orange Free State, and retiring to the Vaal river, where it was supposed they would make a stand.

The outburst of enthusiasm caused in England by the tidings of the relief of Ladysmith was repeated when the news arrived of the raising of the prolonged siege of Mafeking. The trials of the brave garrison had

been equalled by the resourcefulness of the skillful chief, Baden-Powell. The Boers had shelled Mafeking day and night. There was a desperate attempt to storm the place May 12th, but it held out as usual, and it was relieved May 18th.

As the war in South Africa progressed, the calm, heroic figure of Baden-Powell became the chief centre of interest as he held Mafeking. He got up entertainments to distract the attention of the beleaguered people; he planned by day and night, scouting under cover of darkness; he matured a system of defence which enabled him and the handful of brave men he commanded to repel every Boer attack. He kept Cronje at bay. He cut off the retreat of the Boers when the relief came, and captured over a hundred prisoners, including Commandant Eloff, Kruger's nephew.

The indomitable energy displayed by Lord Roberts personally was considered wonderful in a man of sixty-seven years of age. Up every day at dawn, he was early in the saddle and rode hard till afternoon, when he halted and kept touch with his various divisions by telegraph. His splendid example inspired his men whose fine marching powers were the admiration of the country. The enemy was completely out-flanked and compelled to retreat from their various defensive positions.

General Louis Botha, in command of the Boers on the north bend of Rhenoster river, left hurriedly for Pretoria two days before the British troops arrived, so it was reported, while his lieutenant left the entrenchments precipitately on May 24th, when he learned that General Ian Hamilton was at Heilbron, that the English cavalry had crossed the Rhenoster some miles lower down stream, and that General Smith-Dorrien's Brigade was ready on his flank.

Lord Roberts did not pause. On the Queen's birthday his advance guard crossed the Vaal and was only just in time to prevent the coal mines on both sides of the river from being destroyed. At church

service the following Sunday, Lord Roberts proclaimed the annexation of the Orange Free State. From Klip river, on Monday afternoon, May 28th, his Lordship cabled to London that a twenty mile march that day had brought his forces within eighteen miles of Johannesburg, and that Generals French and Ian Hamilton had engaged the enemy eight miles to his left.

Johannesburg was not entered on Tuesday, as was rather prematurely announced to cheering audiences in some of the London theatres that evening. But Roberts was enabled on the 29th to establish his headquarters close at hand, with no casualties in the main column, and not many in the cavalry and mounted infantry. The enemy had not expected him till the next day. The junction connecting Johannesburg by rail with Pretoria and Natal was seized, along with some rolling stock. Johannesburg was quiet and no mines had been injured, so Lord Roberts proposed to enter the city, "the gold city," at noon on Wednesday. The particulars regarding Major General Baden-Powell's doings when Mafeking was relieved by Colonels Makon and Plumer, May 17th, could not but increase the high estimation entertained for this skillful soldier. The dispatch with which he led the brave garrison and his combined relief columns to the attack on the Boers' lines the very morning on which he was relieved proved conclusively that he had plenty of courage left. It was only when he had routed the Boers that the intrepid defender of Mafeking returned for what must have been a heart-stirring march past the cheering market place. The thanksgiving service was reserved for May 18th, when the General showed his talent for apt speech making in his pithy addresses to the garrison, the nurses and the gallant relief forces. He evinced political tact, moreover, in wiring to the Canadian Premier his warm appreciation of the Canadian artillery.

At the head of a considerable force, "B. P.," as he was called, did

not let the grass grow under his feet, but swiftly entered the Transvaal, occupied Teemst and made for Litchenburg.

Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener were now perfecting their plans for the advance from Kroonstadt which the Boers were strongly fortifying.

From Pretoria it was reported that Presidents Kruger and Steyn were determined to continue the war unless they were granted favorable terms. From Natal came word that the Boers had taken up a position at Laing's Nek.

Tuesday, June 5th, was another memorable day in the history of the war. President Kruger had flown to Pretoria, and was taken prisoner. At Balmoral Castle, where the Queen was staying, the word was brought of the capture of the stubborn old President. The Union Jack was at once run up beside the Royal Standard, and all London was wild with excitement.

"Extra! Extra! Kruger taken!" was the cry of the newsboy. "Oom Paul is taken," said the people merrily.

In South Africa "Tante Sanna" was not merry. Her husband was in the hands of the enemy, and she did not know what would become of him. But Kruger was taken; that was the thing.

The fact is, Lord Roberts' rapid advance across the Vaal river demoralized the Boer commandos which retreated to defend Johannesburg and Pretoria. Lord Roberts peacefully entered Johannesburg. This entrance was preceded by a parley.

May 30th, the Boer Commandant visited Lord Roberts under a flag of truce, and it was agreed that the occupation of Johannesburg should be delayed twenty-four hours "to avoid anything like disturbance inside the town."

May 31st, Lord Roberts, with Commandant Krause at his side, rode to the government building where the British flag Lady Roberts



BATTLE OF CÆSAR'S CAMP. (Melton Prior.)

had made was hoisted and Johannesburg was declared entered. The fight for Pretoria took place Monday, 4th of June. Lord Roberts directed the battle in person. He and his column started at daybreak and after a march of six miles found the Boers in force on both sides of Six Miles Spruit. The English Mounted Infantry and Yeomanry dislodged them from the south bank. General Ian Hamilton advanced to the left and filled up a gap. The Boers were driven back to Pretoria.

"The surrender of the town must be unconditional," was Lord Roberts' answer to the Boer Commandant General Botha's messengers through whom he asked the British General for terms of peace.

So it came about that on June 5th Pretoria was entered by Lord Roberts and the long imprisoned ones there were free.

After the triumphs of Johannesburg and Pretoria the fighting, of course, was kept up, and the 13th Battalion Imperial Yeomanry was captured May 31st by a force of Boers. Lord Methuen went with all speed to the rescue, but was too late to save the battalion, though he routed the Boers. While there was little authentic information as to what was passing on the Boer side, there were reports from Pretoria, the Boers would surrender but for the opposition of President Kruger. Matters seemed to have reached that stage when only the will of the old President stood between the continuance of the war and complete submission to the British.

The English government might easily have brought the struggle to an end, it would seem, by offering such terms to the Boers under arms regarding the President as would have rendered his will of little importance, if, as it was alleged, his opposition was based on purely personal grounds. There was every reason why the British government should wish to bring the war to a speedy conclusion, and if there was really a disposition on the part of the Boer leaders still in the field

to lay down their arms on terms not absolutely humiliating to brave men, there should have been no difficulty whatever in ending a conflict in which the British army had little more to gain in the way of victory. Secretary of State Reitz, however, was credited with the assertion that the Boers were in a position and determined to carry on the struggle to the end.

Meantime the British bill of losses was a big one. Up to June 9th the mortality in the army since the beginning of the war from all causes was 410 officers and 6,501 men; 778 officers and 10,013 men wounded, and 186 officers and 4,486 men missing and prisoners. To these are to be added 10,481 officers and men invalided, more than one-half of whom were described as incapacitated from earning a livelihood. The total of all ranks in the army alone brings the number of casualties up to 33,855. The losses of the natives, British Indians and others with the army was estimated at 17,000.

According to figures supplied by the chief officer of the Boer commissary department the Boer forces had dwindled from 61,000 at the beginning of the war, to 28,000 on March 13th. If the figures were correct, and there was no reason to doubt them, there were not more than 20,000 Boers then in the field. The British out-numbered them ten to one. This made it very well for the British if there were to be successful offensive operations against entrenched troops armed with modern weapons.

But the operations now were not in the nature of frontal attacks upon selected positions. The British had tried that game and become convinced that they could not win at it, and they were not cracking their skulls against any more stone walls.

General Roberts finding better use for his troops than by throwing them blindly into Boer traps at the foot of a kopje, by successive turnings and threatenings of the Boer flanks compelled the enemy to

abandon positions which his entire army could not take by direct assault. The Boer army, however, with only twenty thousand men was formidable as guerrillas, and could harass the British in many ways without risking a pitched battle against hopeless odds. Given time, Lord Roberts could break them up into small fugitive bands and scatter them in the mountains, where they might be annoying, but not a serious menace. Were he compelled to weaken his force materially by drafts for service in China where the "Boxer" outrages had now roused the entire world and all nations were arrayed against the Celestial Empire, much of his present advantage would disappear, the Boers would become more formidable and the British demand for unconditional surrender might be withdrawn and negotiations for peace substituted. It remained to be seen what would be done, for unless the war was ended immediately, China held the key of the situation in South Africa. The Boer seemed to understand perfectly the complex state of affairs in English matters and to have welcomed the difficulties springing up in China as a salvation for their cause, for they held on and waged the fight in their own way with little apparent desire to finish up matters in a hurry.

June 14th, telegraphic communications between Pretoria and the South were once more established. Lord Roberts directed fierce fights against the Boers near Pretoria. Pretoria itself and Johannesburg were quiet.

The British War Office issued a report from Lord Roberts under date of Pretoria, June 13th, which said: "The enemy evacuated their strong position during the night, and have retired to the eastward. Buller's force and mine have afforded each other mutual assistance. Our occupation of Pretoria caused numbers of Boers to withdraw from Laing's Nek."

The Lorenzo Marquez correspondent of the London Times said: "Among the Boer agents here there is talk of negotiations being re-

opened with a view of securing peace. The nature of these negotiations is not made public."

A London cablegram on the morning of the 14th was made to say: "The pacification of the whole of the Transvaal, especially the wide spaces far from the railways, is looked upon as a business requiring months rather than weeks."

While a London despatch put it thus: "The British prisoners at Nooitgedacht are suffering terribly from cold, and arrangements are being made to provide them with shelter. Their rations are identical with the scanty fare served out to the burghers."

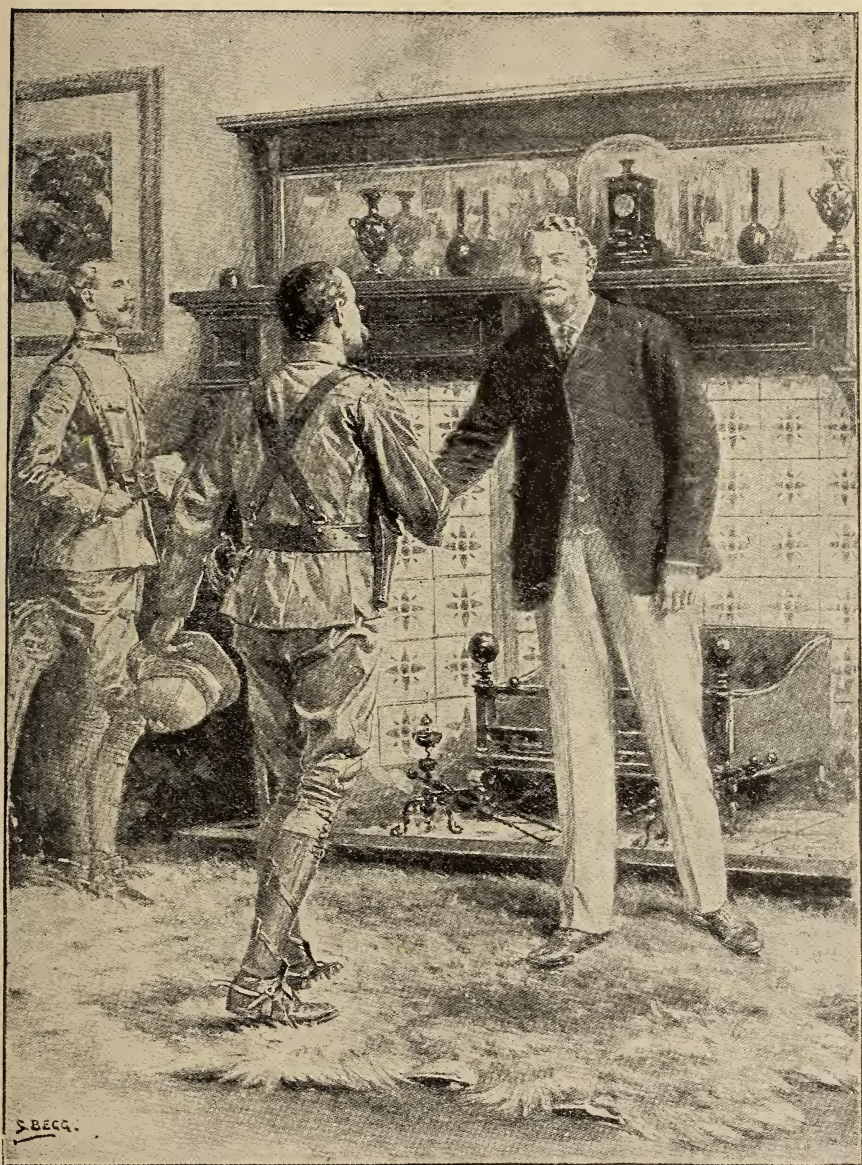
Thus it was seen that the war was by no means over, that the Boers were holding out, that maybe they were saying that it was Providential the trouble with China had broken out, that their cause was again to prosper and they would once more possess their freedom. But General Cronje had been sent a prisoner to Saint Helena, that place where the first Napoleon had gnawed his heart out.

Then Cronje's son had to surrender to Lord Roerts in an engagement at Klerksdorp, though the Boers whom General Methuen had routed a little while back were recuperated and attacked a reconstruction train. At which London read this from the correspondent of the London Telegraph, telegraphing from Cape Town:

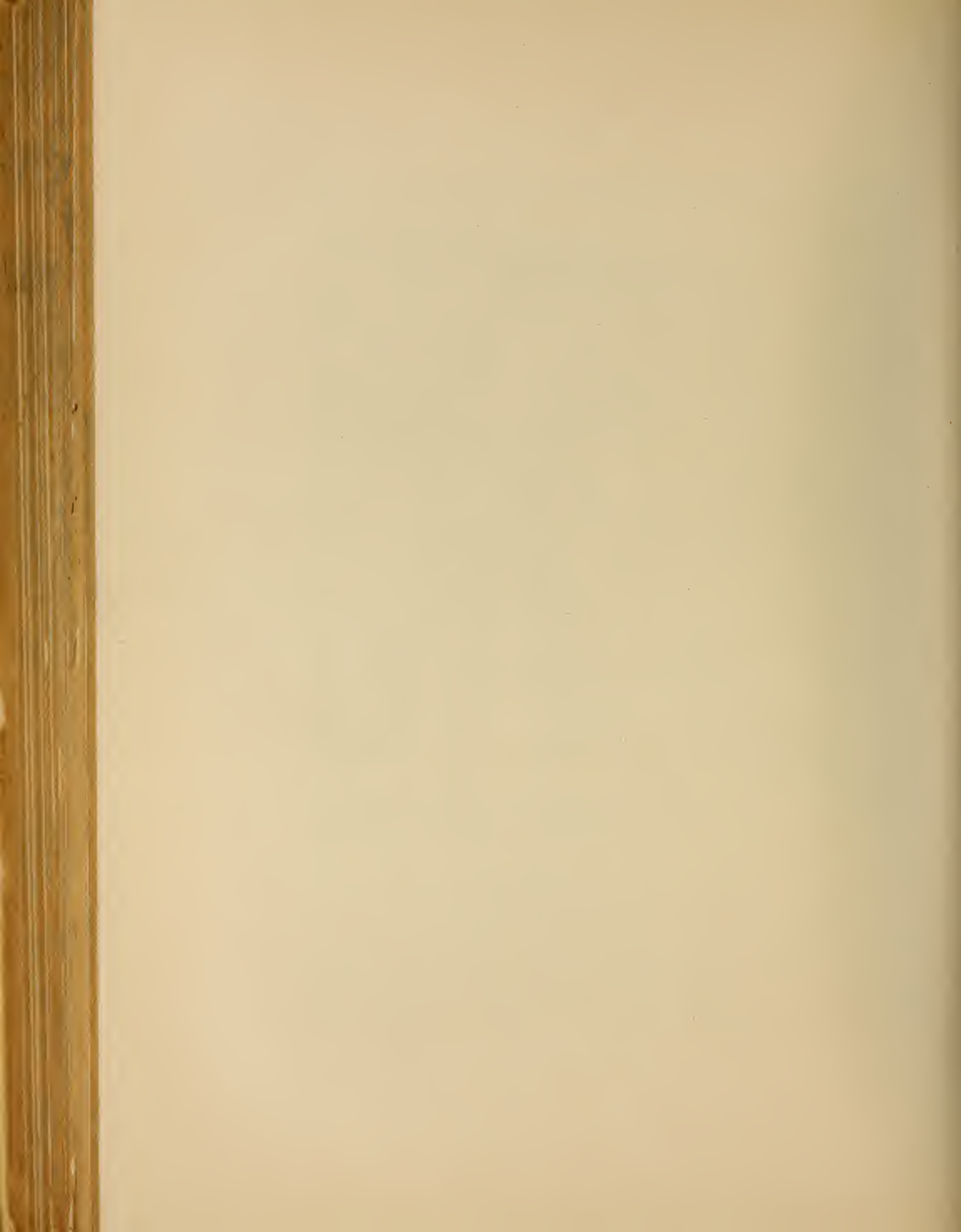
"I understand that General De Wet, in addition to the Derbyshire Battalion, captured two companies of the City Volunteers and two companies of the Yeomanry, two men only escaping to tell the tale."

Then came a few days lull when no important news reached London. President Steyn was still trying to encourage the burghers, General De Wet was trekking north of Bloemfontein. General Botha's next stand was to be at Paardekop, but with a reduced force.

Lord Roberts sent word to the war office that he hoped Buller was at Standerton. That Heildelberg would shortly be occupied, and that



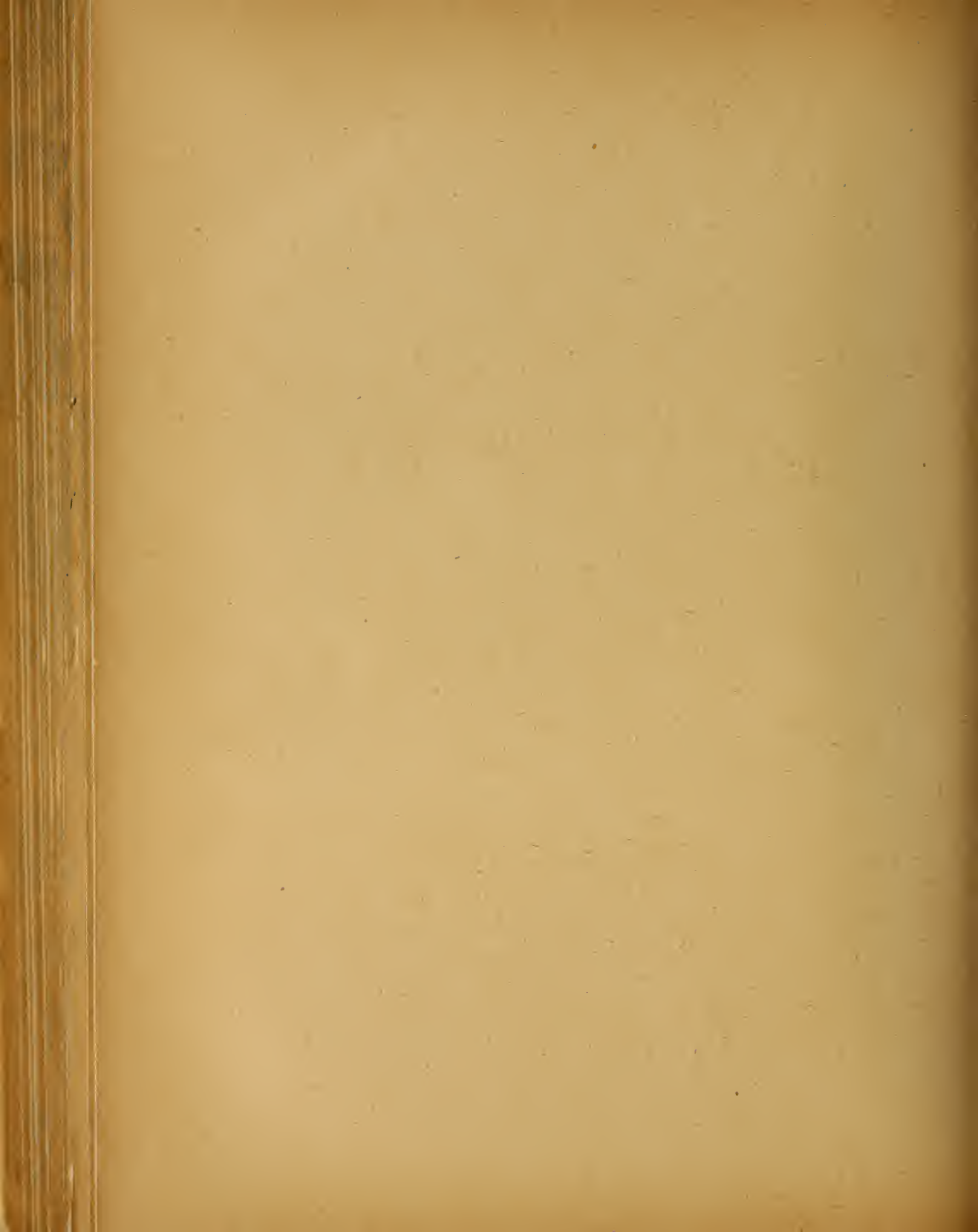
GENERAL FRENCH MEETING CECIL RHODES. (Villiers.)
(Sanatorium Hotel, Kimberly, on the Evening of "Relief.")



the Orange River Colony (no longer Orange Free State) would be completely cut off from the Transvaal.

Then came word that Kruger's son had surrendered to Baden-Powell; Botha's army had retired, entirely routed by Ian Hamilton's mounted infantry. General Buller sent the next despatch to the war office:

"Laing's Nek, June 15.—Now that Natal is clear of the enemy, I wish to call attention to the disgraceful way in which private property was treated in the part of the colony they occupied. Their willful and needless damage is visible everywhere, and houses, when not completely wrecked, have been desecrated. That this has been done with the consent of the leaders is proved by the fact that while in Charlestown every house was wrecked, in Volksrust, two miles off, but in the Transvaal, every house was intact."



CHAPTER XIX.

General Roberts thinks the war nearly over—Troops dismissed—Troops to go to China in the new war—Pacification of the Transvaal—Kruger with \$25,000,000 gold—Boers consider Free State still free—Fighting—Despatches and reports—Kruger will have peace only on his own terms—Boer peace envoys—Their address to the people of the United States—Suffering in British army—Flight of Kruger.



AND now there were indications that Lord Roberts considered the end of the war as not far off. The Natal Volunteers who had seen such hard service were dismissed to their homes by General Buller. It was said that a complete division of regulars was to withdraw from Buller's army and embark for China. The troops drawn from India were to go next

And was the war to be ended so soon?

One of Buller's divisions, the Fifth, arrived at Wakkerstrom June 17th. The town had already submitted, the farmers gave up their arms, they had their fill of fighting. Wakkerstrom is an important province, and the command of burghers from that place was considered a crack one of the Boers.

In the western half of the Transvaal pacification also went on. Without any great loss of life, Routenberg was occupied by Baden-Powell and a thousand stand of arms given up.

But there was fighting still, on the Sand River, throughout the provinces.

Lord Roberts sent a message to General Louis Botha suggesting disarmament and complimenting the bravery of the burghers. It was pointed out that the surrender would be without dishonor to the burghers, and would prevent much suffering. General Botha asked for six days armistice in order to confer and consider. Lord Roberts consented to five days. Finally General Botha declined to accept the proposal, and hostilities were renewed.

The British followed the commandos, which retired on Middleburg, the Boers destroying the bridges and carrying off cattle and provisions, leaving the country barren.

Advices from Machadodorp said that the Boers had an abundance of oxen and ammunition and arms and were preparing heavy wagon trains for a retreat to the Lydenburg district, where the chiefs were determined to make a stand. A despatch from Lorenzo Marquez stated that the Boers were still working the mines, and that with President Kruger were eight car loads of gold valued at \$25,000,000.

Reports said that Kruger was in feeble health. In the middle of June, Mr. Steyn, in a proclamation, declared the Free State still free and that the fact of the army being still in the field rendered General Roberts' annexation contrary to international law.

According to a Cape Town despatch General Kitchener had a narrow escape from capture in the engagement at Leeuw Spruit, June 14. He was sleeping in the repair train, when it was attacked, and many of the engineers were captured.

General Kitchener's sleeping car was at Kopjes Station, when the Boers, under General De Wet, suddenly opened a rifle fire at 3 A. M. Kitchener managed to reach his horse, and galloped to Rhenoster, two miles distant. The Boers numbered 900 men, with three guns. They burned the culvert, which had just been rebuilt, and derailed the train.

The Boers alleged to be hemmed in by General Rundle began shel-

ling Ficksburg June 19. It is said they apprehended that a force was marching from the north upon them, and hence they would endeavor to break through southward.

Then the War Office received the following despatch from Lord Roberts at Pretoria: "Hunter's advance column occupied Krugersdorp without opposition June 18. Methuen, who was escorting a large convoy to Heilbron yesterday, routed a force under Christian De Wet, who endeavored to prevent him from entering the little town; Methuen had only three casualties.

"Baden-Powell left this city to-day on his return to Rustenburg. The country is quieting down in that direction. This satisfactory state of affairs will be materially assisted by the capture between here and Rustenburg June 19 of two guns by Hutton's mounted infantry from a body of the enemy under Commandant Duplessis.

"Railway and telegraph communication with Cape Town is now completely restored. All is quiet here and at Johannesburg. The shops are open, and the market is daily becoming more crowded and businesslike."

Passengers who arrived at Lorenzo Marquez June 20th reported heavy artillery firing, the Boers abandoning Machadodorp and retiring northward.

Again it was said that President Kruger was at Altmaar, and that he had left there and escaped, and was on the high seas bound for Europe, even that he had decided to go to the United States and would establish himself somewhere in Pennsylvania. Then again, that the President with his gold was in a railway train between Machadodorp and Nelspruit. It was hoped in London that General Buller's advance westward would hasten the conclusion of hostilities by cutting off all communications between President Steyn's and General De Wet's forces in the Orange River Colony and General Botha's burghers in the

Transvaal. Buller arrived at Sandspruit, many Boers meeting him on the road and giving up their arms. It was the same story all over, Boers surrendering, and the war hastening to a close. The Paris Exposition had opened, and this is what the Boers printed and posted at the corners in Lorenzo Marquez:

"The Paris Exhibition has closed and France has declared war against England. Fifty miles of railway has been destroyed in the Free State, and 30,000 British have surrendered."

A despatch from Lord Roberts, dated Pretoria, June 22, says: "Ian Hamilton's column reached the Springs yesterday en route to Heidelberg, where they will join hands with Buller's troops, who reached Paardekop yesterday, and will be at Standerton to-morrow, thus opening communication between Pretoria and Natal and preventing any joint action between the Transvaalers and the people of the Orange River Colony.

"Baden-Powell reports from Rustenburg that he found the leading Boers very pacific and cordial on his return journey hence. Commandant Steyn and two actively hostile field cornets had been captured during his absence.

"Lord Edward Cecil, the administrator of the Rustenburg district, has to date collected 3000 rifles.

"The Commissioner at Kroonstad reports that 341 rifles have been handed in at Wolmarstad."

A despatch from Kaatsbosch says: "General Dundonald, with the Third Cavalry Brigade, occupied Standerton to-day without opposition. The burghers left yesterday, after having blown up the railroad bridge and doing other damage. The infantry marched twenty-two miles to-day and camped at Kaatsbosch Spruit to-night."

Despatches came thick and fast now. One of them was to the effect that President Kruger's principal condition for immediate peace

was that he be allowed to stay in South Africa. Then came a despatch June 23d:

"General Steyn's forces in the Orange River Colony are for the time drawing most of the attention of Lord Roberts, rather to the neglect of Commandant General Louis Botha and President Kruger. The severance between the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony was completed yesterday, as Lord Roberts said it would be, by the arrival of General Buller's advance guard, under Lord Dundonald, at Standerton.

The wide net around the 6000 or 8000 men under General Steyn will now contract. Adroit manoeuvring and brisk fighting are likely to take place, because until all resistance south of the Vaal is at an end the British line of communication will not be safe.

"President Kruger's sons, who surrendered to General Baden-Powell, are back on their farms and working peacefully. General Baden-Powell rode with only 300 men from Mafeking, and he made the last section of his ride to Pretoria with only thirty-five. Lord Roberts met him in the outskirts of the town, and escorted him to the Presidency.

"General De Wet's farm houses have been burned by the British."

General Botha was said to possess full powers to conclude peace and that he was willing to surrender, but that President Kruger remained obdurate; he would have peace on his own terms or not at all.

At Kimberley Dr. Jameson addressed the electors. He sketched the position of the Rand at the time of the raid, emphasizing the discontent of the working classes, who were groaning under grievances and were ripe for revolt. He denied that the raid caused racial troubles, induced the Boers to arm or hampered the Imperial Government. Race feeling, he continued, always existed, and armament already had been commenced by the Transvaal Government, while the Imperial Government did not intend to take effective steps to redress the out-

landers' grievances. This was the first time that Doctor Jameson had broken his silence on the subject of his celebrated raid which many people believe to have been the indirect cause of the war.

The force available to President Kruger in June was officially estimated as from 15,000 to 20,000.

The Standerton correspondents asserted that his sole idea was to hold out until after the American Presidential election. Mr. Kruger was reported to have issued a proclamation on June 17 announcing that the Russians had declared war upon the Japanese and that Great Britain must help Japan.

Lord Roberts sent the following despatch to the war office:

"Pretoria Presidency, June 25.—Clements successfully engaged a body of Boers yesterday near Wynberg, where he had gone to pick up supplies and some heavy guns preparatory to acting in combination with columns from Lindley, Heilbron and Heidelberg. He drove the enemy north of Sand Spruit with loss. No casualties are reported.

"Ian Hamilton reports that Heidelberg is the most English town he has yet seen. The inhabitants gave him a great reception. The streets were crowded and decorated with bunting. Captain Valentine hoisted the Union Jack in the market square amidst the cheers of the populace and of the British, Australian and other colonial troops. 'God Save the Queen' was sung, the crowds heartily joining in. The poor royalists had a rough time lately.

"Hutton's mounted infantry skirmished with the Boers yesterday a few miles southeast of Pretoria. Captain Anley is reported to have managed the little business very well. Lieutenant Crispin and one of the Northumberland Fusiliers were wounded."

General Warren wires that the rebellion has been extinguished in the north of Cape Colony, but he does not mention the capture or dispersal of the considerable Boer force which has been occupying that



RELIEF OF KIMBERLY: ARRIVAL OF THE MUTTON.

part of the country. Interest mostly centres in the Orange River Colony, where General De Wet is causing the British much annoyance.

Boer peace envoys had come to the United States early in the year. They were courteously received, but the American people remained neutral. The envoys sailed for home June 26th. They issued an address to the American people.

After expressing regret at their inability to accept many of the invitations extended to them, they expressed their thanks to the American public for "the deep sympathy they have shown for the cause of the two struggling republics."

Continuing, the address says: "We now feel convinced that the boastful allegation of the Colonial Secretary and other British statesmen that the citizens of this great country sympathized with the British empire in its attempt to crush the liberty and independence of our two small States is absolutely devoid of truth."

The address then goes at great length into the history of the relations between Great Britain and the Boers, which it characterizes as "one of violated faith and broken pledges, cloaked under the display of magnanimous and irreproachable principles." Coming down to the discovery of gold in Johannesburg, in 1886, the address says: "All the forces of land greed and gold hunger, stimulated by the desire to avenge what is known as the battle of Majuba Hill, were let loose."

Then follows a history of the political agitation which culminated in the Jameson raid.

"Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Alfred Milner and Mr. Cecil Rhodes," continues the address, "are the terrible trinity which had brooded over and shaped the destiny of South Africa during the calamitous period. These gentlemen combined forces so as to achieve by subtlety and craft and misrepresentations what Dr. Jameson and the raiders failed to obtain by open violence."

The address declares that the capitalists control the press of South Africa and that the editors of these subsidized journals were appointed special correspondents of the principal London dailies. The broad charge is made that Mr. Chamberlain's revival of the suzerainty claim in 1897, his public utterances, Sir Alfred Milner's speeches and inflammatory despatches and the efforts of the South African League, under the presidency of Cecil Rhodes, were all directed toward the ultimate destruction of the two Dutch republics.

The address then takes up the various internal questions which contributed toward the outbreak of war, and discusses them in great detail, making wholesale denials of the English representation.

The address declares that at the Bloemfontein conference both President Steyn and President Kruger endeavored to avert the catastrophies by conceding even more than the original demands on the franchise question, but their efforts were fruitless. It is asserted that the war was forced upon the Boers, and the claim is advanced that they took up arms only in self-defence. The address contends that the policy of Great Britain was designedly shaped so as to compel the Boers to send on the 9th of October what is commonly known as their ultimatum to Great Britain.

Taking up the campaign to date, the address says:

"The Boers may in the end be defeated by overwhelming numbers and may ultimately be forced to surrender, owing to difficulty of securing ammunition and provisions, but the conduct of the present war, as well as the history of the past one hundred years, justifies us in saying that they will never be conquered."

The address concludes by saying the envoys do not ask the direct or forcible intervention of the United States, but a continuance of public sympathy and support. The address is signed by Abraham Fischer, C. H. Wessels and A. D. Walmarans.

Another sort of address came the same day :

"Pretoria Residency, June 26.—Sir Charles Warren reports that the rebellion in Cape Colony, north of the Orange river, is now over. The last formidable body under Commandant de Villiers surrendered on June 20, consisting of about 220 men, 280 horses, 18 wagons, 260 rifles and 100,000 rounds of ammunition.

"General Baden-Powell reports that pacification is going on satisfactorily in the Rustenberg district."

Considerable excitement was caused by reports concerning the suffering in Lord Roberts' army. Mr. Burdett-Coutts sent a long letter to the London Times detailing the great suffering endured by soldiers owing to mismanagement, which led to a number of questions in the House of Commons.

In response, the Government leader, A. J. Balfour, made a long statement, during which he said that so far as the Government was aware, not any of the sufferings of the sick or wounded was due to insufficiency in the supplies sent out.

Mr. Balfour then proceeded to read extracts from correspondence with Lord Roberts on the subject, in which the British Commander-in-Chief dwelt on the difficulties of transport owing to his rapid advance. He could quite understand that people imperfectly experienced in these matters were concerned at hearing of the hardships the sick and wounded had to undergo. He did not wish to shirk from responsibility or screen any one, and suggested that a committee of medical men and persons of sound common sense proceed to South Africa to investigate the charges. Mr. Balfour also informed the House that the Government agreed to the appointment of an independent committee, as suggested by Lord Roberts, and he, to-morrow, would propose a nominal grant for the army medical corps, so that the House would have an opportunity to thoroughly thresh out the matter.

The war office issued correspondence with Lord Roberts regarding the charges of Mr. Burdett-Coutts. On June 4 his attention was called in brief telegrams to the allegations, and also to other complaints of a general breakdown in the hospital system.

Two days later he replied in part as follows: "The principal medical officer reported that the arrangements at Kroonstadt were in all respects in good order, and Lord Methuen said they were thoroughly satisfactory. I was deeply distressed at being unable to make suitable arrangements for the sick on our first arrival at Kroonstadt, but it is obvious that a certain amount of suffering is inseparable from the rapid advance of a large army into an enemy's country."

On June 20 the war office cabled Lord Roberts that disquieting reports regarding the hospital were accumulating, and asked him if anything could be done, and particularly whether more nurses were needed.

On June 25 Lord Roberts replied, saying that he did not wish to shirk responsibility or to screen the shortcomings of the medical corps, and he suggested a committee of inquiry. He said there had been an abnormal number of sick at Bloemfontein, due to the exhausting nature of the march and the terribly unsanitary condition of the camp at Paardeburg, where the only water available for drinking flowed from the Boer camp, higher up, where the river was crowded with decomposing animals, and also with considerable number of wounded after the fight on March 10.

To improvise accommodations at Bloemfontein for such a number, which had become 2000 before he left Bloemfontein was no easy task, said Lord Roberts. No tents were carried and the public buildings had to be turned into hospitals. In three months there had been 6309 admissions to the hospitals of patients suffering from enteric fever, while the deaths numbered 1370, about 21 per cent. Lord Roberts observed that he did not know whether this would be an abnormal rate in civil

hospitals in peace times; but, if the rate was abnormal, it was due to the exhausted state of the men and not to the neglect of the medical corps.

All this caused a loud outcry on the part of the papers. The people had thought only of victories; they knew of deaths in battle, but sickness in the army was not heroic nor scenic, and they could not thrill with enthusiasm hearing of it. They now undertook another side of war and its terrible costs.

Then came the news—"Flight of Kruger." Yes, the old fellow had gone, he was making himself safe; he did not design to let the enemy do what they pleased with him.

This despatch is published by the Daily Telegraph from its special correspondent:

Pretoria, June 28, via Bloemfontein.—Kruger's flight with money has greatly disgusted the Boers. Two deputations have proceeded hence to Machadodorp to induce him to surrender. As he is afflicted with Bright's disease he was told that the English would probably allow him to remain in South Africa under parole. Botha's force may possibly number 7000 men and seventeen guns. As he declined to submit, Roberts determined to press forward.

Since Sunday, French, on the left, and Ian Hamilton, on the right, with the Eleventh Division in the centre, have been endeavoring to surround the enemy's position in the hills, fifteen miles to the east, beyond Silverton. Three days' fighting had taken place, but on Tuesday night the enemy decamped eastward along the Delagoa Bay Railway. Our total casualties are under 150. It is hoped that Buller may be able to intercept the Boer retreat.

And the Parliamentary inquiry into the stories of the suffering of the British troops went on. June 29th, when the House of Commons went into committee of supply on the supplementary vote for the army medical service, introduced for the purpose of debating the charge of

hospital mismanagement in South Africa made by Mr. Burdett-Coutts, Parliamentary Secretary of the War Office, Wyndham, presented the Government's defence. The allegations as to neglect of the sick and wounded were frankly admitted to be true to a lamentable extent. The disabled were exposed, he said, to terrible hardships; but it was not due to any stinting of supplies, but to the insuperable difficulties of distributing them, of which there has been an embarrassing accumulation in South Africa. Every demand on the Government in behalf of the troops, he continued, had been complied with.

The officials in South Africa said the hospitals had beds in excess of the demands. There were 5000 beds in Natal and 13,600 in Cape Colony. There were in South Africa 466 army and 440 civilian medical officers, and 556 female and 5668 male nurses, besides the doctors and nurses engaged locally.

Mr. Wyndham contended that, to have given a true impression of the state of affairs existing, Mr. Burdett-Coutts should have painted a companion picture, showing the difficulties encountered in supplying 75,000 troops on the march, which was carried out practically under the conditions of a huge flying column. The single line of railroad, with bridges broken, he asserted, had to carry 1020 tons daily by order of Lord Roberts.

The army, Mr. Wyndham further remarked, should not starve or be defeated. He concluded with contending that Mr. Burdett-Coutts' picture rested on the fallacy that Bloemfontein was a secure base hospital, whereas, during the whole period referred to, Lord Roberts' flanks and communications were threatened, and actions occurred daily.

Burdett-Coutts replied that he repeated the charges already known, and declared that a single day's trains on the railroad to Bloemfontein would have saved the situation. But, he claimed, the interests of the sick and wounded were postponed for interests which were neither vital

nor strategically important. Many residences occupied by officers, he said, might have been taken for the use of men who were dying. But, presumably, they were not taken because no medical equipment was available for them. There was not much use in the Government giving the figures of supplies June 15, when the tragedy was over. His whole point was that Great Britain was unprepared. He thought the responsibility rested, not with an individual, but with the system, which was entirely inelastic and deficient.

And the war was going on in spite of the flight of Kruger and the pacifications. The war office heard from Lord Roberts:

Pretoria, June 29.—Paget reports from Lindley that he was engaged on June 26 with a body of the enemy, who were strongly reinforced during the day. A convoy of stores for the Lindley garrison was also attacked on June 26; but, after a heavy rear guard action, the convoy reached Lindley in safety. Our casualties were ten killed and four officers and about fifty men wounded.

The fight reported yesterday was under Lieutenant Colonel Grenfell. Brabant came up during the engagement. Total casualties of the two columns, three killed and twenty-three wounded. On the previous day, near Ficksburg, Boyes' brigade was in action with a body of the enemy. Our casualties were two officers killed, four men wounded and one man missing.

Methuen found yesterday that the Boer laager near Vachkop and Spitzkop had been hastily removed in the direction of Lindley. He followed the enemy twelve miles, and captured 8000 sheep and 500 head of cattle, which the enemy had seized in that neighborhood. Our casualties were four men wounded. Hunter continued his march yesterday toward the Vaal river unopposed. A few farmers along the route have surrendered.

Springs, the terminus of the railway from Johannesburg, due east,

was attacked early yesterday morning. The Canadian regiment, which garrisoned the place, beat off the enemy. No casualties are reported. Lieutenant North, reported missing after the attack on the construction train, is a prisoner of the Boers.

July 3d came the report that Commandant Philip Botha, who was captured by the British near Kroonstadt, May 17th, had been released under heavy bail. He was to reside at Aliwal North. The same day Lord Roberts in a despatch said that he did not believe the war was ended by any means, and that he had put a stop to the return of civilians to Pretoria and had ordered the miners back to Bloemfontein.

The same day we heard that Major General Coke with the Tenth Brigade reconnoitering June 29th toward Arnesfoort, in the Transvaal, found 2000 Boers with guns in a strong position. He shelled them, but the attack was not followed up. Coke's casualties were two killed and six wounded.

This number of casualties seems trifling in the face of the fight. The British had had heavy losses, though. The war office reported that since the beginning of the war, exclusive of sick and wounded, the losses had been 29,706.

This news reached us on July 4th, when we were celebrating the hundred and twenty-fourth anniversary of our independence from the thrall of England. We had good feelings for England now; we were brothers and allies in many instances. Still our love of freedom made us on July 4th, 1900, fling the Stars and Stripes to the wind and read our Declaration of Independence with much of the same feeling that was our ancestors when in '76 they first heard the glorious words announcing that we were "and of right ought to be, free and independent."

That same day came the sad story of destitution in Johannesburg and outlying districts:

"Both here and at Johannesburg several families of the men who



LORD ROBERTS AND STAFF STARTING FOR A RECONNOISSANCE.

have been fighting against us are being fed. Some are in a state of destitution. At Heilbron, where the food supplies ran out, groceries, meat and other supplies of food are being distributed among the inhabitants under the supervision of the Relief Committee. Arrangements are being made for the distribution of oats for seed purposes to farmers actually in need of it, those who are unable to procure seed oats in any other manner."

Again, on Independence Day we heard that the hospital ship *Maine* had reached Southampton with wounded soldiers from South Africa. Princess Louise and Lady Randolph Churchill met the vessel, with other distinguished people. Princess Louise, after addressing the patients on board with kindly words of welcome, presented each with a silver medal bearing a portrait of the ship surmounted by American and British flags. To each man was also presented a pipe and a pound of tobacco.

And still the war went on and the end was not yet.

CHAPTER XX.

Was the war over?—Interview with President Kruger—"Fight to the bitter end"—Hospital Scandals—Trouble with China—The "Boxers"—The Boers not giving up—Dissatisfaction of England over the war—"The war is not over," said Kruger—British losses in men—Costs in money—Coming to agreement—Terms—The end in sight.



T might now be said that the war was rounding up to a finish. The great battles had been fought and gained by the English, and there was left only a series of stubborn skirmishes which were irritating rather than serious.

July 5th, news came that Lord Roberts' field transport was supplying the columns trying to hem in General De Wet, and who as yet had not succeeded in their endeavor. A thousand Boers were hanging on General Clery's right flank in his advance to Greylingstad. All this was trivial, taken as war, so the war was trailing out to an end.

But the same despatch told of an interview had with President Kruger by a newspaper correspondent at Machadodorp. The correspondent inquired if there was any truth in the report that the President had opened peace negotiations. Said Kruger: "The President and people of the South African Republic most earnestly desire peace, but only upon two conditions—the complete independence of the Republic and amnesty for the colonial Boers who fought with us. If these conditions be not granted, we will fight to the bitter end."

Secretary of State Reitz supplemented the President by stating that

there was no use discussing the question of peace, as the Boers were determined to fight on till their independence was conceded.

Lord Roberts reported from Pretoria under date of July 5th that a patrol of Carbineers was captured by the Boers near Pretoria on the 4th. He also said that trains were running to Greylingstad from Natal; and that a Soldiers' Home had been opened at Heidelberg, the inhabitants subscribing the initial expenses, and that a total of 2631 stands of arms had been delivered to General Barton at Klerksdorp, Krugersdorp and Potchefstroom (all in the Transvaal). The same day news came that the British Parliament was about to probe the hospital scandal, that a number of the members of the First Canadian contingent sent to South Africa had sailed for home after bitterly complaining of their treatment in the field hospitals. Of 1150 Canadian troops, 800 were stricken with enteric fever, mostly due to the putrid water of Paardeberg. Troubles with China were also agitating England and the whole world. The Boer war seemed to sink into almost insignificance alongside of the report of "Boxer" outrages in the Flowery Kingdom where all foreigners were about to be exterminated and Russia, England, France, Germany and the United States were roused and prepared to send troops and transports. The Boer delegates who had been touring the United States arrived in Paris from New York on the 6th of July. They were met at the station by the President of the Municipal Council and several Senators. The crowd that had gathered greeted the delegates with acclamations and there were cries of "Down with England."

A despatch from Maseru, Basutoland, July 5, says: The Boers made a determined attempt to retake Ficksburg (Orange River Colony) yesterday. They attacked the place at midnight. The fighting was short, but fierce, lasting an hour, when the Federals were repulsed.

A special despatch from Pretoria says that an intertribal fight, in which more than 1000 natives are engaged, is taking place on the plains

north of the Boer position. The fight is for possession of Boer cattle.

July 7th, the war office issued the following despatch from Lord Roberts:

"Pretoria, July 7.—General Buller arrived this morning. He looked very well, and is apparently none the worse for the hard work he has gone through during the past eight months.

Another despatch received by the war office from Lord Roberts was as follows:

"Vlakfontein, July 7.—A convoy passed Greylingstad to-day. Before reaching a defile in the hills the Boers shelled the advancing columns. Colonel Thorneycroft's men occupied the hills to the right of the narrow pass, keeping the Boers back on a ridge to the left, while the infantry deployed in plain sight and the artillery occupied a position under the ridge. The Boers worked their guns rapidly, but the howitzers replied with effect, and drove back the Boers over the ridge. The convoy passed safely, and when the force began to retire the Boers again advanced with a gun on the ridge. The British left field battery replied. The first shell forced the gun to retire."

July 9th, a correspondent in Lorenzo Marquez said: "A general movement of Boer settlers into Gazaland, Portuguese territory, seems to be in contemplation. Already large herds have been driven across the border. The Portuguese welcome the movement."

Were the Boers growing tired? Had they come to their "last man?" After events hardly proved so, for July 10th Lord Roberts' despatches reveal, the Boers are unusually active, both in the Orange Colony and the so-called pacified Western Transvaal, but without producing any serious impression upon the British arms.

In Cape Town, July 9th, it is reported that President Kruger's retention of large amounts of gold at Machadodorp has created the utmost discontent among mercenaries, both officers and men.

They expected substantial rewards for championing the Boer interests, but have received nothing. It is added that visiting foreigners, who have subsequently advocated intervention, are believed to have received substantial sums. Proofs, it is further asserted, have been discovered in Pretoria which promise startling developments.

At a meeting of Africander women here to-day, called to protest against the annexation of the republics to the British empire and the punishment of the rebels, Mrs. Olive Schreiner Cronweight denounced the British policy. She said she was ashamed of her English descent, and added: "If the republics are annexed, if the Africanders are oppressed, peace is impossible. Every trench of Boer dead is a grave of England's honor. Every bullet making a wound also finds a bullet in the heart of the empire."

So the Boers were not giving up, and the people we had all along been taught to suppose almost childish in their simplicity, almost brutal in their lack of civilization seemed to have gradually become like the rest of us—men and women fighting for a principle with dignity and intelligence and a nice regard for what they called their rights.

The following despatch was received at the war office in London on the 9th, from Lord Roberts:

"Pretoria, Sunday, July 8.—As the enemy for some days had been threatening our line of railway by trying to get round our right flank, I despatched Hutton July 5, with mounted infantry, to reinforce Mahon, and with orders to drive the Boers to the east of Broenkerspruit. These orders were effectually carried out during Friday and Saturday by Mahon, who was attacked by some 3000 men, with six guns and two Maxims. Our casualties were: Wounded, two officers, including Captain Nelles, of the Canadian Mounted Rifles, slightly, and twenty-six men.

"Steyn left Bethlehem on the night of July 4 for Fouriesburg, be-

tween Bethlehem and Ficksburg, accompanied by Christien De Wet and other Free State Commanders, with troops reported numbering 3000 men." Then in swift succession came these reports:

"Bethlehem, a town in the Orange River Colony, held by the Boer Commander De Wet, was captured by the British under Clement and Paget on Saturday. Positions commanding the town were taken by assault.

"The Boers have evacuated all their positions around Senekal, in the Orange River Colony.

"The Boer delegates, accompanied by Dr. Leyds, the diplomatic agent of the Transvaal, paid a visit to M. Delcasse, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, in Paris yesterday.

"A special despatch from Lorenzo Marquez says a Boer bulletin has been issued, asserting that the Boers have re-captured Waterval."

And this significant one: "A despatch from Cape Town says it is understood at the close of the war Bloemfontein will be the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief, the seat of the South Africa Court of Appeals and eventually the Federal capital of South Africa."

And from Pretoria, dated July 10th: "The British success at Bethlehem has considerably improved the prospects for peace, it is stated. The whole of the Government of President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, has surrendered except President Steyn himself. Those officials who are prisoners have been allowed to communicate with President Steyn for the purpose of attempting to prove to him the uselessness of a continuance of the struggle, which can only produce bloodshed without any counterbalancing advantages. The collapse of the forces of General De Wet is expected daily. The Boers here say that the men have taken a solemn oath never to personally surrender, but they are beginning to see the unfairness of sacrificing life to personal wishes."

The picturesqueness of the war seemed to be dying out; it was a mere prosaic holding on, all the zest dissipated.

But on the 13th a little excitement came in the report that the Boers had captured Nitral's Nek, eighteen miles west of Pretoria, together with two British guns, the greater portion of a squadron of the Scots Grays and ninety men of the Lincolnshire Regiment. The British garrison was overpowered by a superior force, and reinforcements sent from Pretoria arrived too late.

So it was not all surrender with the Boers yet. The London papers acknowledged this fact, and there was further irritation in the following:

"London, July 13.—Lord Roberts' despatch reporting still another unfortunate occurrence throws a serious light upon the state of affairs in South Africa. There has been some comment recently regarding the virtual absence of progress by the immense army under command of Lord Roberts, but few could have been found to believe that the scattered Boers were able to inflict such a defeat so near Pretoria.

"Instead of the surrender of all the remaining Boers being imminent, as recent telegrams had hinted, it seems they have been making a concerted attempt to surround or recapture Pretoria."

On the 14th, there reached the papers an interesting report from Pretoria, dated July 12th: "Colonel Mahon, reinforced by General French's brigade, yesterday took all the positions held by the Boers in the neighborhood of Rietfontein. A number of Boer dead were found. The British casualties were trifling.

"It is understood, upon good authority, that the Boers have employed armed natives. Two of the natives leaped from cover when a small party from the Lincolnshire Regiment stepped up and demanded their surrender. A soldier stepped forward and shot both of the natives dead. One officer who succeeded in making his escape had an encounter with an armed native. It is feared that the losses of the British



GUARDS CLEARING THE SUBURBS OF JOHANNESBURG.

were numerous. About thirty of the British soldiers straggled back to camp to-day. According to all accounts a great force is being assembled to prevent further progress of the Boers.

"British prisoners who have escaped to Kroonstad report that General De Wet's force of 10,000 men, with ten guns, expelled from Bethlehem by General Clements and General Paget, have taken up a strong position fifteen miles to the southward, in the hills around Reteif Nek. President Steyn is reported to be with them."

The same day we heard from General Clery:

"Witpoort, Transvaal, July 12.—General Clery's column, which has moved easterly, is now camped here. During the march the mounted infantry engaged 200 Boers, shelling a ridge occupied by the burghers. It is anticipated that this movement will clear the country from Standerton to Heidelberg, as the troops found but one remaining laager, from which the Boers retired hurriedly."

The newspapers now declared that the war was practically over. And yet peace was very far away if the despatches were to be believed. July 16th the London papers printed that "the Boers continue massing from ten to twenty miles outside the Magaliesburg range, near Pretoria. Their laagers now extend from the Delagoa Bay Railway across the Warsburg line westward.

"Commandant Grobeler, with the Zoulpansberg commando, Commandant Lemmer and others are among the leaders, while General Botha himself is said to be encamped between Junkan, on the Elands river, and Hartebeeste Spruit. The enemy's total strength is variously estimated, but is probably about 10,000 men, with many guns.

"As has happened on previous occasions, the periods of inaction of our main army have given the enemy confidence, so the Boers' raids creep closer in. The Boers indulge in night sniping and attempt to cut off detached bodies of troops.

"The situation is annoying; but without actual danger, whatever the enemy's plans may be, and whether they are counting upon inside help or not."

At the same time we were told that President Steyn had given up all hope and would have surrendered, but that one of his generals threatened to shoot him if he did so, and that Steyn was kept in his own laager as a prisoner of his own people. People began to feel that too many disasters had come to the British army when everything seemed to be going towards English victory. General Roberts was not blamed, but the Boers had a way of holding out which was peculiarly harassing, and that it might have been as well to offer terms after Pretoria was occupied rather than carry on the quarrel as it was now carried on, with little glory to the British. At the same time there were arrangements made which should go into operation once the war was over, a war that could end only in one way, and that way as the English would have it. Along came the news of one of these arrangements:

"It is understood that Johannesburg will be the temporary capital of the Orange River and the Transvaal Colonies. It will also be made the headquarters of the High Commissioners. When the settlement is finally completed it is believed that Bloemfontein will become the Federal capital of South Africa and the seat of the residence of the Governor General. The Governors of the colonies will reside at Cape Town, Pietermaritzburg and Johannesburg."

A Cape Town despatch had it that the Irish-Americans were arranging preliminaries for the emigration of over 10,000 Boers to the United States when the war was over.

But President Kruger stepped in and said that the war was not over yet, and that he would refuse to surrender until his supplies were exhausted.

England might well ask itself if the war had been worth while.

The British losses had been fully 50,000, and if peace were patched up now it would be necessary for Great Britain to keep thousands of troops in South Africa for years to come, and the drain upon her fighting strength would be constant and considerable. For the Boers were as determined as ever that they would gain independence from British rule and that determination would not easily die amongst them.

Lord Roberts attacked Middleburg on the 21st of July, and there was fierce fighting, President Kruger being with the burghers and directing the defence. General De Wet cut Lord Roberts' line of communication both by railway and telegraph and captured a hundred highlanders and a supply train. The heavy fighting was kept up for three days and the British losses were large.

And the cost in money! The total army estimates of the English up to the latter part of July were said to amount to 76,309,153 pounds. Surely it would seem that South Africa was worth much to a nation who could afford to pay for it as dearly as England did. And the end was not yet! There were lively brushes between the Boers and the English, but there seemed to be an end of regular battles. The English ever moved forward, the Boers retreating and doing what they could in the way of burning the bridges that spanned the smaller rivers, thus retarding the movements of the enemy. Lord Roberts and Baden-Powell forced them from one position after another, and restored the lines of railway the Boers had destroyed.

In the hills south of Bethlehem there was quite a heavy engagement, July 24th and 25th. The Boers were strongly entrenched and fought stubbornly, but they were forced to retire. There would be little use in detailing the accounts of the small engagements that now took place. It was recognized that the war was practically over, though there might be a serious disaster before there was a prospect of the whole Africander force laying down their arms. The disturbances in China,

as has been said, surely heartened the Boers, and made them believe that the English troops would be needed in the new fight and South Africa be left to itself for awhile, when the Boers might gradually assume power again, wearing the English out by the old method of persistence. But the English were not so careless of their advantages in Africa as it would seem they had previously been. In Parliament it was proposed to leave in South Africa a standing army of not less than 45,000 men, and not one advantage gained was to be relinquished.

General French now occupied Middleburg, in the Transvaal, while General Hunter had driven 6000 Boers with a large number of wagons, army stores and cattle into the mountains where their escape would be very difficult. De Wet was being watched on the high hills near Reitzburg, where he was resting. Operations seemed to come to a standstill. Pretoria telegrams announced that Lord Roberts had returned there with his staff, apparently considering it useless to spend his energies against a constantly retreating foe.

Commandant General Botha, with several thousand Boers, like General De Wet, had eluded Roberts and were at large and might give trouble. There was bad weather, thunder storms and deluges of rain, accompanied by intense cold, and while the Boers were used to such a climate, the English suffered from it and chafed under the tantalizing idea that the Africanders still held out. Then all at once came the announcement that a big fight was expected, when if the Boers should be beaten everything would be at an end, and Kruger would trek through Swaziland to Delagoa Bay and take a steamer to Europe.

This fight took place July 26th, outside of Naauwpoort Nek, in the Bethlehem Hills when nearly a thousand Boers surrendered to General Hunter. Other detachments soon followed in their wake and laid down their arms, so that organized resistance to British rule in the Orange Free State would end.

The Boer generals Prinsloo, Villiers and Croother also surrendered to General Hunter. Thus 986 men, 955 rifles, a Krupp nine-pounder and 1432 horses passed into the hands of the English. The cause in the Orange Free State was now hopeless.

The Transvaal burghers still held out, however, and were not discouraged. The Free States had entered the war out of sympathy with the Transvaalers and because of treaty obligations. They refused to cross into the Transvaal, and after the capture of Pretoria many of them returned to their homes. The remnant of the army now broken up by General Hunter had been useful in making raids and occasionally breaking the English lines. Their dispersion left Lord Roberts with an overwhelming force free to move against the Transvaal Boers who were kept in the field by Kruger and were prepared for a long seige in the mountainous region about Lydenburg. Kruger could have no hope of winning the independence of his people as long as England had an army of 200,000 in South Africa. But he hoped that as Great Britain might yet be forced into war with France or Russia, the English would be obliged to abandon South Africa or so reduce their forces there as to give the Boers a chance to fight on something like equal terms. But there was nothing short of a great European war that could loosen the British grip on South Africa. Yet it was the purpose of Kruger to prolong his resistance until all hope of help through other wars had passed away. He had his men east of Pretoria, though a force under General Delarey was to the west and sufficiently strong to besiege Baden-Powell in Rustenburg. General Kitchener went to Krugersdorp to organize a force for the relief of Baden-Powell.

The Boer army was pitifully small, only a few thousand strong, and brave and determined though Kruger might be, where was the hope that he could win?

Tighter and tighter the English were drawing the lines, and while

it was folly for the Boers to longer hold out in unequal struggle, no one could fail to respect them for their refusal to give up as long as the slightest chance availed them. And the chance always seemed possible to them that they might hold on until, tired out, England in almost disgust at pettiness developing from what had originally been a weighty matter would yield and grant the liberty the Africanders insisted upon. For had not England accomplished much? Did she not now call her own all the paying industries in South Africa, not to mention enormous territory which she had taken acre by acre?

The attention of the world was flagging as to the conflict, for another conflict, that in China, claimed attention—the threatened uprising of the whole civilized world against Chinese barbarities perpetrated in Peking and spreading north and south. The Boer war was practically over. England might concede more to the Africanders than she at first proposed, but she was the victor as she was bound to be. Whatever terms might be agreed upon which should bring about peace, England was in possession, and in possession she must remain. The Boer had fought stubbornly and well, and it was no shame to him to give up his arms to a more powerful enemy and return to his farm or his beasts and take up the old simple life again. Only, President Kruger must yield with honor, not be branded by too much coercion.

There might be fighting yet, but the thing was done, and in a little while peace would be established.

The whole story of the Boers in South Africa has not been told, however. The stubbornness of the people is not a quality which will leave them. They will not too readily fall into the ways and habits of the English around them. They are a plodding, careful people. The tortoise in the race beat the hare because it did not stop, while the hare tarried often, sure of its success in the long run. "Without haste, and without pause," is a German phrase. The Boers will go on; they will

not become as Englishmen in spite of all that may be said. They hold themselves freemen, accountable to no monarchy. This feeling has been with them since they first came from Holland and established themselves in the wilds of the country which under them became a great and prosperous land.

It is not visionary to believe that in time they will rise again from the present disaster and once more and on firmer lines declare that they are a republic, and accepting forms and fashions more in consonance with the spirit of the times, hold that declaration till it will be recognized for all time, modified by an agreement with Great Britain which will in no wise call for servility, but a conservative recognition of England's rights gained at the point of a too numerous bayonet.

Throughout August the attitude of the Boers remained unchanged. The backbone of the war was broken, but the English were still harassed, while the Boers held out for terms of peace which should be to their wishes. No such terms of peace came. There was heavy fighting at times, then desertions from the Boer army where many of the men were dissatisfied with Kruger for insisting that the struggle should be kept up. News came of a Boer plot to capture General Roberts, which plot failing, the ring leader of it, Lieutenant Cordua, was taken and shot by Roberts. September 1st General Roberts formally proclaimed the Transvaal to be British territory. At this time Presidents Kruger and Steyn were reported as being at Barberton, preparing for flight. Of the great Boer generals, Joubert was dead, and Cronje in exile on Bonaparte's sad island, St. Helena.

The end of the war was in sight. There would be fighting still, but there was war no longer. Whatever terms of peace might come, the Afrianders would be British subjects.

The Briton and the Boer had fought a good fight, and it was ended. The world must admire the Boers for their splendid resistance

in a cause which had long been recognized as lost. To the victor belonged the spoils, but from the unequal struggle the Afrianders issued as much victors as the British, if bravery and dogged resistance count for anything. Kruger would be a central figure in history, his people a nation in spite of being merged into England.

The story of South Africa has been told. From the story of its war of 1899 and 1900 must come admiration for both Briton and Boer—the one insistant and brave, the other obstinate and brave. Bravery owns South Africa; the twin republics there may be English territory, but in that territory beat the hearts of Boers who will ever feel that the land is theirs, though a mighty nation has wrested it from them.

THE END.

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